

The **Chatelaine**

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A Magazine for Canadian Women

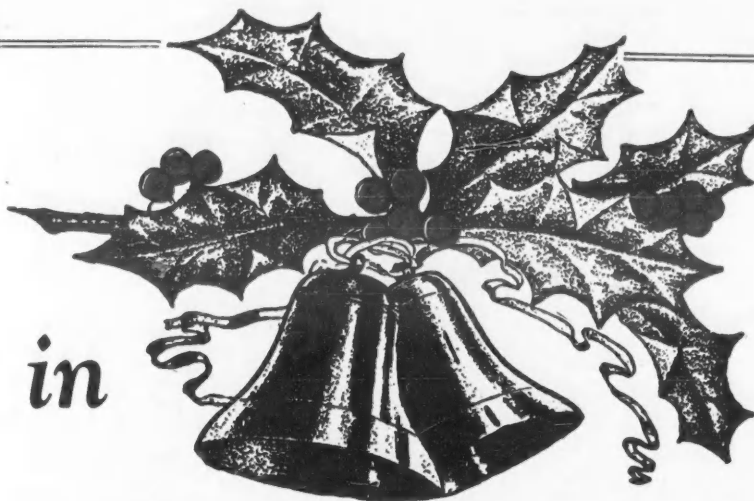
January
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In This Issue: Dorothy Black—Marceline d'Alroy—New Paris Styles

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"It is the house of my dreams come true"

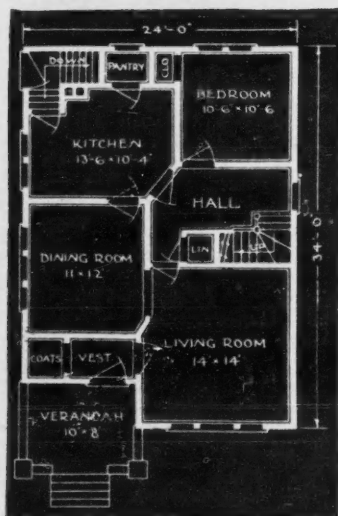
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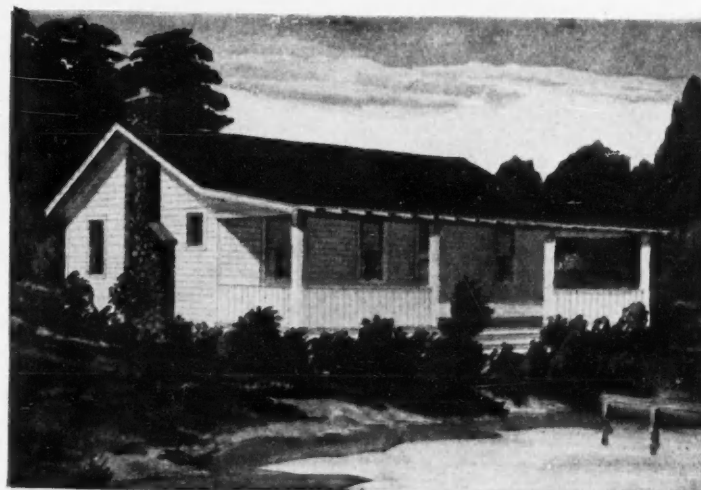
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Volume III.

JANUARY, 1930

Number 1.



"I'm terribly ashamed," she said in a low voice that quivered, "and Bill and Jack feel beastly too. We thought it such a lark to follow you"

ELOPEMENT

And a strangely frustrated idyll

by VICTOR MACLURE

Illustrated by
EDWARD RYAN

SHE giggled as his head appeared at the top of the ladder placed against her bedroom window.

"The moonlight," she said, "is romantically appropriate. But it illumines the bald spot on the top of your head."

"You are a heartless minx!" he told her severely, in spite of his whisper. "And you'll wake the house. Have you your suitcase?"

"Ready at the window. I don't think you'll find it heavy"

"Good! Let me grip it. Now," he said, as he hoisted the

case over the sill, "let me just take the case to the ground before you get on the ladder. Make as little noise as possible. I'll keep the ladder steady. Pull the window to, before you come down. Did you remember to oil the hinges?"

"I did it with my little oil-can, Henry," she replied, and sang in a loudish whisper close to his ear:

"I," said Margery Ann,
With my typewriter oil-can
I oiled the hinges."

She kissed him on the ear, resoundingly.

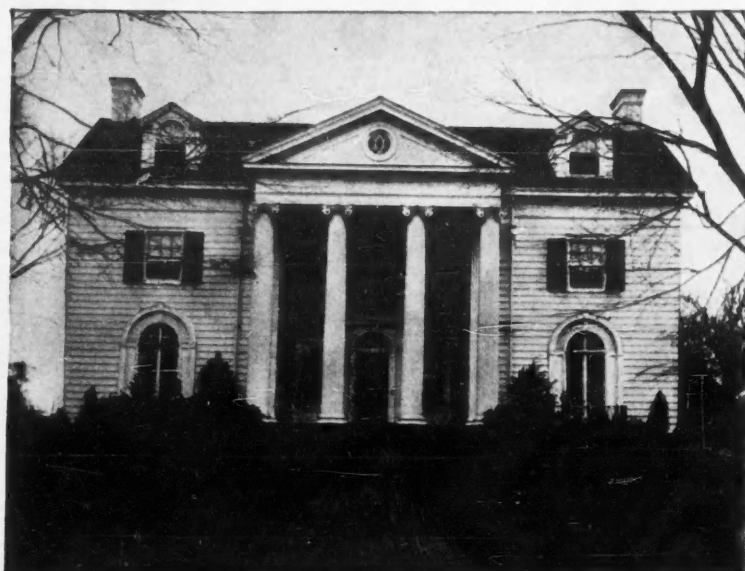
"Adorable Margery Ann," he pleaded, "do try to be serious for a moment. We'll never get away if you make all that noise."

"I think," Margery Ann said mischievously, "that I'm going to come over all petulant and funny . . ."

"Not now, darling! Not now, with me hugging your suitcase at the top of a ladder!"

"You wouldn't think of that if you really loved me,

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Making Yourself Interesting

by MARCELINE D'ALROY

SOME women are born interesting; some achieve interest; others have interest thrust upon them.

In the first group the interest is centred probably in their name or their background. In the second group are the women of talent and achievement. In the third group are those who have what a famous Englishwoman has called "It." In fact, this last group generally inspire so much "interest" that they can live on it, often quite comfortably.

But there is a fourth group—a large and most interesting group of women. In it you will undoubtedly find some of your friends, and if you have not already "found yourself," you may find yourself there also. For in this group are women of all ages and types, of various creeds and doctrines, of different degrees of talent, temperament and discernment. Some have looks, a few possess vague charm, the great majority real worth. Yet all, varying as they do mentally, socially and ethically, have one great belief in common—*They all believe they personally are not interesting!*

And some are right.

But the point is they do not have to stay in that group unless they so desire. The decision is theirs, not of having been placed there by circumstances, but as to whether they are going to make themselves interesting and so leave it to join the second group; or whether they are going to resign themselves to what they call the inevitable and "not bother," until they finally drift into the fifth and fatal group of those who know they are not interesting and do not care.

With this last group we have nothing to do in this story.

The line of least resistance is easy, but it is hardly worth pursuing. At the same time, it must be remembered that there are other women who arrive at this point through sheer physical weariness, overwork and strain; others, through lack of opportunity. None of these are to be condemned. Only pitied—truly pitied, without words. For words, kind words especially, can be so very cruel when used condescendingly.

BUT now let us get back to the fourth group, for there is Hope.

All that many of these women need is a little encouragement. Most of them have what I believe is technically known as an "inferiority complex." This, I understand, means that a person thinks every other person in the world looks better, dresses better, talks better than he does.

Well, perhaps he does, but what of it? They don't *all* do *all* the things better than every other woman. Probably they do one thing better. That's the point. To do one thing superlatively well makes anyone interesting—on one point at least. Unless, after that, they do nothing else but talk about it; in which case the reverse happens and they become unmitigated bores.

To earn the title of being an "interesting woman" is not easy, but it is worth while. For after all, what is the point of having lived, say, forty years, if one has nothing to show for it? To make one's self interesting means hard work. And to do it, three things are necessary: effort, brains, tact.

Of course one can be an "attractive woman" with much less effort, a great deal less brains, plus the same amount of tact.

And if "making yourself interesting" appears entirely too hard, then one can always set about making one's self attractive. But that's another story. That is the story of the women who are willing to consider their physical attributes as part of the working equipment. To be "interesting" one need possess no beauty, no form, no magnificent wardrobe. The personality of such a one rises as easily above all that is merely superficial as a star shines in glorious unconcern above the twinkling lights of Broadway.

Obviously, to be interesting one must possess certain qualities. What are they?

I would say there are three different roads, or steep ascents rather, and to reach the summit of any one would be to attain one's goal.

The sign-post at the foot of the first is marked "Wit." On the second "Wisdom." On the third is written "Worth." Wit is primarily a gift of the gods. "Some women are born interesting," and wit is priceless. It can eclipse youth and beauty, even at the moment. Wit is welcome anywhere. There is always a place for it. It soon makes one.

Sometimes a woman of great wit [Continued on page 47]

Henry. If you really loved me, you'd be quite content to hug even a trunk at the top of a ladder while I came over all petulant and funny. You'd think it adorable and girlish of me to be scared at the last moment, and you'd kiss me and soothe me down with whispered sweet nothings and things. And I am scared," Margery Ann declared. "I can't feel certain at this moment—suspended, as it were, like a die on the brink of the Rubicon—I can't feel certain that your love for me will endure."

"It will, Margery Ann. It will endure till the end of time," Henry assured her, his voice strained with the effort to be convincing in a whisper. "But do come along!"

"It is your impatience that makes me doubt it. If a poor girl can't come over all scared and petulant . . . ?"

"Huh!" said Henry. "With that dinky little helmet over that dinky boy's crop, and that impudent button of a nose between those fearless bright eyes—the last word in modernity! All scared and petulant—huh!"

"I don't think you ought to *huh!* at me, Henry," Margery Ann pouted. "And I don't think you should be rude about my nose, though you are sweet about my eyes. Are my eyes nice, Henry, darling?"

"They're the loveliest eyes in the world," said Henry.

She melted toward him.

"You say that so convincingly—I like the rumble-grumble in your voice when you say nice things—that I'm not scared or petulant any more. I'll come now," she said softly. "What age do you say we are, Henry?"

"I'm hardly a day more than twenty-two," Henry whispered. "And I question if you are quite nineteen."

"Ooh!" breathed Margery Ann with a luxurious little shudder. "Hurry down and hold the ladder for me, Henry!"

At the foot of the ladder he lifted her to the ground. "Now," he instructed her, "you make for the car and wait for me. Don't put on the lights or start her until I come. I'll put the ladder away—"

"Must you be so careful?" she said disappointedly. "Isn't it rather prosaic at such a moment to think of burglars . . . ?"

"I'm not thinking of burglars. I'm concerned not to leave a clue to our escape."

"Ooh!" breathed Margery once again. "A clue!"

"Well," said Henry. "We don't want some policeman to climb the ladder and give the alarm that you've disappeared?"

"That would never do," she agreed. "I'm glad you were not being stodgy about burglars, and the clue idea is exciting. Yes, take the ladder away, Henry. And oughtn't we to remove footprints and things?"

"We have left hardly any—but anyhow we shall be far on our way before the alarm is given. You go to the car, dear. I'll join you with your case in a second or two."

And Henry would have picked up the ladder, only, he found the lapels of his jacket gripped by the hands of Margery Ann and felt her head rest mournfully on his chest.

"I feel, somehow," said Margery Ann, in a very small sort of voice, "I feel that I ought to wander round the dear old garden for the last time and say good-by to all the dear old corners. After all," she explained wistfully, "I have been happy here—in a sort of way—sometimes."

"Margery Ann," said Henry, rather severely, "this is no time to sentimentalize over a few dahlias and goldfish. If you wanted to say good-by to the dear old spots in the dear old garden you had all day to do it in. Besides, you'd be sure to get on the gravel somewhere and start scrunching it. You'd wake up the whole house. Think what a light sleeper your father is. He'd be sure to hear you. This is no time for vain regrets. Either we're eloping or we're not, and I tell you, if you don't go to the car instantly, I shall carry you and your suitcase up the ladder again and dump you back where you came from!"

"How masterful you are, Henry!" burred Margery Ann, draping herself ecstatically on his chest. "Masterful great fellow!"

"Preposterous minx!" said Henry, and pulled a small ear.

THE car sped unlit along the shadowed road under the moon, until it was clear of the house, then Henry switched on the wing-lights. There was little need for the headlights in that pale spate of moon and starshine, frosted silver where it fell and throwing shadows of silvered ebony. Presently the car turned into where the road lay open to the sea on one side, and deep cobalt and indigo shot with diamond were brought into the night symphony.

Margery Ann, with a little sigh of content, snuggled close to Henry's arm. "Lovely, lovely!" she murmured. "I don't know whether to be anxious to get to your little house as soon as ever we can—I'm all agog, really—or to wish this journey may last as long as possible."

"Let's compromise on that, Margery Ann," suggested

Henry. "If we dawdle along at twenty-five an hour, we shall be there at about half-past one. Two hours are about all I can wait before seeing you on the hearth. Promise me you'll take off your hat at once, dear, just as soon as you reach the fireplace."

"I want to take my hat off now . . ."



"Now," he instructed her, you make for the car and wait for me . . . I'll put the ladder away."

"Why, yes. Do so if you like, child—if you feel more comfortable. I love to see your pretty head, to have a wisp of your hair touch my cheek, perhaps. But that is not quite what I meant," said Henry, "don't you see . . . ?"

"Am I usually dense?" she chided. "I can put it on again before the journey's end. It is the gesture you wish to see—something symbolic."

"The confident gesture of home-coming, as though you said: 'I have come to my own place—mine, because it is my true lover's.'"

She looked up at him then, her eyes searching his face. "Are you indeed my true lover, Henry?"

"Devoutly so, Margery Ann," he answered quite gravely. "I'm glad of that. Because I love you, too."

"If I may take off your shoes for you . . . ?"

"I'd love you to take off my shoes for me," whispered Margery Ann.

For a moment he took a hand from the wheel to put his arm about her.

"You have no qualms?" he asked.

"I'm a tiny bit scared," she admitted. "You see, once before I ran away with a man who said he was my devout, true lover."

"The man you married?"

"The man I married."

"It turned out unhappily?" he suggested.

"I shall never say that, Henry, whatever happens," she said, with a touch of passion in her voice. "I was nineteen then, and perhaps a little silly. Perhaps I expected too much, not knowing what life meant. He was so conscious of his poverty, that young husband of mine—poor boy! He wanted to conquer the world and lay it at my feet—but you don't want to hear all this."

"It hurts a bit. I can't help being sorry for your husband, but I don't want you to be too sorry for him. I think I am jealous—jealous of what he had—and neglected."

"Don't be," said Margery Ann. "I know I have as much to give—more, I feel—than I had at nineteen."

"At this moment you are not a day older than nineteen."

"I love to hear you say so, Henry—but it scares me. I feel nineteen, and I feel as capable of loving and being loved as if I were indeed nineteen. But it is the inescapable fact that I am thirty-eight, and have a big daughter of eighteen. I may be deceiving myself—and you."

"No!"

"I want to think of myself as nineteen, and I like you to think of me that way. But it may turn out, dear, that we shall fail. I may be just a silly old lady, foolishly and old-fashionedly romantic, after all. So while I like to think, and love you to think, of me as nineteen, I want you to keep just the littlest reservation in your mind—hidden, hidden ever so deep—in case we should fail. It is hard to put into words, but what I mean is, I want us to have some safeguard against disappointment."

"There will be no disappointment," Henry declared stoutly. "I'd maintain with my good sword—if I had such a thing—that you are barely nineteen. As for myself, though I may look my actual forty, I am no more than twenty-two or, by my halidome, twenty-three at the very most."

Margery Ann fluted a contented little chuckle.

"You're a dear, Henry," she said. "I'm positive I quite love you. I'm sorry," she added contritely, "that I joked about your bald spot."

"I don't mind jokes about my honorable defects," said Henry. "That bald spot results from wearing a tin hat in battle. What I'm scared of is that you'll notice my dishonorable defects—the slight convexity at my waistline and my incipient double chin."

"They don't exist!"

"Huh! Don't they? Just ask my tailor and my shirtmaker."

"How can you be so stodgy about yourself?" cried Margery Ann.

Henry dropped his hand from the wheel to press her fingers reassuringly.

"Perhaps," he said gently, "that is my way of telling you to keep a safeguard against too sore a disappointment with me. I feel about twenty-two, but I may be nothing, after all, but a fatuously romantic old fogey. There is the inescapable fact that I am forty, have been married close on twenty years, and am the father of three stout children. Then for the last decade I have been steeped in business, thought business, lived business. Though I feel about twenty-three and do not intend to let this adventure fail, yet the years the locusts have eaten may have robbed me of the understanding and the instinctive response which are needed from me. This is the last that I shall say in doubt of our adventuring, Margery Ann. What I must promise you, however, is that though I do not intend to let our adventure fail, I will not stoop to pretense in anything essential."

"I like that promise, Henry. I give it in return," said Margery Ann. "We'll get nowhere without mental honesty."

They drove in contented silence for some miles.

"Henry," said Margery Ann out of the silence, timidly, "aren't you a little sorry to leave your silly wife behind?"

"Except that she was not silly," Henry said bluntly, "no!"

"Oh!" said Margery Ann.

"You see, Margery Ann," Henry explained, "things had got into such a tangle between myself and her that only a clean break could cure them."

"She neglected you?"

"Yes, in a way I suppose she did—ultimately. But in the beginning the fault was mine. I neglected her."

"Never intentionally, I am sure."

"No, never intentionally. But what does that matter? Whether intentional or not, neglect argues a lack of interest which no woman could be altogether blamed for finding insulting. Like many another man I thought I was proving my love for my wife by working like a slave to make her future and that of the kids secure. I expected her to take too much for granted. It was inevitable, of course, that in the process of time I should become more absorbed in the means to the end than in the end itself. I was more engrossed by the fight than what I was fighting for. To a certain extent that's all to the good while the fight is on, but—well, I grew to like the fight for the fight's sake and carried it with me to the hearth."

"You were to blame, Henry," said Margery Ann.

"I was to blame," Henry admitted. "Very much to blame."

"But so was your wife."

"In what way?"

"A sensible woman would have seen where you were drifting to, and would have exerted her charm—such as it might be—to win you back," Margery Ann explained. "Your wife should have realized that your sinning was simply the over-exercise of what had originally been a real virtue. After all, she should have known that humans, especially male humans, are very fallible."

"Huh!" said Henry. "I like that 'especially male humans!'"

"Especially male humans," Margery Ann asseverated. "I sometimes think that the nicer the male human the more fallible. It could have been easy for that wife of yours to pull you out of your preoccupation with business. I'm ready to bet if she had ever told you quietly that she was aching to have you to herself, and that all the wonderful things you had won for her would have been well lost since they seemed to mean the loss of you, you would have been quick to realize how the fighting habit was [Continued on page 53]

He laughed too. "It'd be the first time anyone in this outfit was taken for one. Going far?"

"I don't know. I'm hunting something to paint, something my size."

He had taken off his gauntlet and held out his hand, "Constable Collard," he said, "Doug. Collard, and I know just the place you're looking for."

"I hope so. Every place I've seen would stump a Turner, and I'm not Mr. Turner. I'm Miss Sally Bower from near Winnipeg."

There was a tingle in that handshake for the girl, for as she looked at Constable Collard she began to realize that she had never seen a handsome man before. His features could not have been better, his brown hair was slightly curly, his lips smiled easily, his eyes trifled with the same smile, and his spare masculine lines were a pleasure to observe.

"It's a pond," he was saying, "not so far back. You've passed it, just a little hidden place, enclosed in old, old spruces. I've often been there and at sunset when the water catches Cascade, it's some picture. How about giving it the once over?"

"It sounds perfect," said Sally.

"It's only ten minutes back and I'd like you to tell me if my taste's good."

"You seem to have the artist's eye," she laughed, easily.

"I know what's easy to look at," and his gaze enveloped her, appreciating her throat and the figure curving under the seductive little white sweater. She thought of Herman Woods trying to get off a compliment; this man knew how.

"But won't it be taking you out of your way?"

"Don't you ever bother about taking a Mounted Policeman out of his way?"

Their recognition of each other's charm had been instantaneous. "Besides," he went on, "I'm just exercising this beast." He took everything from her hands and gave her the reins to hold, with "She's harmless. Come along, Nell."

"You're not a beast, are you, Nell," and she stroked the mare's neck, suddenly overwhelmingly delighted with life. To be walking with someone, to have a chance to talk, and with such a someone, too! His presence was a thrill in itself, his voice the most ingratiating sound in the world. It fell on the ear softly, rounded, a man's voice, but casual—not too serious, like Herman's; it was as if one's days were meant to enjoy, to be played with. She could not imagine this voice in a hurry, or angry, or too earnest.

"I'd like to be able to paint," was his next surprising remark. "You ought to see it here in winter. There's color for you."

"I'd go mad probably. And speaking of color, do you mind my saying it? I've got to, anyway. That color, that scarlet you're wearing is miraculous. When I got off the train the other day, just to see one of you Mounties standing on the platform helped the situation enormously. It's not too good, you know, arriving alone at a new place at night."

"You said it. Things don't add up to an awful lot. But how did you happen to be alone?" His smile—was another compliment.

"I was pursuing a policy, not a very good one, I'm afraid. Even after two days of being alone I wanted to speak to someone terribly. I almost spoke to him—to that constable, just to see if my voice would work, only he looked so stern."

"That would be Brimmer," laughed Collard. "He always looks that way and especially on station duty."

"What's station duty?"

"Meeting the trains to make sure that no hobos are

getting a free ride. It's not one long quivering pleasure, I'll admit, but there's always something to see, if you want to see it, and," he chuckled, "and you don't scare it to death. So you thought the corporal looked like a lion-tamer?"

"So he's a corporal," Sally exclaimed. "I'll learn. I wish I knew more about your life. I've read about it, but I never realized how . . . how romantic it must be. Outdoors all day in the most perfect places, horses given to you, clothes that some boys I know at home would pay money to be allowed to wear, lots of power, and admirers. Why, I've heard the people at my hotel . . ."

"I've heard them, too," grinned Collard. "Here's where we turn off. Now what do you say? Have I the artist's eye?"

IT PROVED indeed to be a lovely place to paint, and by another trail, not too distant. Every afternoon Sally would sit with her back to the sun and try to capture a few more inches of its infinite wonder. The pond was girt by the old spruces that Collard had talked of, and they were draped with moss, making a grim and sleepily savage setting for the peaceful water. It was always calm in this sanctuary and the gaunt peak of Cascade resting on the water's bosom was never ruffled. On successful days the girl would have talked down to artist Turner himself. Her eye analyzed, her hand executed, her heart sang. There was none of that shimmering and indistinguishable horizon of the prairie to confound her. God's handiwork was still somewhat understated by her own, but it was at least recognizable. "It's almost as satisfactory as drawing tigers at the zoo," she told Doug. Collard. "How I used to thank heaven for his stripes."

"Now if I did tigers they'd be taken for zebras," he said. "I think your mountain's a wonder. It's solid stone floating on water you could wash in."

That was what made the day finally perfect, his appreciation. He always knew the delightful thing to say, and he said it. Sally told herself that she was silly to believe him, but she hung his light garlands of praise about her neck and found herself living for five o'clock. As the spruce shadows began to start out from the wood, she became ears listening for the clut-clut of Nell's hoofs; and when the first dash of scarlet showed as her constable emerged from the trail, she would feel a slow fire in her veins to correspond. The pond vanished, painting vanished, and the loneliness which had always lurked somewhere in her, as she knew now, was forgotten. A dozen times a day she blessed her courage in picking up and coming, blessed her instinct in putting Herman off. Poor Herman! Had he ever felt this way about her? She knew he had not, else he would have pulled her close and kissed her into surrender. The right man would do that. Doug. Collard, she found herself admitting, would likely do that. He had made no attempt to kiss her yet, and she was glad that he had not. But she found herself wondering when he would. It would be no Herman Woods kiss when it came. She reproached herself for thinking about it, but the thought kept reappearing.

Best of all was the day when he brought a picnic supper, complete from pickles to paper napkins. "You think of everything," she said.

"Almost everything." She knew he intended her to ask what he meant, but she decided not to; she could not trust herself to speak, for he let one hand fall on hers, lying in the grass.

"Tell me about your work," she murmured, watching the twilight dim with almost imperceptible slowness.

It was enchantment, the little fire before them, the mystery of the dark forest behind, his shoulder to lean against, the warmth of the serge on [Continued on page 48]



It was very still and very solitary and Sally's arms were tiring, when she heard a voice, and looking up into the dazzle of the sun was blinded by what seemed to her a vision, in reality a Mounted Policeman brilliant in the sun.





SCARLET FEVER

by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

SALLY BOWER, busily trying to mix her blues and yellows to convey the perplexing color of young Manitoba wheat, had only half an ear for the lazy undertones proceeding from Herman Woods.

The masters themselves might well have been baffled by that perspective of elusive green. A first glance showed merely a level farmland pressed beneath a flat sky; it was with the second that the difficulties began to appear—the shift of shapes, the change of hues under that shimmering light, the impossibility of fixing that light, or yet of doing without it and calling the picture the prairie. Small wonder that the discrepancies between her work and the original filled Sally with a discontent not wholly divine; still smaller wonder that Herman's attentions increased her irritation. She had heard these remarks before, anyway, and doubtless would hear them again, since she had no intention of accepting him on the spot or even next week.

Not that Herman was scarcely worth considering. He was solid and dependable and shaved regularly, and would, when his father died, be worth a good deal for Plainton, Manitoba, in addition to the fruits of his own systematic exertions. Nobody had ever called Herman handsome, but his features were quite agreeable to look at, and complete health was no mean asset in a husband.

"Did you know, Sally, that your hair's the color of buckwheat honey in this light?"

"I'm painting," said Sally.

"I'd have said new straw color if you'd asked me, but it's nearer honey. You ought to paint your own portrait, Sally."

"I wish you'd go home, Herman; you are too distracting." "How can I go home until I have one?"

Sally glanced at the lengthy youth lying happily on his stomach in the shadow of the straw-stack, chewing grass. "Don't be so absurd, have your parents thrown you out?"

"You know what I mean." He got up and stood behind her.

Sally did know, and on Friday afternoons when she passed the Woods' place on her way home, tired from teaching, she often wondered if it would not be simpler just to become Mrs. Herman Woods and get settled in her mind. For after all, she was nearly twenty-five, and in Plainton either a girl had married at twenty-five or there were reasons. In Sally's case Plainton had been patient because of her talents, but talents which fail to mature appear doubly inexcusable. "I'll give her one more year to get rid

of all that foolishness," Herman Woods' mother had been reported as saying.

But this marriage mood occurred only when Sally was tired or unwontedly discouraged. Sally's temperament was a bit over-fledged, too wingy, now flying at breathless heights and soon after flat on the unprofitable world. Yet it was her capacity for enthusiasm, her vitality, her amiable range of impulse that won people of so many different sorts. And some, like Herman, stayed. She could have charmed even a larger circle, for in addition to her arresting hair, her eyes besought one. They were of cornflower blue. They gave men the impression of looking into a vase of flowers. They were beautiful.

"Can you keep a secret?" Sally asked abruptly, squeezing another tube.

"I'm not a woman."

"Herman! How many times have I asked you not to attempt humor? That's not funny. Every woman has packs of secrets. I have enough buried in me to fill a page of the *Free Press*. Anyway, you'll only have to keep it three days. I'm going to Banff."

"Banff!" His tone was a greater compliment than most of his attempts, and a moment of tenderness overtook her, then she brushed it aside.

"Yes, I'm going to give myself a chance at the mountains, at some real scenery. I haven't told father; he thinks I'm going to summer school. I'll write him, or maybe I'll tell him. Anyhow I've saved up for it and I'm going."

"But Sally—"

Here, she thought expectantly, is where he is going to refuse to let me go—to make a scene.

"But Sally, for how long?"

"Until I've done a picture that I like."

He was very quiet. She painted hard, and presently he had to go. She watched him pick his way along the edge of the wheat and did not paint much afterward. The picture, she decided, was absurd, impossible. At Banff she would have something suitable to work on, and no interruptions.

IT WAS a hot afternoon, but Sally, carrying her easel in one hand and the complete apparatus for achieving oil paintings in the other, continued along the Banff byroad looking for a subject. Where all was heaven it was difficult to isolate one item not obviously beyond her powers. Three times in the week she had started a canvas of purple slopes or soaring cornice, only to realize that her effort was bravado rather than art. Now she resolved to discover

*Sometimes a fatal
disease of the heart
when it concerns the
lure of a red uniform*



something small, intimate, and perhaps possible. Depression was closing in about her, and her vantage ground of technique for fighting it off was limited. Her first elation at the amazing beauty of the place was ebbing. So was her money. Banff cost more than she had thought possible, and also she was lonely. All the people she would like to know looked forbiddingly rich or else were supplied with company. The policy of no interruptions was ideal if you were absorbed in work so able that it filled every minute with satisfaction; but hers didn't, and she wanted to talk to someone, anyone, except the people at her hotel.

The byroad fared between two walls of sun-dusted firs, whose calm boughs responded not at all to the languor of the breeze. Sunshine dropped a curtain of light across the road in which flying things made momentary streaks of gold. It was very still, very solitary, and Sally's arms were tiring when the smart trot of a horse's hoofs neared and she heard a voice saying, "Pardon me, but may I carry something?"

Looking up into the dazzle of sun, Sally was blinded by what seemed to her a vision, in reality a Mounted Policeman brilliant in the sun. His scarlet tunic burned, his gold buttons shone, even his horse shed light. Shading her eyes, she still could not see until he had dismounted. "That's better," she said with a little laugh, "now I can see that you're real, and not an angel."

Pawlson did not smile but it was a very near thing. "His lordship interests himself in the ghost story, your ladyship."

"Well, Pawlson," said Lady Weylin, slowly, "when Starwood comes tomorrow with the new servants, I think it would be as well if interest in the ghost story ceased, at least in your quarters. We don't want a lot of silly nonsense."

"Certainly, your ladyship. Thank you, your ladyship," promised Pawlson, unaware that he was convenancing in matters soon to overleap his control. In fact, that very night while his family were at dinner, the ghost story moved up, as it were, to the front page.

IN THE huge dining room which lay to the north of the great hall, the small party of four had reached the stage of salad and cheese, sitting in a little pool of tranquil candle-light, in that serenity that marks the latter end of a superlatively well-cooked dinner.

Lady Weylin in lovely old yellow lace, with a knowing tea rose topaz at her bosom, which Vibart had prized out of a particularly evil bazaar in Brusa, looked complacently at the three comely young faces at her table. She loved youth and hearty good looks, and was delighted to have added to her boys, a notable pair for masculine personality, Joan's emphatic contribution of radiance.

Pawlson, without visible assistance, bestowed his quota of peaceful comfort, waiting upon them with flawless efficiency. He was even then filling Lord Vibart's glass with a perfectly sound wine, for the achieving of which they were indebted to the head steward of their liner and his shoreward affiliations. Nothing could have been more placid than this moment, filled only with the liquid whisper of creaming Pommery.

Then a sudden splitting shriek burst the bubble of their serenity. All four of the diners jumped up standing, and Vibart was in the hall before the terrified maid, in her plunge from the upper floor, had more than set foot to the stairs. She was, by nature, a staid and unexcitable person, but under pressure of her present panic she ran down to the shelter of Lord Vibart's arms with all the abandon of a frightened child. The others came crowding about them.

"Why, Finger, what's the matter with you?" asked Lady Weylin sharply. "What's happened? You act as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Oh, I 'ave, ma'am, your ladyship!" sobbed Finger, still unconscious that she was clinging with both hands to his lordship's lapels. "I 'ave. I seen him there in the gallery!"

Her supporter, not ungently, pushed her into Pawlson's rather scandalized embrace. Before anyone had a chance to comment upon her claim, Vibart went springing up the stairs and bolted into the service corridor at the back of the house. Jervis gave tongue, and loped after him.

"Where are they going?" demanded Lady Weylin. "It's all nonsense, Finger; you know there's no such thing! How can you be so silly?"

Finger's tears became bitter. "Your ladyship, see him I did. I was come up from my dinner, and I went into Miss Donovan's room to turn down her bed, your ladyship. And when I come out into the gallery, there he was! In his cocked hat and all." Finger blew her nose indignantly. "Your ladyship has known me too many years to think I'd make up a story like that."

"Well, so I have," said Lady Weylin. She cast a considering look upon her serving-woman. Pawlson, you might give Finger a glass of water. Take mine from the table. Of course, Finger, I don't think you made it up. You saw something, a shadow—I don't know what you did see. But certainly not a ghost. There, stop crying. Was anybody upstairs besides yourself?"

"No one, your ladyship," said Finger. "Mounseer Charles had sent in the strawberry mousse and was sitting down to dinner. He 'ad rung the bell to the garage for Ernest to come in. Nelly and Delia were 'elping Mr. Pawlson in the pantry. I 'ad only a cup of tea and some toast, which is 'ow I finished early, my 'ead aching me something fretful."

Joan had moved to the foot of the stair that led to the gallery and stood looking upward. As she hesitated, her aunt spoke to her.

"Don't you go after those boys, Joan. They'll be down in a minute. Men are so sanguine, poor dears. There, Finger, do you feel better? Why

Illustrated by W. V. Chambers

don't you go to bed if your head aches. I can get along quite nicely."

"Surely," said Joan turning. "So can I. I am used to doing for myself."

"Well, thank you, your ladyship. I'll wait downstairs here, and get one of the gels to go up with me when they've 'ad their dinner."

"Understand me, then, Finger," said Lady Weylin firmly. "Don't you go scaring those silly girls with your ghost. You're bilious probably, and see shadows. If this nonsense passes on to those girls it will run through the new servants like a rash, and we'll have no end of trouble."

IT WAS hard on Mrs. Finger not to be allowed to take the breath out of her little world with her story, but she was not too upset to realize that if they ran short of household help, on the eve of many functions, her lot would be considerably harder than it was now. She set a guard upon her lips and drifted away.

Lady Weylin went back to the dining room slowly, followed by Miss Donovan, Pawlson respectfully bringing up the rear. "I never knew Finger to be so hysterical," she said thoughtfully.

"She must have seen something," insisted Joan.

"Well, but my dear girl, what? Perhaps a window was open and a curtain blowing."

"But there are no curtains on the gallery."

"No, but I mean a shadow of a curtain somewhere."



"I went into Miss Donovan's room, to turn down her bed, your ladyship, and when I came out into the gallery there he was, cocked hat and all."

"Only, there's no moon," Joan pointed out. "A light inside the house wouldn't throw a shadow backward!"

"We'll have to ask her tomorrow where she was standing, and where she thought she saw it. I should like to get it out of her head by some simple explanation, because there would be the deuce's own delight about our parties if the servants got to stampeding. In the meantime, we'll have some strawberry mousse, Pawlson."

Joan sat down slowly and looked at the middle of the table.

"I wonder where those boys went," said Lady Weylin idly.

"They have gone down the secret stairs," said Joan.

Lady Weylin sniffed. "Donkeys," she said fondly.

"Well, but," persisted Joan, "you know Lord Vibart and I saw something, too—down there."

"Oh, my dear!" Lady Weylin was slightly impatient. "There you were in a twist-about place with a flashlight. If it was hanging in Johnny's hand, the shadow of a bow on your dress would have looked as big as an eagle."

"Only if the torch were on, which it wasn't! No, Aunt Bessie, you must admit it's queer."

"I admit nothing," said her ladyship superbly.

Vibart and Jervis came in and dropped into their places. In reply to the questioning eyes fixed upon them, they merely shook their heads.

"There, you see," said their hostess vaguely. She helped herself to mousse and began to eat it. "What I mean is, what Finger saw, and what you two saw in the cellar, are shadows. Of what?" asked Vibart quietly.

She shrugged her ample shoulders. "I don't know but it stands to reason."

"No," said her Johnny respectfully. "Observe. You know, Jervis, that opposite the wooden partition, against which our ghost was visible, there is nothing but the stone foundation of the house."

"And where did he go?" scoffed Lady Weylin.

"He just—wasn't," said Joan.

"You tell me where he came from and I'll tell you where he went," said Lord Vibart.

"How about your panel in the wooden wall?"

"Won't do, Mugs, darling. In the first place it can't be worked noiselessly or any too quickly; and in the second, the shadow fell on that same side. What I want to know is, who is it?"

"My dear Johnny, you are not serious! About a ghost?"

"I am serious enough to be puzzled," said Johnny. "And I shall devote more of my valuable time to this spectre. Tonight your inestimable flashlight went out and left us in the dark. Tomorrow I shall string a wire down and have a good go at the whole place."

"But why? There's nothing there. You said so yourself."

"There's something somewhere," said Lord Vibart stubbornly.

"Well, I agree with Mugs—it's all stuff and fiddle," remarked Jervis. "I don't mean to cast cold water on your entertainment, Vib, but I'm not taking any."

"Staunch fellow," said his friend negligently. He looked up to find Joan's eyes set upon him with a singular intentness. And his usual thrill at the contact of their glances ran along his nerves into the very tips of his fingers. It was only for a moment before she turned away, but a little later, after they had had coffee in the green drawing-room, she approached him again and he saw that same eager look upon her.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "Come away from these scoffers."

He led her out on the verandah, and slowly they began walking up and down together. "Lord Vibart—" she said.

But he made a sudden little motion of distaste. "Don't think me impertinent," he said. "Couldn't you call me Johnny? Everybody does, you know."

"Naturally I could. Why not? Shall I?"

She was so matter of fact that he felt a little depressed. "I wish you would," he agreed feebly.

"Well, then, Johnny. I want to talk to you about our ghost. Jervis and Aunt Bessie say we saw a shadow. Don't you think they're right?"

"Of course they're right," assented he. "Only . . ."

"Only we saw the shadow cast through a stone wall? That's just what I mean. Obviously the wall is not always there."

"It's what I thought to investigate tomorrow. I tried to get some enlightenment from Jotham today, but the old lad was not quite himself—a

[Continued on page 36]

Lord Vibart's Valuable Time

A thrilling new novel of mystery and romance

by BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

THE Old Moody place had been built in the days when the convenience of the master was considered before that of the servant. It had been part of a lawsuit for so long that nobody knew what it was all about. For this reason it could not be sold, and because of its preposterous dimensions it had never been rented.

But one day a charming woman, Lady Weylin, fair, fat and forty, arrived in the office of Griggs, the real estate man, with two young men—Jervis her adopted son, and Lord Vibart, a friend. They decide to rent the old house for the summer, and agree to pay what is to Griggs an exorbitant rent. He explains to the two men that one trouble with the house is the fact that it has been haunted for years. Griggs himself has seen the ghost, in a cocked hat. He knew it was a ghost, he says, because he saw the bricks of the wall through its waistcoat.

While the two men are looking over the house and interviewing the old negro, Jotham, left in charge of it for half a century, Lady Weylin motors over to see her brother, Owen Donovan, living near-by. She has not seen him since she was a girl. Donovan has made a fortune conducting a health resort for men. Just before his sister arrives, he has been very upset by the realization that he cannot give his beautiful daughter, Joan, her right setting in spite of all his money. The wealthy men who come to the resort unanimously fall in love with her—but they do not marry her. Only that very day a Mrs. Phelps Marbury had arrived in anger to remove her son who has fallen in love with Joan.

Thus when Lady Weylin arrives with her frank suggestion that she is able, through her social connections, to make a place for Joan, and that she hopes to marry Jervis, her adopted son, to the girl, he can only agree to the first proposal, and point out that Joan will marry whom she wants.

Unfortunately the secretary overhears the conversation and retails it to Joan in such a way as to make the girl furious. However, when her father suggests that she live with her aunt for a few weeks, she agrees, but determines to be the ultimate in sophistication.

"You'll have a marvellous time," says her father, "what with parties and beau—to say nothing of a ghost!"

But Joan will go only to please her father. She feels very resentful of the attitude of her English aunt who has apparently come to the wilds of Canada to make a lady out of her niece.

Lord Vibart and Jervis fall instant victims to Joan's beauty, although she pretends to be very sophisticated and very bored. There is a great deal of friendly rivalry between them, and though Lady Weylin has asked Lord Vibart to leave Joan alone, as she is to marry Jervis, he finds that he cannot keep his promise and tells her so. He reminds Jervis that he is supposed to be engaged to an actress Evelyn Fayre.

Old Jotham takes Lord Vibart to a secret stairway which leads to the cellar. He finds a stone wall which apparently lies down flat, worked by some crude mechanism. The most

interesting fact about it is that the mechanism is in smooth-running order and apparently in frequent use. Later on, he takes Joan down, and as they go down the steps, the shadow of a man in a three-cornered hat is thrown on the wall in front of them. But when they reach the bottom of the steps, the cellar is absolutely empty. Both Vibart and Joan determine on further investigation.

MRS. MARBURY, who possessed an astonishing villa with a four-hundred-ton tile roof, came over personally to accept Lady Weylin's invitation to her niece's bridge dance. Though only thirty hours in the future, this domestic effort was causing no flutter in the household. Its smallest detail had been placed in the hands of expert commissioners, and in the unruffled bosom of the family

en route, was the way Pawlson looked at it, and his lordship, if he returned in time to drink a cup without spoiling his appetite for dinner, could always be accommodated. Lady Weylin was about to take her customary exercise on the verandah, rather in the conscientious apathy of a transatlantic voyager doing the prescribed number of laps around the deck. But she paused in the open window-way to look back incredulously.

"Gone down what hill?" she asked roundly.

"I believe, your ladyship, he has gone down to the house of the old negro, Jotham," replied Pawlson, quite calmly. In another man it might have astonished him, but compared to some of the places Lord Vibart chose to go it was as nothing.

"What on earth has he gone there for?"



"What," she asked him, "do you think I am." "Oh, as for that" he said gently and paused, "Some time you must let me tell you."

Joan waited tranquilly to be introduced to society in the blaze of considerable, if conservative, glory. Luckily, Fate prevented her marring the prime shock of that event by absenting her from the house at the time of Mrs. Marbury's call.

Pawlson gave this iron woman a pleasurable thrill such as she might have felt in being presented at the Court of St. James, as he conducted her into Lady Weylin's presence and spoke her name into appointed space as one who checks off the elect. Pawlson was so very impressive.

Mrs. Marbury gushed Canada's cordiality to the Countess of Weylin and Chesboro, as phenomenal a flow from a stony source as the outpouring of the smitten rock of Moses. And she skilfully masked the fact that she did not know exactly what she should call her hostess, by not calling her anything at all.

If Lady Weylin could not help a certain coldness tingeing her voice, recalling Joan's story of this visitor, it passed for the natural hauteur of one bearing a diuturnal name in English history. Later on, Mrs. Marbury launched into a plaint of her son's recent infatuation for the daughter of a common ex-prizefighter—a man, my dear, who runs a sort of invalid farm where Phelps went for a rest from too much social gaiety—boys being boys—but she flattered herself she had nipped that folly in the bud. When she rang the changes on the practical non-existence of Owen Donovan and his daughter whose very name she pretended to have forgotten, Lady Weylin was hard put not to abandon her promise to Joan and proudly proclaim her relationship to these curiously improbable people.

Lady Weylin was unfeignedly glad when the visitor departed. Though she had to admit to herself that she was wicked enough to enter thoroughly into Joan's anticipations of seeing the steam-roller of her introduction rumble slowly and ponderously over the flattened forms of these Marbury people. "I positively look forward to it," she told herself, and tried to feel guilty of knavishness.

Pawlson, referred to, gave it as his opinion that he might as well clear away the appanage of afternoon tea. Miss Donovan and Mr. Farquharson were away in the car, and Lord Vibart had gone down the hill. The former would probably take tea

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Miss Pogge rewound the gramophone and put on, "Though you belong to somebody else, tonight you belong to me." Marian entered.

Illustrated by
Vera Clere

from the worldly doings of the earth. She looked exactly as she had looked, to her son's knowledge, for twenty-five years. She wore the same sort of hat. As soon as it died she had it repeated secretly, thus giving it the illusion of immortality.

"Darlings," she said, and kissed them automatically. For one moment it seemed to Marian the family embrace was about to be, absently, inflicted also on Pym. "My room ready? You have lit my fire there, I trust? So thoughtful of you, yes . . . Marian, my dear, a moment."

She drew her daughter-in-law aside, and a fierce whispering ensued, out of which he could catch nothing but the word Pogge, which he felt sure must be wrong.

"But of course we will, Grannie dear . . . I will tell them at once." Aside to Dudley she said: "Her companion. She's outside in the car. I'll go and tell Pounds to get a room ready for her."

She whispered to him: "Oh, Dudley, isn't she funny? No one would imagine I was a daughter-in-law she had never seen before."

"Mother was always odd. You mustn't mind that."

Simon, dignified, white-clad, came noiselessly downstairs. Lady Heatherington turned, saw him, and smothered a scream.

"Dudley, what is this?"

"It's our Indian bearer, Mother. Marian thought he would be so useful at home."

"Dear me, for one moment I thought . . . a ghost . . . But an Indian . . . Here . . ."

"I knew you would be interested," said her son quickly, "as you are so keen on these mission schools."

The things Lady Heatherington had been about to say died on her lips. She nodded to Simon's respectful salaam, and hissed to Dudley aside: "Not in my linen sheets, I hope?"

"No, dear. The disused attic."

"Sensible boy. That's right. Come in, Miss Pogge. This is my son, Captain Heatherington, just back from India."

RUBY POGGE was small, slight, and very pretty. Her complexion put one in mind of a very good peach just verging on overripe. Dark fluffy hair she had, and limpid pansy-colored eyes which she kept demurely cast down. Her lips were like cherries, and she carried them at the pout. She looked mild and wistful. Dudley had seen hundreds like her pirouetting in pantomimes, or in the front row of the chorus at musical comedies of his youth. He felt a little surprised at his mother's choice of a companion.

"Such a nice girl," hissed Lady Heatherington. "Fine character. Beautiful thoughts. Disciple of Snurriga, or at any rate deeply interested in his theories. You'll like her."

Miss Pogge was not supposed to overhear this, but it was evident she did. She gave him one quick sidelong glance under her long lashes, then busied herself demurely about his mother, relieving her of her wraps and begging her to go and lie down for a little while before tea.

"Such lovely country," said Miss Pogge, taking a look out of the window. "I am just in the mewed for a country life."

[Continued on page 43]

A series of four complete short
stories by Dorothy Black

You haven't changed at all since I last saw you."

"Nothing changes here, sir," said Pym firmly, as if he trusted Dudley would take the hint. "And what am I to do with this—er—this Indian person?"

"Oh, fix him up somewhere. You'll know how to do it," said Dudley heartily. "A footman's room or something. You will find him no trouble," he added without confidence.

Pym lingered as if about to say more, then departed.

Marian was exploring upstairs. The bedrooms, she had to own, were disappointing. The four-post beds of her dreams did not exist there. Each room contained a wrought-iron couch embellished with the brass balls dear to the hearts of the Victorians. The mattresses upon them seemed to be stuffed with fossilized Brussels sprouts. The bathroom had a mean, unused look, and smelt dreary; nor could Marian find more than one of them. One bathroom—to all those bedrooms! Was it possible that Dudley's ancestors had not been any too clean? There were acres of bedrooms, fourteen of them, and venturing up a winding staircase Marian came across three more. Long low attics, evidently intended for maidservants; each bed covered with a faded pink counterpane in honeycomb design, and over each hung a text in illuminated letters. She read one of them. It said:

Behold No Man Knoweth When The Master Cometh.

Beyond that was a larger attic still, approached by a stairway of its own, and unfurnished save for several weary oddments discarded from weakness.

It wasn't quite what she had expected.

"But refurnished and done up," she said enthusiastically to Dudley afterward, "it would be lovely."

"To refurnish it and do it up," said Dudley gloomily, after the fashion of the landed gentry, "would take practically the entire family capital, my love."

He kept wondering how long Marian would go on liking

it. He kept wondering whether he would have to spend the whole of his leave there. Miles from a golf course, and Pym being disagreeable about Simon. They had started off badly. Pym, in an overpowering effort toward Christian brotherhood had instructed that Simon's place be laid along with the others at the servants' meals. Simon refused to sit down with them. Pym, prepared to be condescending, explained to him that they were all broad-minded people there and did not mind. Simon then explained to him, in the grand manner, that it was not his custom to eat with aliens and women, robbing himself at one fell swoop of the regard of Cookie, and Pounds the housemaid, and Mollie Waggit who came in by the day. Retiring to his own room Simon cooked something on his oil stove that produced a smell none of them had ever smelt before, and Mollie Waggit, coming all over queer as a result of it, fainted.

"I shall never be able to maintain discipline downstairs if this—er—this Indian Simon remains there, Master Dudley," said Pym, firmly but respectfully.

"Put him upstairs in that big empty attic with its own staircase. He'll be quite all right there, and he'll think it lovely. They haven't the same standards as we have."

Simon moved up to the attic, pleased. Was he not going up in the world? Were not the soles of his feet higher now than the heads of the sahibs? He considered the omen good. So peaceful did the domestic situation now become that Dudley began to tell himself that his misgivings had been in vain. It looked as if everyone was going to settle down.

LADY HEATHERINGTON arrived at tea time on Tuesday. Dear Grannie, muffled in furs, with the quaint manner she affected of being quite apart

DANGEROUS WOMEN

by DOROTHY BLACK

No. 1.

THE SPELL

IF WE hadn't the place to keep up—if it was anything like a reasonable sort of house even, we wouldn't be so darned hard up," said Dudley Heatherington mournfully, after the manner of the landed gentry. He was leaning over the side of the ship, watching the oily waters of the Suez Canal slip past them.

"But darling," said Marian, who had married him in Delhi and been thrilled to the marrow when she heard of the family place in England, "think how lovely it is to have somewhere of our very own to go to; somewhere that will put us for ever out of the reach of those awful hotels and furnished houses that are usually the lot of people like us."

Dudley said nothing whatever. Knowing his mother as he did, he had felt from the beginning there must be a snag somewhere. Lady Heatherington loved her children, but she was not the sort of parent who lent them houses. There must be more in it all than met the eye. How much more, it was impossible to decide, far at sea. Only time would show. In the meantime he had not the heart to tell Marian his doubts about accepting his mother's kind offer of *Pardons* for their leave. To throw cold water on her enthusiasms seemed like taking a lollipop away from a child.

He thought sadly of *Pardons*, its lack of hot water, and its oil lamps, and remembered warm hotels and cosy flats he had rented as a bachelor, where there was good valeting and an entire absence of that feudal spirit which so often spells discomfort. He was sorry not to feel more drawn toward his home, but he never could forget the chilblains he had suffered there, and its distance from a golf club.

Sad that he should be remembering so wistfully the days of his bachelorhood, on this his first married leave. But he was full of misgivings. There was Simon.

Marian had insisted on bringing Simon home, against all her husband's better judgment. Simon was a splendid servant in the East, but rarely does it pay a man to take his eastern treasure home. Marian had been so set on it; seeing herself, he knew, as the chatelaine of *Pardons* with her dusky retainer. What a child she was! He smiled to himself suddenly, but he could not altogether get out of his head the memory of hot water, and warm passages, and good valeting, and all the other luxuries to be found in an up-to-date hotel.

Simon had been appallingly sea-sick, and that, with the cold that lurked about Victoria Station, gave him a strange half dead and leaden look. He was attired in a medley of costumes. He still wore his white turban with its gold band, and his dhoti and linen clothes. But these, always immaculate in India, he never managed to keep within measuring distance of white in the West. Now they emerged in a surprised fashion, like lingerie broken loose from its moorings, beneath the skirts of a large khaki service overcoat which Simon had purchased in the bazaar. There, too, he had procured his military boots, two sizes too large for him, out of which his thin leg emerged like an umbrella standing in its umbrella stand. He also wore a pair of purple sock suspenders, but no socks.

"A mistake to have brought him," thought Dudley, looking at him anxiously. "He'll probably die on us."

He wondered what you did with a dead Indian in London. Simon, however, seemed unlike death as he busied himself with the luggage. They had fifty-two pieces. A crowd collected round him, as he stood beside his mountain of belongings accompanied by Simon. "They think we are a circus," he said bitterly. "You had better go on to the hotel and take Simon with you. I will stay and see this stuff through the Customs. No, Simon. You must leave your box and your bundle here. The Customs sahibs must look at it."

Simon became distressed, and held forth in his native tongue passionately on the subject of caste. There were

things in his box which, if the unclean fingers of an alien touched them—nay, if his shadow as much as fell upon them, they would lose merit. If he might just take this one bundle.

Dudley could not be bothered with all that, just then.

"You go with Missis," he said, sternly, "leaving your trunks with me."

Simon deposited one bright-yellow tin trunk, one yellow wooden box nailed down, and one bundle tied in an unclean cloth at his Master's feet and departed.

"These yours?" said the Customs officer presently. Dudley felt too weary to explain. The officer opened the bundle. It contained brass bowls, strange-looking roots and pieces of stick, a small earthenware pot, and a dried and *passé* dead frog.

"All right," said the Customs officer, making ineffective efforts to chalk a white sign on the cloth that wrapped up the bundle. "Looks to me like Voodoo, but maybe it's all right."

He laughed and passed on, leaving Dudley to move his mountain. When he reached the hotel, uproar reigned. Simon, feeling the cold, had endeavored to light a bonfire in one corner of his basement bedroom, and, the result of it rising gently to the drawing-room, one old lady had lost her head and sent for the fire brigade. Dudley smoothed everyone down, got Simon an oil stove, talked to the proprietor, who behaved better than some would have done, had his dinner, and went to bed. He was a little morose—thinking of all that luggage; thinking of all the other things Simon might do.

IT WAS March. The east wind blew mercilessly next morning, with no regard for their impoverished circulations. He looked at Marian standing pinched and blue on the doorstep, waiting till the luggage was packed on its several taxis, and thought what a pretty girl she had been when he married her. He caught sight of his own features in the hotel mirror and remembered, with surprise, he had once been called Beau Heatherington. A small crowd had gathered on the pavement to stare at Simon in his strange attire and large boots. He was giving instructions to the hotel porter, who did not like him, being one whose principles were all against taking orders from niggers.

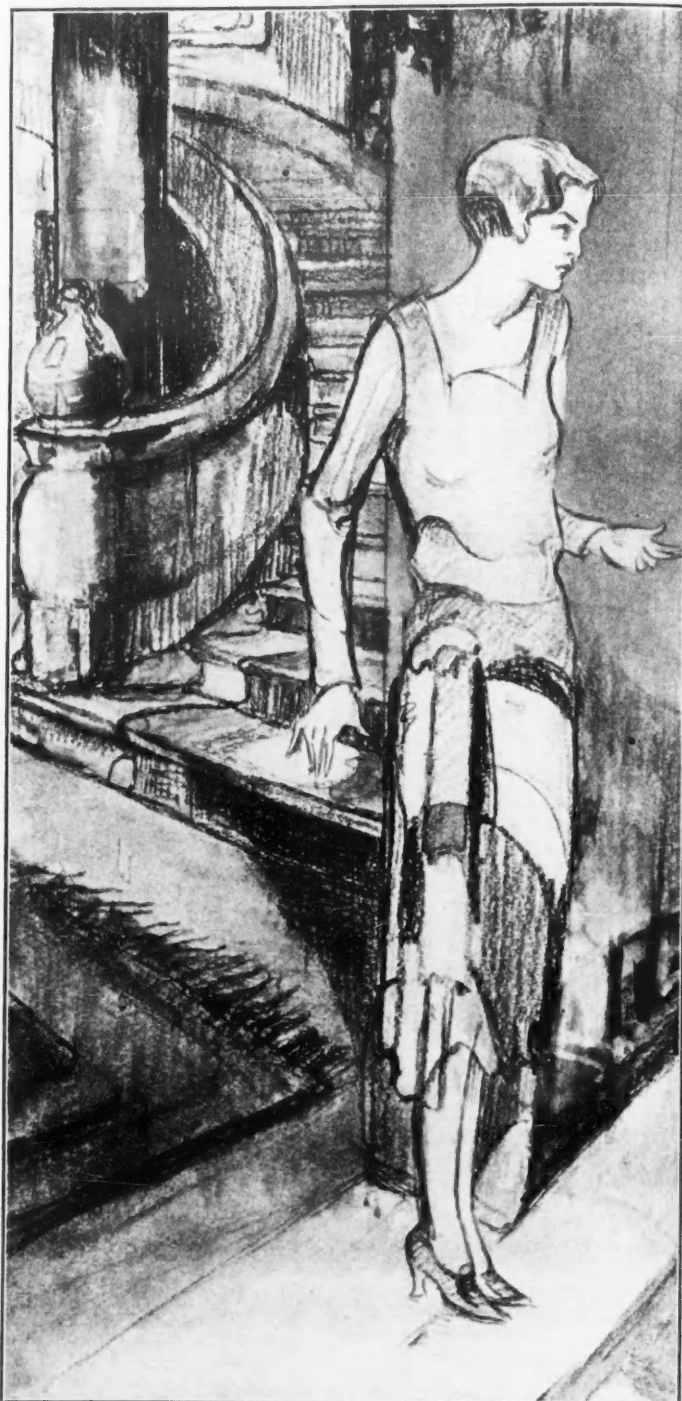
"Never mind, darling," said Marian, giving Dudley's arm a friendly squeeze in the cab. "I know it has been rather beastly so far, but it's nearly over. And after all, I suppose spring is coming?"

She looked doubtfully toward Kings Cross, over which a small blizzard had just broken.

"They say so . . ." Dudley wished he could stop thinking of the Club in Simla, with the sun on the polo ground.

"I do hope your mother won't mind us bringing Simon."

"She won't be there, darling. She said she was going to Monte Carlo for the winter. In any case she loves the heathen. She is always knitting for them, and interceding for them—and subscribing to them. I remember one year she sent them three dozen flannel nightdresses, when my poor sister Clara was so hard up she did not know what to do. Flannel nightdresses, mark you. But there it is. When anyone like mother is determined to be charitable she stops at nothing. Only, feeling like that, she can hardly object to Simon."



Marian dreamed, looking out of the window. She remembered her sister-in-law vaguely. A little, anxious dark woman, going grey. Always with one baby on hand, one in a pram, and another promised at an early date. People ought to manage better than that, thought Marian, unconsciously superior. She and Dudley were going to have babies, of course. Some day: when it was convenient and would not interfere with their leave or anything.

Meanwhile she saw herself moving in a wonderful atmosphere of old armor and tapestries and four-post beds. The Heatherington's family seat. And Simon, looking clean and polished as of old, standing behind her chair, Motionless, silent footed, the perfect servant.

There was a crowd of children at the station by the time they had done unloading their luggage off the train.

"Dudley, they must have heard that you were coming," said Marian, thrilled. He raised his hat to them to please her. They stared past him at Simon.

"Hi, look at the Injun Prince, Wilf . . . 'ere 'e goes."

A log fire burnt in the big hall at *Pardons*. Pym advanced unctuously to meet them—Pym who had butted there since the days of Dudley's childhood.

"Her Ladyship hopes you will find everything to your liking, sir, and instructs me to say she is returning on Tuesday."

Dudley stared at him for a moment. His mother had distinctly said she was lending them the house and would go abroad. But no doubt she was just looking in on them on her way to London. Perhaps she had forgotten something, or maybe she was coming for the pleasure of meeting her daughter-in-law, though this, he reflected, was unlikely. Lady Heatherington rising superior to her surroundings and little matters like family ties.

"Well, Pym, it's nice to see you again. How are you?"

from PARIS

Tweed is now an established fact and is worn with short brown caracul coats

the cross and then pieced together with a double row of stitching. Brims must, of course, be made double, but as velvet is very pliable many beautiful, draped effects can be acquired. Flowered crystal embroidery looks extremely well as trimming on velvet hats, and many beautiful sprays are now being seen, while small crystal fruit, pears, apples, and wee bunches of grapes are becoming quite a mode of their own.

Big preparations are at present being made to celebrate Christmas and New Year, and the shops are looking particularly beautiful. I'm afraid we do not go whole-heartedly into the business as you do in Canada. The big stores always make a fine display, but it is principally a children's festival, and every imaginable kind of modern toy can be seen.

We grown-ups have our days, or I should perhaps say nights, as we continue our round of gaiety into the early hours of the morning, at our *Reveillons* on Christmas and New Year's eves. These *Reveillons* usually take place *en famille*, or if one doesn't happen to have any

Patou has designed a sophisticated ensemble of maturer lines. The dress is of beige *lainage* trimmed with caracul and the short coat and muff is also of beige caracul.



Above, a simple but very smart sport dress by Louise Boulanger uses *lainage* and jersey. Centre, Jean Patou employs a new crystal trimming to excellent advantage on black velours.



family available, a number of friends join together and meet at a really smart restaurant. Turkey stuffed with chestnuts, is *de rigueur*, and the meal is traditionally started with oysters; brussels sprouts must also be included on the menu. How very different your Canadian Christmas dinners must be! But we hardened Parisians are taking very kindly to the English plum-pudding. Mincemeat, however, we still regard with much disdain and awe—it's an acquired taste and I suppose we just can't acquire it.

I have been to a number of smart little gatherings since I returned home, and at one particularly brilliant affair at Claridges, I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the new winter fashion trend to its very best advantage. Visualize a very large ballroom crowded with chic women, nearly all wearing the new long lines, with little "*moyen-moyen*" belts, which seem to happen just where you really want your waist-line to be. The most fashionable of all the new evening materials seems to be that very coarse net, which Worth is responsible for having brought into the mode. It's most practicable stuff, as it crushes very little and can be found in really beautiful colorings, and is not very expensive. It looks particularly well when made up into a tiered or "cut-on-the-cross" skirt, dipping hemlines, of course, being almost non-existent.

I feel that this letter is becoming more of an intimate prattle than anything else, so before I speed off down to the Gare St. Lazare with it to put it on the boat-train, I want to say just one thing about morning tweeds, or the tweed ensemble for the morning. Tweed now is an established fact, and the day when one was really proud to wear a smart tweed costume has gone. Friends no longer think that one had been visiting England, or that the material has been especially sent over.

But now Paris and French cloth makers have got the suppleness of the tweed down to a fine art, and the amazing way in which two distinct weaves of the same pattern can be combined into one ensemble is almost incredible. Short brown caracul coats are becoming popular for morning wear over a tweed costume and are very often seen with matching muffs to correspond.

IIENNA.

A LETTER

All Paris has adopted the longer skirt hems half-way between the knee and ankle

full-length highwayman, lined with different shades of crêpe de Chine, as the occasion demands. Now you will see why I think a good black cloth coat would be really more serviceable than anything else, for with a brilliant lining on the different capes worn with it, (to say nothing of the additional warmth) it will give a frequent change in costume. A smart little close-fitting felt hat in a corresponding shade to the bright lining would give a really chic effect, which would have a distinct Parisian touch and atmosphere about it.

HATS are varying quite a bit from the eternal felt at the present time, and leading modistes are showing a number of very beautiful models in velvet and panne. In the course of a constant evolution modistes have at last achieved the apparent miracle of creating really lovely models in velvet, without using the unpleasant and prickly buckram. Here is the secret: crowns must always be made in two or four sections, the velvet cut on



Above, a blue-grey and beige tweed ensemble by Patou accentuates the natural waistline. Centre, a green velvet bow adds a striking note to a hat of black velours (Patou).



Brown fancy tweed fashions the Lelong sport ensemble, below. The slightly lower flare at the back of skirt is a smart touch. The coat collar is of brown astrakan.



Paris, Novembre, 1929.

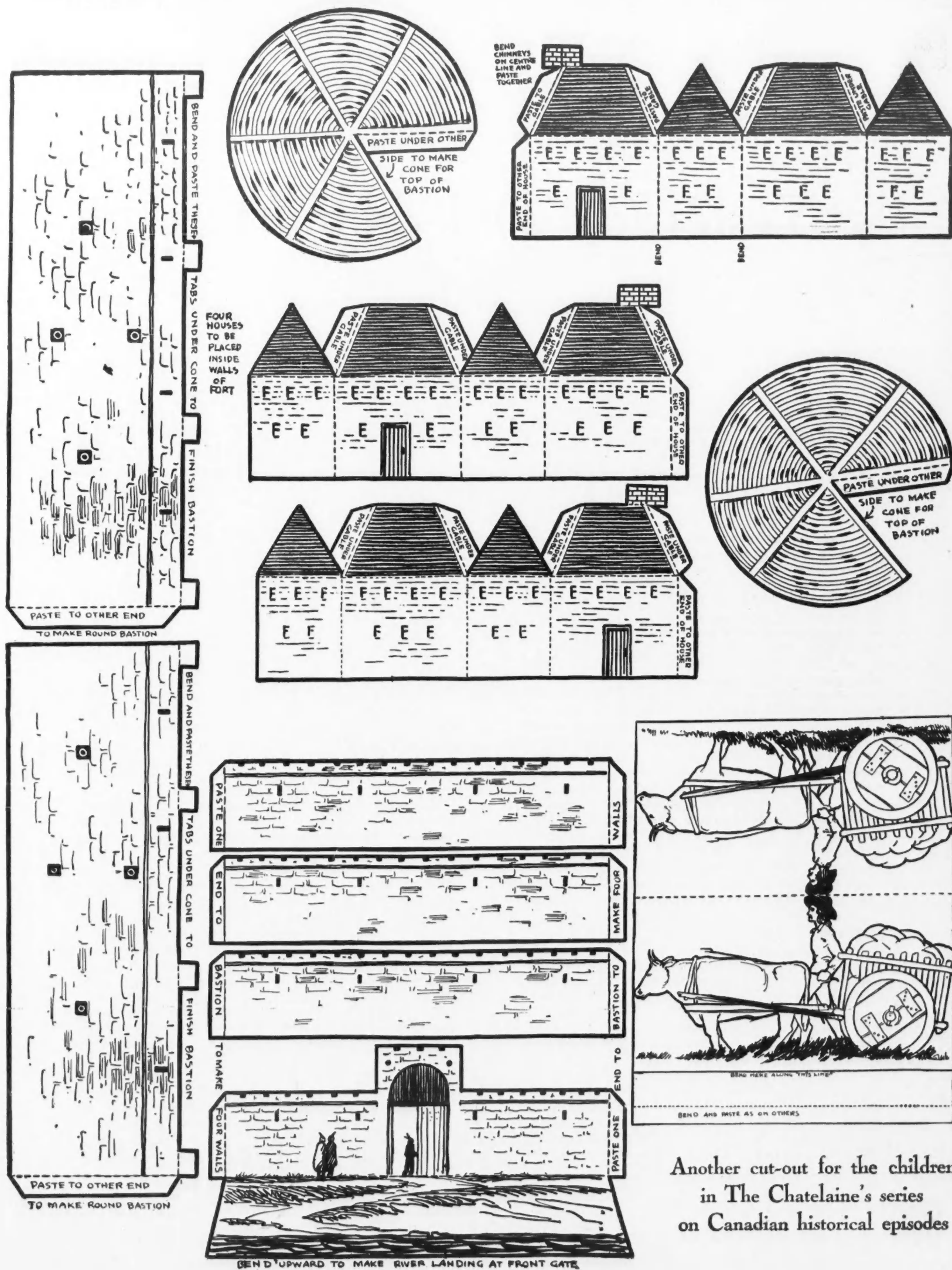
MES Chères Chatelaines!

After much travel I am at home again. You will be interested to know that the thing which has struck me most forcibly since my return is that Paris really has accepted the longer dress line, and any dress that doesn't hang a good length between the knee and ankles looks hopelessly *demodée*. Paris is nearly always reluctant to accept *outré* changes, but Madame la Mode decreed longer dress lines for this winter and feminine Paris has apparently accepted them without a murmur. I have only been back a few days, but I am really in quite a quandary just what to do about things. The majority of dresses and coats have been made completely hemless for some years past now, so that there is no "letting-out" to be done. I'm afraid that I am really going to be obliged to have a new winter coat after all; it's an excellent excuse anyway!

For a short while then, let us talk about winter coats, and mid-winter clothes. We all know that there comes a time during the drab days between autumn and spring when one gets desperately tired of always hiding everything under the one coat. But I have an excellent idea to offer, and one that I am sure will be gladly welcomed by a number of women who, like myself, want variety.

The coat I have in mind is a black one. Any other color would do equally well, but as I have said in my previous letters, French women nearly always favor black because of its unchallenged "chickness," and because, providing you do not have anything too elaborate, it does not date. The material should be cut to a good full length, so that by taking the fullness in, a somewhat saggy, blouse back would be obtained. This is Patou's new winter line, and a very effective one it is. The variety touch that I want to add to this coat, takes the form of a series of shoulder capes, and I make the following suggestions:

Trim the sleeves with long pointed fur cuffs, but leave the collar a straight cut "V." Then you can add your fur trimmed capes, cut triangular, monk's hood, Quaker girl, or



Another cut-out for the children
in The Chatelaine's series
on Canadian historical episodes



An Early Canadian Outpost

A cut-out of Fort Garry, Winnipeg, in 1840

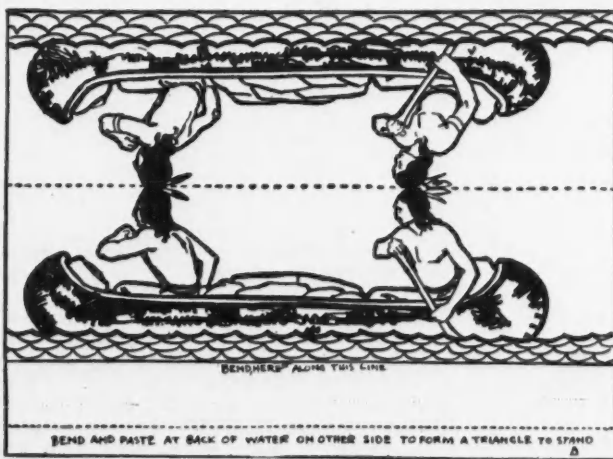
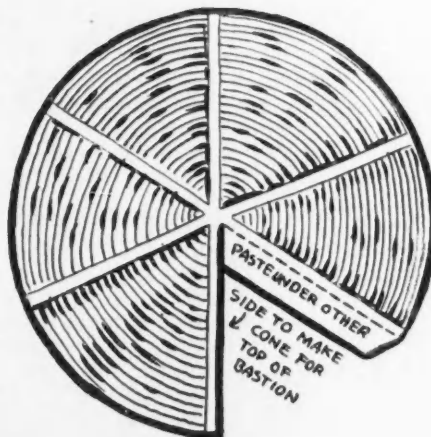
DID you know that the city of Winnipeg was, only a hundred years ago, just a roughly-built fort? When you have followed the simple directions and made up this cut-out, you will have a good idea of what this old fort looked like in those treacherous and dangerous days. The sketch at the top of this page shows how it will look when finished, with the stone walls of the fort and the four bastions or round towers at each corner, and the houses built inside. Today, a ruined gateway is all that is left of the old fort. When you go to Winnipeg you can see it, carefully preserved for us, in the grounds of the Fort Garry hotel which the Canadian Pacific Railway built on the site of the old citadel.

All the romantic history of Canada's middle west was built into the walls of this fort, which for over a hundred years has been one of Canada's outposts. Fort Garry was erected in 1821 by Canada's two trading companies which had only recently combined forces—the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company. In 1835 it was rebuilt by Governor Christie, and in 1870 the fort reached its peak of glory when it became the scene of Riel's first rebellion, the Red River rebellion.

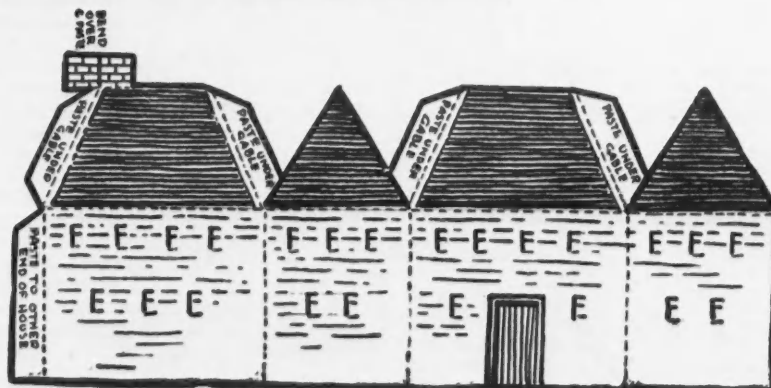
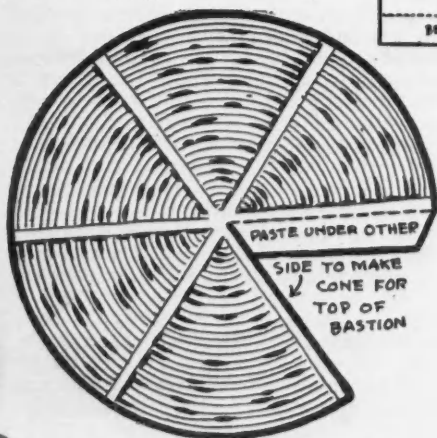
Through the years, as merchants of the trading companies settled without its walls and commercial activity sprang up round about, the name Fort Garry was extended

to include the whole rapidly growing community of what is now Winnipeg.

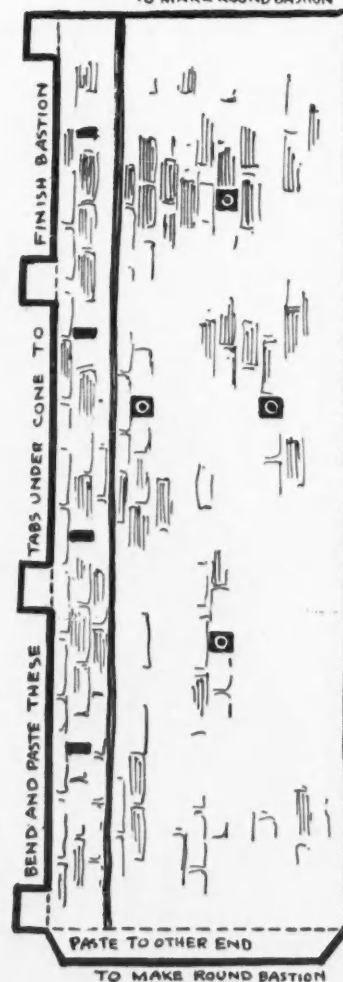
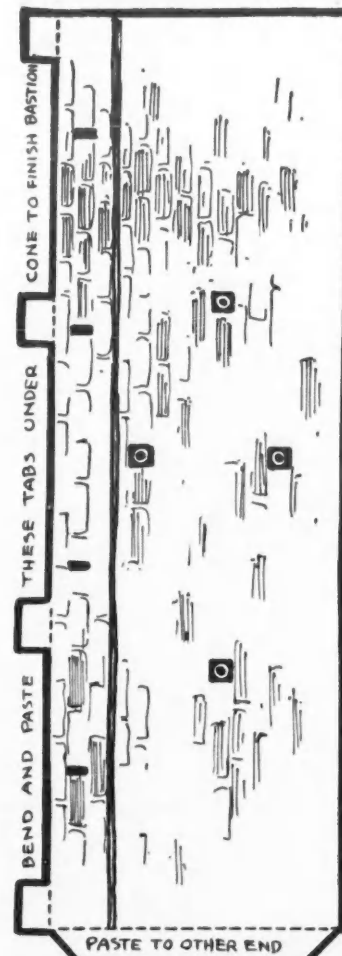
To make this cut-out, paste the two pages on heavy brown paper or light cardboard. Make the four bastions, the round towers, first. Then add the four walls and you will have a square. Next follow directions carefully and build the houses. Finally make the boat and the Red River cart.



The Indians are to paddle up the river outside Fort Garry. Bend as directed and you will have a little triangle. Follow the same directions for the river boat on the other side.



One of the walls for the houses that go inside the Fort is on this page—the other three are on the opposite page. If you follow directions very carefully you will make Fort Garry very easily.





Painted for *The Chatelaine* by A. R. Wheelan

1930		January							1930
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1930

Yesterday and Tomorrow

FOR the second time *The Chatelaine* greets a New Year, and since a magazine is as human as its readers, we cannot resist the age-old instinct to glance backward, before we turn to the hopeful, eager months ahead that lure us into 1930.

No man or woman ever started out into a New Year with more determined resolutions than your magazine. Our first complete cycle of a year from January to January has passed. Mistakes? Of course — lots of them! But who isn't cheerful about mistakes at New Year's Eve? Regrets? Perhaps — secreted away in the editorial office. Resolutions? Wait and see!

During the year that has passed we have tried to present some of the big problems which face the women of Canada, with a clearness and forcefulness that would make them mean something definite. We have discussed the high cost of sickness for the average family. We have told the dramatic, courageous stories of the pioneer women of Canada. Two more articles in the series will appear this year. We have studied the problem of the missing girl, of companionate marriage, of the censorship of movies, of the younger generation. We have told the story of Canada's women magistrates, of Canadian nursing. We have given pen portraits of women much in the public eye, including Margaret Bondfield and Ishbel MacDonald.

In the traditional manner we harked back over the dying old year and searched our consciences. "Just what," we wondered, "have we given our thousands of readers in return for their dollar bill?"

The answers were interesting. We could only touch the high spots and leave out all the smaller articles, else our statistics would lose their force. Our survey of the twelve issues in 1929 shows that we have presented three full length novels and a novelette; that you could have read forty-eight short stories and thirty poems by Canadian writers. Our specialists, who are all graduates in household science, have given you seventeen articles on cookery and home economics. There have been twenty-four articles on handicrafts and fancywork; nineteen on child welfare and mothercraft. Interior decoration has been allotted sixteen, and entertaining seventeen. We have offered you 256 of the most famous style patterns — Vogue. We have made a survey of the marketing and production of Canadian vegetables, milk, meat and eggs. We have given you eleven etchings, and twelve



small paintings in full color, by noted Canadian artists, hundreds of which have been framed with distinction on walls in every part of Canada. In every issue two pages have been devoted to the children. And in addition, there have been scores and scores of other articles, termed in editorial jargon, "minors."

SO MUCH for the past — away with it! What lies ahead? Most of it a secret, of course, but from what we have tucked away in files and drawers awaiting publication, from the plans that are maturing, and the ideas on which we are working, it will be a big year.

This issue announces some of the interesting developments. The new department and question box on Bridge, to be conducted by Xavier Bailet, one of the greatest bridge players in the world, will make for happier evenings in many homes.

The new page for the woman who drives a car will be conducted by a woman who has taught scores of her sisters to drive.

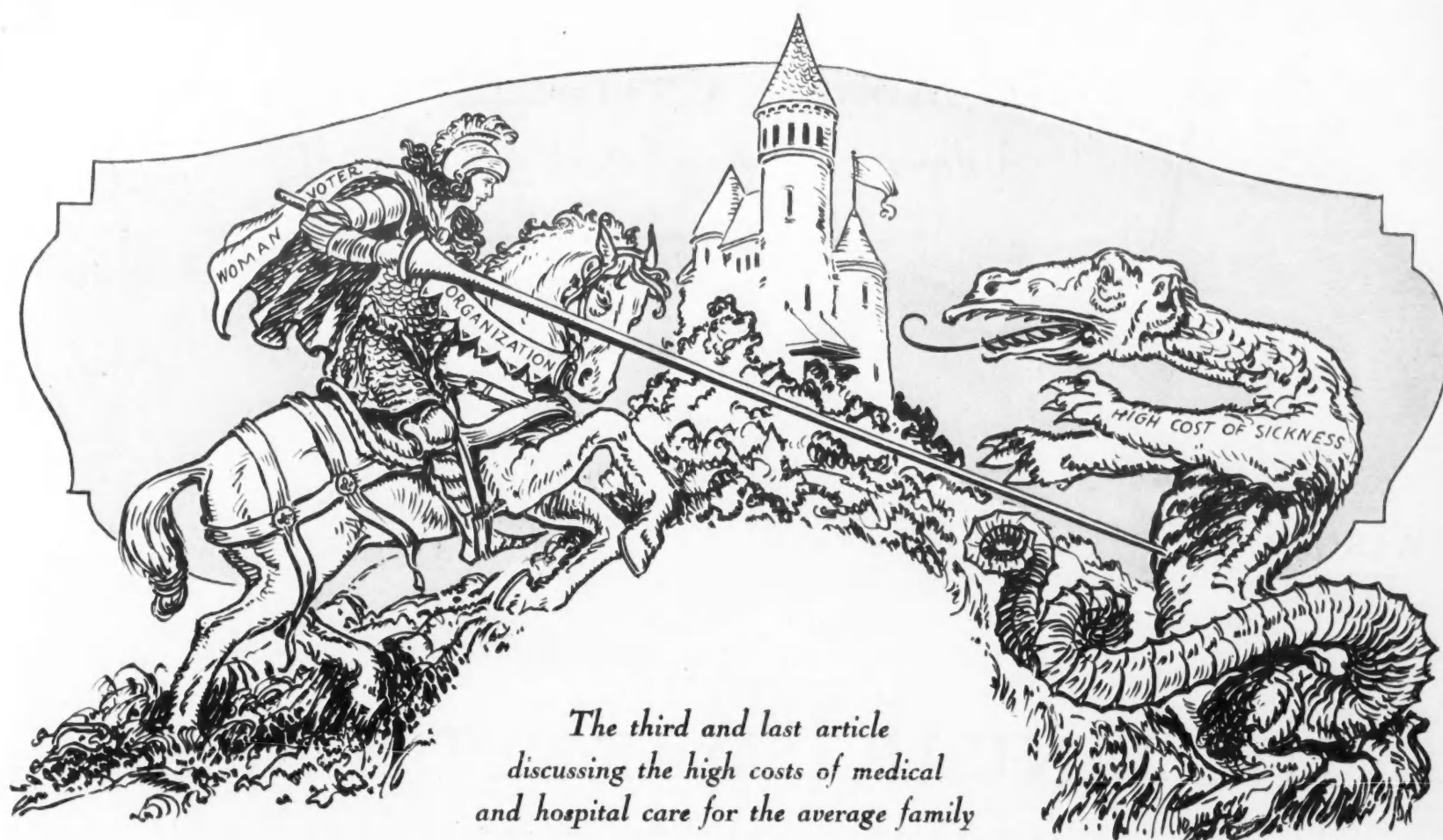
The new *Chatelaine* patterns, made in Canada, which will be featured in stores all across the Dominion, will bring the newest, smartest ideas from Paris, London and New York to you for a very low price.

We are continuing the children's historical cut-outs which have been an exclusive feature of *The Chatelaine's* during the past year. They have proven invaluable, so mothers tell us, since they make the history very real and vivid, besides being an enthralling toy. We are planning to present a series of short articles on the birds of Canada, beautifully illustrated in full color. Scheduled for early issues will be a group of articles by a well known Canadian medical woman on mothercraft and the care of babies. Another group of articles in the fortune-telling series will explain how to become popular, not by signing on the dotted line, but by mastering the art of telling fortunes by cards. The most noted Canadian writers will contribute to our pages in short stories, articles and illustrations.

But the surprises and secrets for 1930 will be told to you issue by issue. It's going to be an interesting year. May *The Chatelaine* play a part in adding to its interest for you.

Byrne Hops Sanders.





What Can Women Do to Combat the High Cost of Sickness?

by ANNE ANDERSON PERRY

IN DEALING with the intricacies of the many problems which the high costs of sickness have forced on the great body of moderately well-to-do Canadians, one cannot but observe that any practical solution of our difficulties can come only after intelligent review of the whole situation, both from the individual and the public health angles. Above all else, there must be a widespread understanding of what other countries have done to meet similar conditions.

Schemes of health or social insurance are in operation generally throughout Europe, but to Canadians the British one is best known. It came into existence in 1913, has an extensive scope as a national health measure, and has of late been exhaustively and favorably reviewed by a Royal Commission. The necessity for the introduction of this form of State Medicine in Britain arose from a number of causes. Chief among them were the following:—

The prohibitively high costs of illness or disability among millions of industrial workers and the middle classes generally.

The growth of industrial or other privately controlled systems of sickness insurance.

The increasing power and efficiency of public health men and measures.

The increase in political significance of the Labor Party with its programme for improving the lot of the ordinary man and woman.

The reluctance or inability of the medical profession to find a way of escape from the evils arising from the high costs of individualistic practice.

The rise of intelligence among all classes in Britain.

Our history in Canada may exhibit slightly different aspects as we progress toward the goal of making the best known methods for the prevention and cure of disease available at reasonable costs to all our people. However, the underlying causes for change in the present systems of medical and hospital practice, as we know them, are much the same. Final solutions are not likely to be very dissimilar, except that we are in a position to avoid mistakes made in

Europe, and must consider our own special needs as a thinly populated country of immense area, with the pioneer problem well in the foreground.

Meantime, it is well to note that one cause of present lack of progress lies in the fact that our public health machinery lags far behind that of the mother country. For this

Hospital rates 90% higher than in 1913

Hospital rates in Canada are approximately 90 per cent above 1913 levels, and almost 5 per cent higher than in 1926. This is the conclusion reached by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics as the result of a recently completed survey.

Rates in hospitals, unlike commodity prices, did not recede after the period of post-war inflation, but have steadily advanced. Between 1913 and 1926, maintenance costs advanced more rapidly than charges to patients, but since 1926 the reverse has been the case.

Following tabulation shows average per capita, per diem charges and maintenance costs in the three years chosen by the bureau as a basis of comparison:

	1913	1926	1928
Private wards.....	\$2.68	\$5.07	\$5.25
Semi-private wards.....	1.57	2.32	2.85
Public wards.....	1.02	1.83	1.96
Operating room charges..	5.16	8.17	8.36
Maintenance costs.....	1.68	3.48	3.45

—Canadian Press Dispatch.

there are reasons many and obvious. First: that in our far flung provinces it is just recently that we have begun to achieve either coherence of national feeling or community of policy. Second: that our preoccupation with all absorbing economic and political problems has obscured the fundamental importance of our health questions. Third: that we have no Labor Party with political power. And fourth: that the woman voter who, of all others, might have been expected to adopt national health matters as her very particular province, has utterly failed to grasp either their primary importance or her own potential ability to alter and amend existing conditions. In her clubs and societies she continues to strain at gnats by tinkering at this or that small welfare job, while peacefully swallowing the camel-like factors which contribute in all provinces to the high costs of illness in the personal or public health.

What women voters as well as men most need, if we are to find our way out of our vexatious difficulties in health matters in Canada, is that we shall acquire knowledge regarding our shortcomings in public health machinery. We must learn what can be done to supply them, before proceeding through civic, provincial and national action to secure the requisite changes in measures, men and system. For the cost of sickness is by no means an individual problem, and it is surely time that we perceived clearly the very definite connection between the high costs of illness in a family and the wider questions of public health and preventive medicine.

For, in the last analysis, it comes to this: that we are either to continue to look on the provision of hospital and medical care in times of illness as matters concerning only our private lives as private citizens, or we are going to take the same step forward as was made when the private school gave place to the public school. We are going to realize that as both medical and hospital care are indispensable to everybody, they must be brought within the reach of us all at a price we can pay. To this extent matters of private and public health are absolutely one. [Continued on page 39]

The Chatelaine's Most Popular Cover
as a Calendar for 1930



SUCH a flood of requests for reproductions of this painting followed its publication on the May cover of The Chatelaine that it has been presented, by popular demand, as a calendar for 1930.

It may be framed, or pasted on smooth cardboard with a narrow ribbon threaded through the top.



The sturdy Jerusalem cherry.



The ever popular cyclamen.



House Plants in the Decorative Scheme

by EMMA D. SCOTT

IN THIS day when every article in a room is chosen to harmonize with or enhance a carefully considered scheme of decoration, the humble house plant acquires a new significance.

Along with the custom of filling rooms with heterogeneous bric-a-brac, Dresden shepherdesses, souvenir plates and spoons picturing some exhibition of epochal importance, miscellaneous crocheted "tidies," lambrequins, and mats for mantelpiece and piano—has gone the practice of assembling potted plants of every kind, from the dining room aspidistra to geraniums rooted from slips garnered on a summer holiday. No longer do we cherish ferns and begonias and rubber plants and pots of sprouted grape-fruit seed, just to have something green in the house. The era of sophistication is upon us and we choose our flowers with as much thought as we do our cushion covers, small tables and vases. From the decorative standpoint flowers are regarded as important accessories.

Consider, for a moment, the effect of a pot of pink geraniums and blue English forget-me-nots against a background of red velvet, gold fringe and massive furniture that make up the formal Spanish interior. Visualize the smart modern apartment with its disappearing bed, hissing steam radiators, and the last word in compact equipment, with a row of grandmother's beloved fuchsias and Jerusalem cherries on the narrow window sill! Can you picture the old-fashioned dining room, which still survives in many families; which is to all intents and purposes the family living room, with modernistic bowls of cactus in grotesque shapes simulating miniature rock gardens with tiny fountains, or clipped and pruned to give amusing imitations of skyscrapers?

But translate these flowers into their proper period setting. Fuchsia and Jerusalem cherry fit naturally into the deep, wide sunny window of the dining room where the family gathers for meals or study, or the coveted period when mother or father reads aloud, and where grandmother spends most of her time sewing because the light is good. The cactus is at home on the gate-leg table of the city apartment where its grotesqueries carry out the modernistic scheme of decoration. Into your Spanish interior place a regal oleander or the gorgeous purple-blue gloxinia. Geranium and forget-me-nots slip naturally into the farm kitchen where the cat snoozes on the hooked rug, and the canary trills in a sunny window with snowy ruffled curtains.

Unfortunately, we cannot always have the plants we would desire, for many plants will not grow in the surroundings in which we live. Sunlight is essential to most plants, as is a current of warm fresh air. The atmosphere must be fairly humid also, if we are to get good results. Gas fumes are very injurious to plants. The soil should be just nicely damp for most plants and the pot should be well drained at all times.

One of the most successful Canadian florists advises testing the soil of a house plant with litmus papers to determine the acid. Very often a drooping plant will be revived by a change of soil when that in the pot is too acid. Stick the litmus paper in the pot and if it turns pink, the soil should be more alkaline. The same florist advises that plants which depend upon luxuriant foliage for their beauty should be planted in soil having a high percentage of phosphorus, and that plants whose bloom is

able behavior among nasturtiums in growing large and dense foliage and only insignificant blossoms can deduce that the soil is too rich in phosphorus for that kind of plant.

THE happiest choice, from the standpoint of ease in growing and caring for the plant, for the apartment where steam heat is a necessity and where there is no one with plenty of time to look after the flowers, is, by all odds, the cactus. Since most cactuses come from the arid or semi-arid climes of Africa, South America and the west, they are accustomed to a dry, warm atmosphere and thrive well in steam-heated houses. Placed in wide, shallow dishes, they may be used to vary the popular narcissus. Their colors are delicate and offer a wide range of selection: heavy greys, misty greys, pearl, rose tints, cloudy reds and deep green.

For potted plants, florists say that the large cactuses with blossoms somewhat resembling the giant begonia are generally chosen. They flower in white, all the shades of yellow and pink, and in red. They are most effective used in pairs.

A charming effect of a miniature garden may be created by planting cactuses in a shallow bowl—one ten by twelve inches in diameter is a good size and will accommodate six to nine of these plants, and may replace the dining-room fern dish. All kinds of arrangements are possible, for the cactus is obligingly available in innumerable shapes and sizes. Combined with moss, a sunken garden can be produced. In the art departments of the larger stores may be found tiny rustic bridges and miniature pagodas of china which can be used to carry out the illusion of a formal Japanese garden. With the help of a few well-chosen rocks of the right size and shape, the rock garden becomes a delightful possibility.

A cactus plant usually lasts two years. If watered too freely they will rot; and once rotting has begun it cannot be stopped. Never leave pools of water in the bottom of the container. A well-drained soil is required, but no fertilizer is necessary. Decomposed sod and sand, half and half, is excellent. A bed of cinders at the bottom of the container will help to keep the soil well drained.

Two old favorites have been adopted by the modernist, along with the versatile cactus. The aspidistra and the rubber plant, much beloved in Victorian days, have found favor in modernist eyes, but in such different containers and in such well-trained shapes and sizes as to be regarded as different plants.

The aspidistra, by virtue of living under almost any conditions, struggling along with a minimum of light and grateful for the most casual attention, has made a place for itself with a busy generation. It is not permitted, however, to straggle along in an earthen pot of no decorative possibilities, nor is it encouraged to go to great lengths in growth.

Wrought iron stands, with places for pots at different levels and accommodating from three to nine plants, provide a background for the modernist aspidistra. These stands, of gracefully twined wrought iron, hand-hammered in Swedish finish in black or Verdigris, have three legs on the floor, and are most effectively used in entrance halls or in large rooms. In one instance, such a stand was set against a hanging of orange silk which disguised the "in-a-door bed" of a business woman's apartment. The aspidistras in small jardinières of bright pottery or metal are placed at the different levels where shelves are provided.

[Continued on page 48]

Cactuses are ideally suited to the modern, steam-heated apartment.



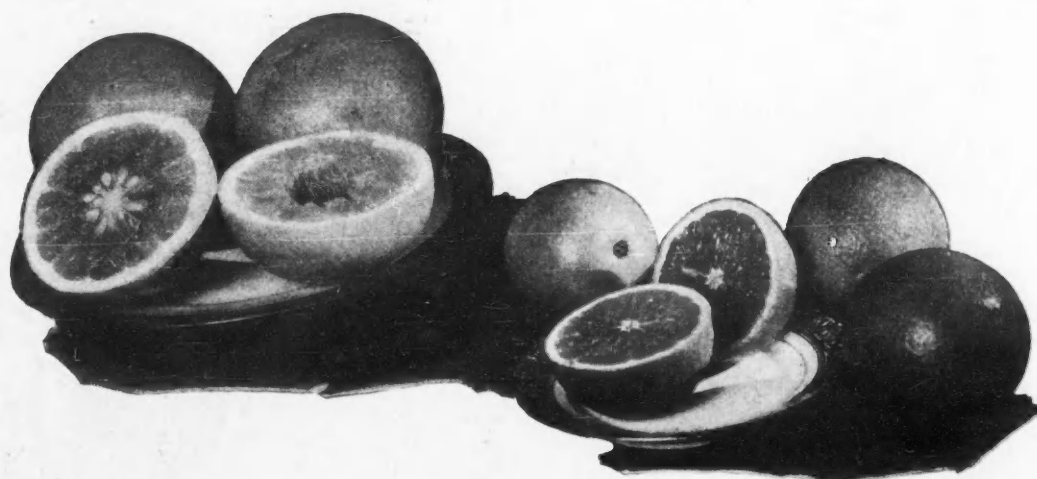


The MODERN CHATELAINE

A department for the housekeeper



by
MARGARET
E. READ



Grapefruit, oranges and tangerines are now at their best.

THE JANUARY MARKET BASKET

Citrus fruits, at their best now, play an important part in the winter diet.

THE month of January brings probably less variety of fresh fruit than any other month of the year. But it is the height of the season for citrus fruits, since grapefruit, oranges and tangerines are now at their best, and kumquats make their brief appearance.

The value of citrus fruits in the diet is being taught to the general public largely through advertising by the companies concerned. Most people eat too much meat, white bread and cereals; and all of these are foods which when digested leave an acid residue in the body. On the other hand, strange as it may seem, citrus fruits, although acid in themselves, leave an alkaline residue in the body; and consequently they help to counteract the excess acid remaining from other foods. It is a well-known scientific fact that many of our present-day ills and ailments are directly or indirectly due to an excess amount of acid in the body. During the winter especially, people are inclined to eat too little raw fruit. The avoidance of colds and other bodily afflictions is largely a matter of maintaining one's resistance, and one of the best means of doing so is to eat proper food.

These fruits are picked and handled with great care. Each fruit is clipped from the branch with specially designed clippers, and the stem is clipped so close that no stem is left on the fruit to puncture other fruit when packed for shipment. Care also is observed in removing the fruit from the tree so as to avoid any scratching or bruising, for bruises and skin punctures make the fruit subject to decay and spoilage in transit.

The work of the packing-house begins with the cleansing of the fruit, which is passed through huge washing machines equipped with swiftly revolving soft brushes, using clean warm water. Emerging from the washer, the fruit passes over a mechanical roller tramway, where it is thoroughly dried by heavy blasts of air, before being carried to the grading table where it passes before the graders on a conveyor belt. Each one is examined by experts and carefully placed in the grade where it belongs. After leaving the grading table the fruit passes through an automatic weighing machine to the sizer, whither it is sent between two converging wooden rollers. This device sizes the fruit and drops it into bins which have tightly-stretched canvas bottoms to avoid bruising. The bins are arranged beneath the rollers at intervals and fruit of the same size will drop into the same bin. Packers, with gloved hands that protect the fruit even from finger-nail scratches, take the fruit from the bins, carefully wrap each one in tissue paper and place them in boxes for shipment.

Texas, Porto Rico, Florida, Jamaica, Cuba and California all contribute to our supplies of grapefruit, which reach the

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market from the different localities in rotation in the order in which they have been named. With the greatly improved marketing facilities of the present day it is obtainable practically all the year round. California grapefruit, however, which appears on the market during the summer months, is of rather poor quality, with very little juice; and Jamaica grapefruit, which is not so well graded and packed as some of the other varieties, is consequently less known to the public.

It is difficult to tell from the outside just what the flavor of a grapefruit will be, but there are means of detecting quality and juiciness. It should have a smooth, thin skin of fine texture, and feel heavy when lifted in the hand. Grapefruit which is light in weight has very little juice. The thinness of the skin can be determined by pressing the fruit with the fingers. The pulp of a thin-skinned grapefruit yields readily to pressure, while thick skins are firm and

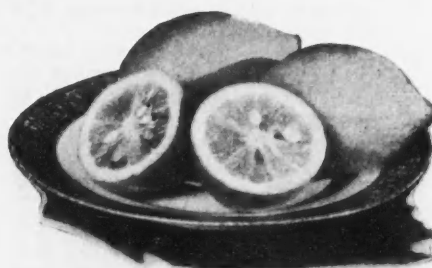
unyielding. A thin skin, of fine texture usually covers a juicy grapefruit. A deep yellow color denotes ripeness. Russet spots, which are found chiefly on Florida grapefruit, are due to the effect of the sun on the fruit; and consequently there is some justification for the popular belief that russet-skinned grapefruit possesses a better flavor.

Oranges are grown practically the world over, in Palestine, Java, South Africa, Mexico, and years ago many came from Spain. At the present time, practically all the oranges sold on the Canadian market come from Florida or California. South African oranges are seen occasionally, and have an excellent appearance and are usually very juicy, but they are quite tart in flavor, not so sweet as we are accustomed to find oranges. Mexican oranges are very good, but Java oranges are considered the best in the world. Unfortunately there are not enough of them grown, and the English market absorbs all that are exported. The California orange crop rotates so that there is a summer and winter supply; but there is just one picking of Florida oranges, and when these are marketed before they are fully ripe, people are disappointed with their flavor. They are at their best from the middle of December until the middle of January; after that they lose their flavor. The Valencia is the California summer orange, well known by its numerous seeds, and is on the market until the end of November. The California winter orange is the seedless Navel variety which is very easily peeled, has an excellent appearance, generally larger than the Valencia, and is most popular. The first crop is inclined to have thick skins, but after that they are usually thinner. The Seville orange, obtainable during February, comes from Spain, and is a small bitter orange, rather flat in shape, containing numerous seeds and is used only for marmalade. The skins should be smooth and clean and of a deep yellow color; neither tinged with green, indicating that they are not sufficiently ripened, nor yet touched with dark spots. Either defect will produce a dark-colored marmalade. Blood oranges have practically gone off the market, due to the public demand for things which are pleasing to the eye and easily eaten.

Blemishes which are merely on the surface of the skin of citrus fruits do not affect the quality or flavor of the fruit. Decay usually starts at the stem end, so it is wise to examine this part of the fruit and reject any which are discolored or water-soaked around the stem.

All oranges are marketed according to size, from the largest which run ninety-six to a crate to the smallest, 422 to a crate. In selecting oranges the size chosen is more a matter of preference and pocket-book than of quality, for the same quality may be obtained in various sizes.

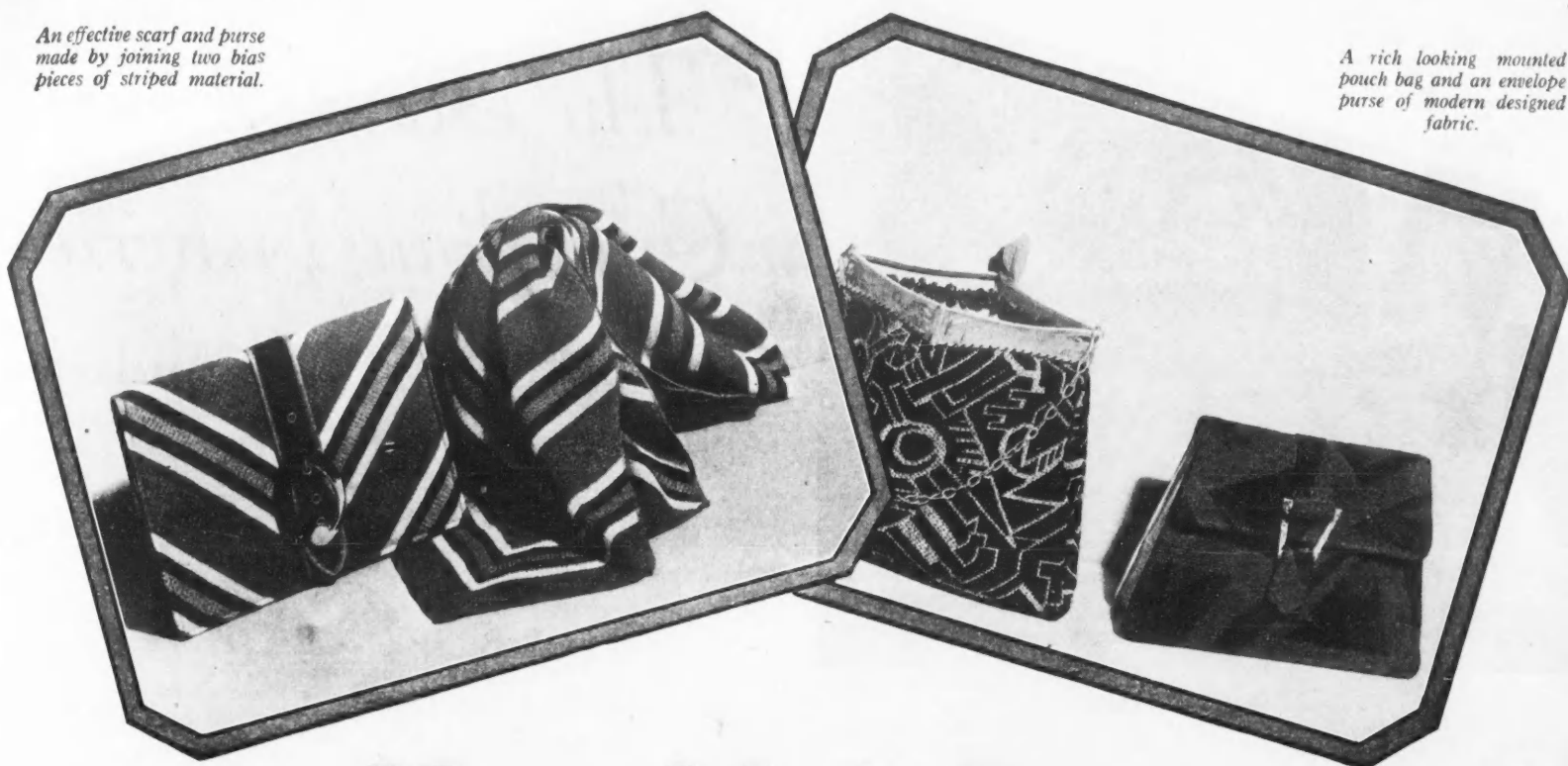
[Continued on page 61]



Lemons should feel heavy when weighed in the hand, not light and pithy.

An effective scarf and purse made by joining two bias pieces of striped material.

A rich looking mounted pouch bag and an envelope purse of modern designed fabric.



Home-Made Purses

Are very smart when made in fabrics to match one's ensemble

by ANNETTE BLAKELY

NEVER before has the purse played so important a rôle in the *tout ensemble* of the well-groomed woman. Matching or cleverly contrasting hat may be perfection itself, shoes may echo the shade of your fur, hose and gloves may blend skilfully with the underlying tones of your color scheme, but if the purse fails to be in keeping with the rest of your costume, your whole smart appearance is ruined. The mode of today demands infinite devotion to detail. Time was when a good utility bag of black or tan leather would meet all requirements, but that dark era has so long passed away that it is but a hazy memory. Bags first entered the limelight of fashion some time ago—every year more and more attention has been given them, until this year they are considered to rank in importance with hat and shoes.

Unfortunately, a good-looking bag can quite easily cost more than either hat or shoes, so that most of us find it impossible to be in the swim so far as matching purses are concerned. But even while it is a bitter fact that the personal exchequer will not stretch, fashion has provided a loophole for us by sponsoring a variety of fabric purses which are simple enough for any craftswoman of moderate ability to make.

Tweed, in its soft new versions, is so far dominating the daytime mode that it naturally appears in handbags. Other wool materials are used, too—anything resembling a basketweave gives a smartly textured effect, while kasha, jersey and flannel work up most attractively. Charming effects may be obtained with moiré, velvet, brocade and printed materials.

The envelope purse is the least complicated of handbags to fashion, and there are endless ways of treating it. A flat envelope of plain material, for instance, may be relieved with two or three overlapping bands in carefully graduated tones of the same color, placed diagonally across a corner. Three squares might be placed corner-on-corner on the face of the bag, or vertical bands of color half an inch wide and in three or four graduated lengths could decorate at one end. These simple geometric forms for trimming cannot be improved upon so far as style is concerned, and they are a boon to the amateur in all forms of decoration.

The materials for the round-end pouch illustrated at the top of page 52, are a small-patterned, fine, wool material, a buckle, canvas and heavy moiré silk for lining. It is often cheaper to buy a length of wide moiré ribbon than to buy the material in the piece. Cut the outside material to size ten inches wide, and six and a half inches deep. Round off the two bottom corners. If you prefer to use a paper pattern—and that is always safer—cut the paper so that it forms one-half of the pattern, or five inches wide by six and a half inches deep, with a rounded corner at one end. Then fold your material and lay the paper pattern on, taking care not to cut the fold of the material. By this method you will have exactly uniform corners. This will give the front section of the purse. The back should have an extra four and a half inches of depth to allow for the turned-over flap. Cut a paper pattern for this also, copying the flap of the purse illustrated. In the same way as you did for the front, cut half the flap and half the back—which is nothing but the front repeated—in one. Then fold your

material and cut round your pattern so that both sides will be cut together and match exactly.

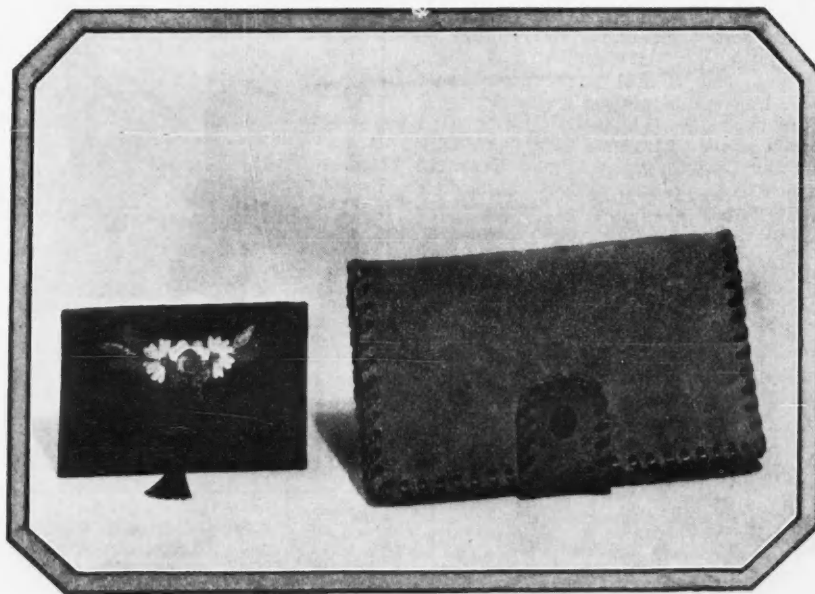
Cut a boxing strip one and a half inches wide and about twenty-two inches long. This serves to join front and back sections. Cut canvas for both front and back pieces, keeping it about a third of an inch smaller all around.

Cut the hand strap and the wide strap for the tab through which the tongue of the buckle passes. For each of these, cut moiré lining exactly the same size and canvas a little smaller all around to allow for the turn-in of the materials. The fastening strap is cut three inches wide and eight and a half inches long. The hand strap at the back is about one and a half inches wide and five inches long.

Now, with all your cutting-out done, make up each section separately. Lay the canvas on the wrong side of the wool material; turn the edges of the wool material over all around and baste flat on to the canvas. Get the lining ready for each piece by turning in its edges so that the lining will fit down exactly on the canvassed section, ready to be basted in place when its turn comes. All raw edges thus will be out of sight. The strip of boxing which runs around the sides and bottom of the bag, need not be canvassed.

Make up the front section, canvassing the wool goods as described. If you are using the kind of buckle illustrated, stitch the tongue of the buckle through covering and canvas very firmly. Instead of the buckle, an extremely smart fastening this season is made with a button about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, covered with the material, or a leather button of about the same size, with a buttonhole worked in the strap to fit over the button neatly. The buttonhole would need to have a round end, such as is worn on a man's overcoat to accommodate the thick shank of the button.

Make up the long piece which comprises the back and flap, turning the edge of the material over the canvas and basting it down. Make up the fastening strap and the hand strap for the back, basting their linings in place. Then, very close to the edge, stitch around the loose rounded end of the fastening strap, leaving about [Continued on page 52]



A black moiré purse with tassel. At right is an embroidered flap and envelope of suede.



Whether the closet be part of the house or an additional unit, it must be attractive in appearance to keep pace with the present demand for color and charm in all our furnishings and belongings.

The edgings can be bought pleated and bound ready to be attached, and, as the picture shows, in all sorts of shapes and depths. They vary in price from about ten cents to fifty cents a yard.

Efficiency in the Clothes Closet

The day of the spacious bedroom cupboard is gone

by MARY AGNES PEASE

IN THIS age of elimination, clothes closets are not the dogs they were. But although many of us sigh for the roomy closets of yester-year, there is no doubt that today's more limited editions are for the most part miracles of convenience, providing a place for everything with the possibility of keeping everything in its place. In fact, what is known as "closet styling" is regarded as a decorative art that is distinctly new.

Just the other day I saw one of the very new "bachelor" apartments. It had a large living room, tiny bedroom, kitchen and bath. The bedroom was so small that it was necessary to use the adjustable type of bed which becomes an "upright" during the day. I asked the agent who was extolling the advantages of this very modern apartment, why there was no clothes cupboard, and he informed me that space was considered too valuable to be used for this purpose, and that in consequence, tenants installed portable cupboards small in size but complete in every detail which occupied little room and could be moved at will. "In these modern closets," said the facetious agent, "there will be neither room for the family skeleton nor the insidious moth." There is certainly no hiding-place for anything in the new small apartment. To quote from a recent magazine article on the subject: "If there were a family skeleton, it would probably be hung up in the hall and used as a new kind of dinner gong!"

Whether the closet be part of the house or an additional unit, it must be attractive in appearance to keep pace with the present demand for color and charm in all our furnishings and belongings. The shops show most beguiling accessories for closets, the lovely effect of which is out of all proportion to the trifling cost. Glazed chintz and the new decorative oilcloth are the most popular materials for covers and edging for closet shelves, and for the various types of bags and receptacles for the inside of the doors. The edgings can be bought pleated and bound ready to be attached, and, as the picture shows, in all sorts of shapes and depths. They vary in price from about ten cents to fifty cents a yard, but if made at home would cost much less. The oilcloth of course is the least expensive kind of edging, and while it is not as pliable as the chintz or like material, it is nevertheless very satisfactory and is easy to keep clean.

The small portable clothes cupboard pictured on this page shows how attractively these closets may be embellished. Another unit of similar size could be used for

hanging coats and frocks and other lengthy garments, with perhaps a shelf near the top to accommodate bags and boxes. Or two such units could be joined together to make one complete cupboard—a modern treasure chest.

If the space in even a very small closet be carefully planned, it is amazing the amount of clothing that it will hold. I read of one the other day which was rather amusingly described: "One of these closet affairs is ready-made of cedar to fit right behind a door in the wall. It has a shelf for hats. It has a garment hanger for suits and frocks. It has hangers for long coats. And it also has five drawers, four for clothing usually laid away folded, and one deep drawer for shoes. The whole closet measures but one foot nine inches deep and two feet eight inches wide. In other words, it is just as wide as an ordinary door, and only as deep as the reach of a five-foot blonde!"

Extension rods are now available for home use similar to those in the dress or suit departments in the shops which, you will remember, make possible the bringing into complete view at once outside of the closet, everything that hangs on the rod. There is also another accommodating device made from a steel rod which is bent like a flattened out letter S. The top part of this hooks over any three-quarter-inch shelf, while the bottom loop hangs down just far enough to receive clothes hangers. The advantage of this device is that it can be easily moved about just as though it were a clothes hanger and will provide twelve inches of hanging room under any shelf of the proper height.

With the idea that shoes see enough of the floor when in service, the shops are selling little slanting racks which can be placed between closet shelves. These have a piece of molding at the edge to keep the shoes in place. Whatever the arrangement, shoes ought to be out of the dust and out of the way when they are not in use. The placing of them in racks such as those described not only keeps them together in one place, but it also reminds one that they should be in trees, and brings to notice more quickly any defect in them that should be remedied. Every pair of shoes needs a pair of trees to keep them in shape, and with this idea in mind, some manufacturers have made a combination shoe tree and hook which makes it possible to put shoes in place and in shape at the same time.

An efficient closet should be supplied with padded hangers and with hat stands, and it is quite a simple matter to have these match the color scheme of the cupboard. The new

box-like garment bags which hold several dresses and are a complete protection from sun and dust are invaluable additions to a closet. Attractive ones can be bought all ready for use for such small amounts that it is hardly worth while to make them at home unless it is desirable to have them in some special color for trousseau dresses. Small hangers are, I think, most satisfactory when covered with velvet. Some people object to this material because it suggests an invitation to the moth. Science has however evolved some new preparation that has merely to be placed in a clothes closet and after one breath of it the poor moth and his progeny have no chance at all. Oddly enough, the odor from this exterminator is not in the least objectionable—except to the moth.

One advantage of covering hangers with velvet or other material is that a place is thus provided for sachet powder or perfumed cotton. I find that the best and most lasting method of perfuming these hangers is to put a few drops of my favorite perfume on a bit of absorbent cotton, and tuck this inside the cover of the hanger. It is effective and easily renewed.

The best material to use for dress bags of any kind is saten or chintz. It adds to the attractiveness of a closet if the material for bags and the shelf edgings match. I have found that the most satisfactory one-garment bag is that made with a flap at the bottom which turns up and fastens with snappers. This makes possible the removal of the dress from the bottom of the bag without crushing.

If the closet is too small to admit of shelves, it is advisable to provide fancy boxes as resting-places for hats. These can be placed in a corner of the closet one above the other. A hat should never be hung on a hook or placed flat upon a closet shelf. It should either be packed in a box with tissue paper or placed on a hat stand. Some of these stands are most attractive, or can be made so by the application of a little paint or other adornment.

If one is so fortunate as to have one's rooms equipped with clothes closets of the large old-fashioned type, marvels can be done to them in the matter of rearrangement and equipment. To begin with, it is important to have them lighted. Sometimes it is possible to put a small window in, and this does double duty by providing air and light. One of the most attractive closets that I have seen has a lighting device that turns on as soon as the closet is opened. Light in a closet seems to suggest efficiency [Continued on page 59]

Georgian Designs for Canadian Furniture

Modern reproductions of classic lines are made today
at very reasonable prices

by JESSIE ALLEN BROWN

ONE of the signs which point to the fact that Canada is "growing up," is the increasing interest in the things of the past. When a country is very young and very new, everything is centred in the future. No one cares about the years that are behind. Since interest is focussed on the promise of the years that are to come.

Lately there has been a strong revival of interest in old pieces of furniture, and their value has increased enormously. Unfortunately for the average family these antiques are quite prohibitive. But the size of the income is no criterion of taste, and if one cannot afford the old, it is possible to obtain new furniture in the famous old designs. Canadian craftsmen and cabinet-makers are making excellent reproductions, but this too is rather expensive, as all individual orders have a tendency to be.

But there is still hope, for Canadian manufacturers are turning out excellent reproductions of some of the old pieces at very reasonable prices. Provided that one knows the lines of the period, it is very simple to follow certain periods designed centuries ago, in modern furniture.

Have you a penchant for any particular period or designer, if you look for it you will be able to find reproductions which are line for line exactly like the old. Other manufacturers have taken the finest features from some of the old designs and changed or modified them to conform to modern ideas. The great majority of women have no idea of the fine reproductions being made in modern pieces by the manufacturers of the Dominion.

There is a lasting pleasure in good furniture. Did you ever contemplate the plan of being an ancestor yourself and buying some fine furniture of Canadian manufacture to leave to the coming generations? Start with good designs, and the mellowness of surface and the softness in color which age alone can give, will come with time.

In an article of this length, it is an impossibility to cover every period, so we will confine our attention largely to the Georgian period which is known as "The Golden Age of English Furniture." It was in the Eighteenth century that the "Big Four" flourished—Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adam and Sheraton. These men lived about the same time. Chippendale is the first cabinet-maker who had so definite a personality as to have a style named after him. Adam himself made no furniture, he was one of four brothers and was an architect. He finally designed the furniture which would best suit the houses he built. Many of the beautiful Georgian houses in England were designed and furnished by Adam; most of the furniture designs were carried out by Chippendale and Hepplewhite.

It must be distinctly understood that when people speak of Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton furniture, they do not necessarily mean furniture actually made by them, but furniture made after their designs. Each of these great

designers published books of designs which were followed by other cabinet-makers of their time in whole or in part.

Chairs are by far the most important pieces of furniture, so we will first turn our attention to them. It is the chair back which distinguishes it and determines its type. Chippendale used the Dutch splat back, which is called the Fiddle back in America. He broadened the splat and carved it with an amazing number of designs in lattice and ribbon work. Sometimes he used the cabriole leg, and sometimes the straight tapering leg in contrast to the intricate carving of the back. All his work was done in mahogany.

Hepplewhite was very much influenced by Adam. (It is Adam not Adams as it is so often mis-called.) He followed his classic lines. He never used the curved and carved legs of Chippendale, but his legs are invariably straight. Hepplewhite agreed with Hogarth's axiom, "the curve is the line of beauty." He was apt to sacrifice strength for beauty. His backs were usually some variation of the shield-back and were always held up from the chair-seat by short uprights. Within the curves of the shield-back, he employed many characteristic carvings, being specially fond of The Prince of Wales' plumes. He used inlay and was fond of delicate painting.

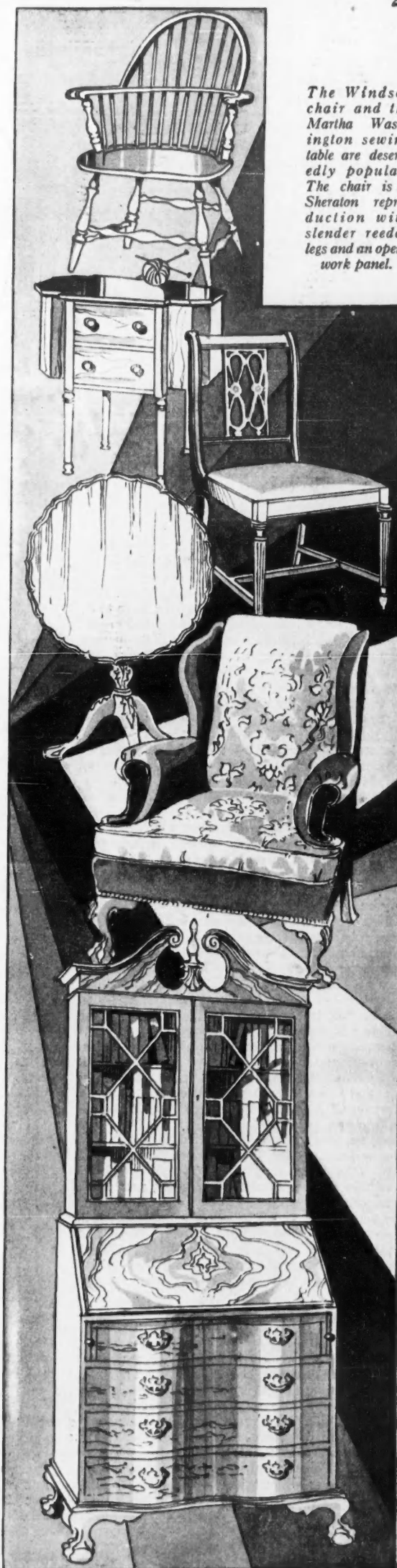
Sheraton was the last of the "Big Four." Many think he was the greatest of them all. Hepplewhite and Sheraton were great rivals and they each borrowed designs from the other until it is difficult at times to tell their work apart. Sheraton combined strength with grace and beauty. His chair-backs were almost invariably rectangular. Frequently there was a bottom rail raised a few inches from the chair seat which made a square frame for his varying designs. These were of delicate spindles or open-work panels, sometimes just in the centre of the frame and sometimes right across it. The legs were slender, straight and usually reeded. Some of these were widened about an inch from the floors. This is called a spade-foot. He used a great deal of satinwood and inlay. His seat-covers were frequently of rich brocades. The Sheraton chair in the illustration is from a dining-room suite by the Andrew Malcolm Company. It has the open-work panel set in the square frame, the brocaded seat and the slender reeded legs.

The eyre was a favorite design in Sheraton's panel chair backs. Duncan Phyfe who is sometimes called the American Sheraton, followed his designs extensively. He was very keen about the lyre and made it peculiarly his own. You will find it in much of Phyfe's work besides chair-backs, such as the pedestals of tables.

The Windsor chair is very exactly reproduced. It is popularly supposed to have received its name from the fact that an English king saw the chair in a cotter's home and liked it so much that he bought it and took it to Windsor—hence its name. The English Windsor differs from the American in that it has a perforated splat in the centre of the spindles, while the American is all spindles. The Owen Sound Chair Company make a specialty of Windsors. In addition to the ordinary Windsor, there are many different varieties of back—the hoop-back, the fan-back and the charming Spanish comb.

We are inclined to think that over-stuffed furniture is modern. The very opulent [Continued on page 42]

The Windsor chair and the Martha Washington sewing table are deservedly popular. The chair is a Sheraton reproduction with slender reeded legs and an open-work panel.



The tilt-top table illustrated in the panel with its carved tripod base, the Queen Anne chair copied from the original in a London museum, the Governor Winthrop desk, are all interesting pieces. At the left is a Louis XV. style chair from the Kroeler Manufacturing Company.



Packing sardines, Black's Harbor, N.B.

The Story of our Canadian Fisheries

Another article in The Chatelaine's Canadian Food Series



by J. B. SPENCER, B.S.A.

IN THE matter of fish, Canada is a highly favored country. Her fishing grounds are perhaps the most extensive in the world and none are more favorable for the production of the choicest varieties and the finest quality of food fishes. The Bay of Fundy, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the adjacent waters leading out to limits of deep sea fisheries, occupy a space of some 200,000 square miles. Besides this vast territory, 15,000 square miles of inshore waters must be added to the area on the Atlantic Coast entirely within the Dominion. Hudson's Bay, an area greater than the Mediterranean, adds 6,000 miles of shore length. The Pacific Coast of Canada has a littoral 7,180 miles in extent, while throughout the interior there are lakes large and small containing more than one-half the fresh water of the globe, besides the mighty streams that drain, feed and connect the larger bodies of water.

But area is not everything. It takes cold, pure water to yield fine fish, and where could one look for a more favorable habitat for sea, lake and river food than the waters that lie within the borders of the Dominion of Canada?

The fisheries of Canada support a valuable industry yielding a yearly gross product amounting to a value of about \$50,000,000. The catch per year runs up to some 1,200,000,000 pounds, of which some seventy per cent finds an outside market. Besides our own fish we use a considerable quantity of imported stock, including many varieties in fresh, dried and canned forms.

Atlantic Fisheries

The fishing industry is carried on within a number of geographical units. The Atlantic fisheries yield many useful varieties including cod, halibut, haddock, herring, mackerel, lobster, and oysters. To these may be added the lake and river products of the Maritimes, which include salmon, shad, alewife, striped bass, tom cod, smelt, trout, and maskinonge.

The taking of coastal fish is done chiefly from small boats, usually driven by gasoline power, with crews of from two to seven men. The fish are caught with gill nets, hooks and lines, trawls, trap nets, and weirs. The inshore fisheries carried on within about five miles of the shore are of chief importance. Much of the work is seasonal, permitting the men to give some attention to farming in a small way. The deep sea fisheries are worked by vessels of from forty to one hundred and twenty tons, carrying from twelve to twenty men who operate with trawl lines from small boats called dories.

Inshore fishing is carried on chiefly by hand line, and one

man can take care of two or three lines, hauling in and removing the fish as caught. Boats engaged in hand-line fishing usually leave the harbor about daybreak and return with their catch in the afternoon. Larger vessels sometimes remain out as much as a week before returning to harbor.

Trawls are used almost entirely in deep sea fishing. Each vessel according to its size and crew carries from six to ten flat-bottom dories. When the fishing grounds are reached, the trawl is anchored, lines are baited and dories launched. At intervals the lines are hauled in, the fish removed from the hooks and taken to the vessels where they are split, washed and salted down in the hold. This procedure is continued, perhaps, for weeks, or until a full load is secured, or the supply of salt becomes exhausted, when she makes for port to dispose of the catch. Cod, haddock, hake, and halibut are the usual varieties secured in the Atlantic deep sea fisheries.

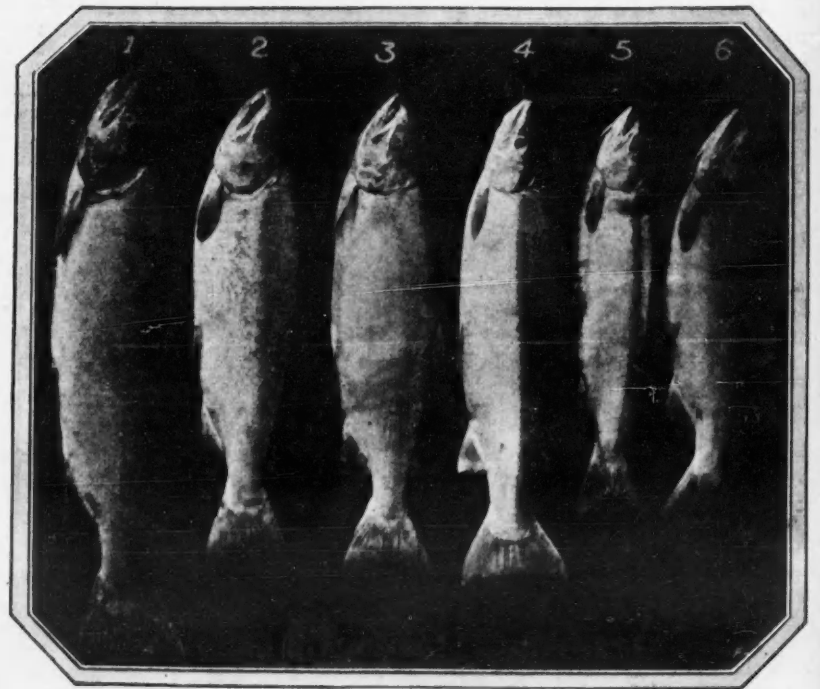
Of these classes of fish the cod is of greatest importance. The coastal fishing season extends from about the middle of April until the middle of November. While the inshore waters along the coastline teem with cod, the counties along the south shore of Nova Scotia yield the largest quantities of fish. The catches from both the inshore and offshore areas are almost all split and salted for drying purposes. Sun and air drying, which occupies about three weeks, is giving place to the use of artificial driers which complete the drying in forty-eight hours. While most of the cod is exported in the dry state, a considerable quantity finds a market in Canadian cities and towns in a pickled but not dry condition. The livers of the cod, pollock and hake produce in an average year upward of 400,000 gallons of oil, which is used in the manufacture of medical preparations.

Haddock, hake and pollock are found abundantly in most of the Atlantic coastal waters. Considerable quantities of haddock are taken by cod fishermen all through the spring and summer, but the heaviest

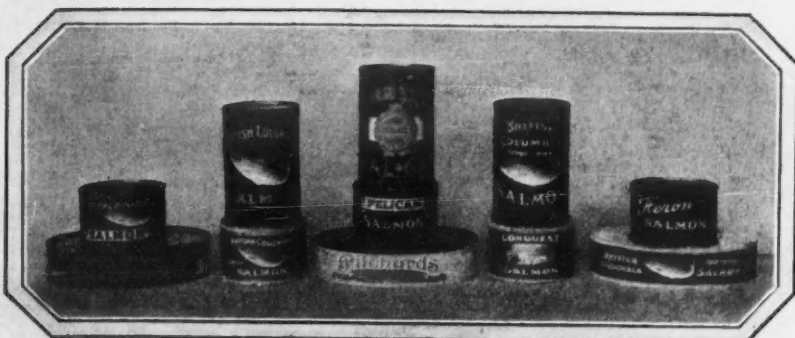
catches are made in the autumn when the fish swarm into the bays and harbors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The summer-caught fish are principally split and dried, but the fall and early winter catches provide the fresh and smoked finnan haddies that find their way to the tables of the homes of Eastern Canada. Hake and pollock are chiefly exported in the cured state to the markets of the West Indies.

Of the Atlantic Coast fish, halibut is highly prized by the Canadian housewife. The halibut is caught chiefly by the cod fishermen from deep gullies near the shore or between banks. Being consumed fresh, its value has enhanced in recent years as a result of improved facilities for transportation to inland centres of population.

The herring kippers enjoyed at breakfasts in this country are not all Canadian-caught, as more than a million pounds of herring are imported each year. Scottish kippers have won a popularity that ensures them a good demand in this country, despite the fact that the herring is one of the most abundant fish along the eastern coast of Canada. Apart from the commercial value of the herring as a food, the success or failure of the cod fishery depends to a great extent on the abundance or scarcity of the supply of herring for bait. The herring is taken by trap, gill and drift nets. The value of the catch in Eastern [Continued on page 41]



Six varieties of British Columbia salmon! 1. Spring; 2. Cohoe; 3. Chum; 4. Steelhead; 5. Sockeye; 6. Humpback.



The finished product in standard containers.

New Variations on a Filet Theme

Interesting ideas for developing a
simple pattern

by MARY McCLAIR

OUR filet crochet is a familiar theme, but what an infinite variety of very lovely variations are possible—no wonder we never tire of it! Bringing in a little color now and then adds interest, as in this tan linen scarf with narrow blue edge on its self color lacy points, and the white linen towels with pink diagonals in one white insertion, and a combination of white and prettily shaded yellow cotton in the other. Of course, your own favorite colors may be used with equally good effect. What do you think of calling this "beveled" filet, because of the interesting diagonals and points?

The Filet Scarf

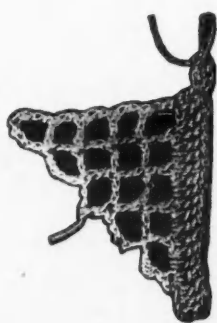
The shorter table scarf used across the library or living room table is greatly in favor and it does give a fine display for your lace. It is well not to hemstitch the sides of your scarf until the lace for the ends is finished, as you can then hem the linen to fit the lace exactly.



No. 1.



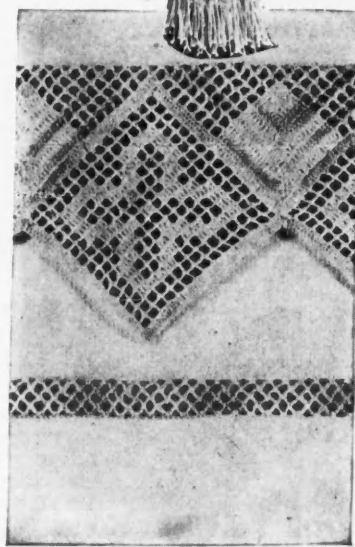
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No. 3

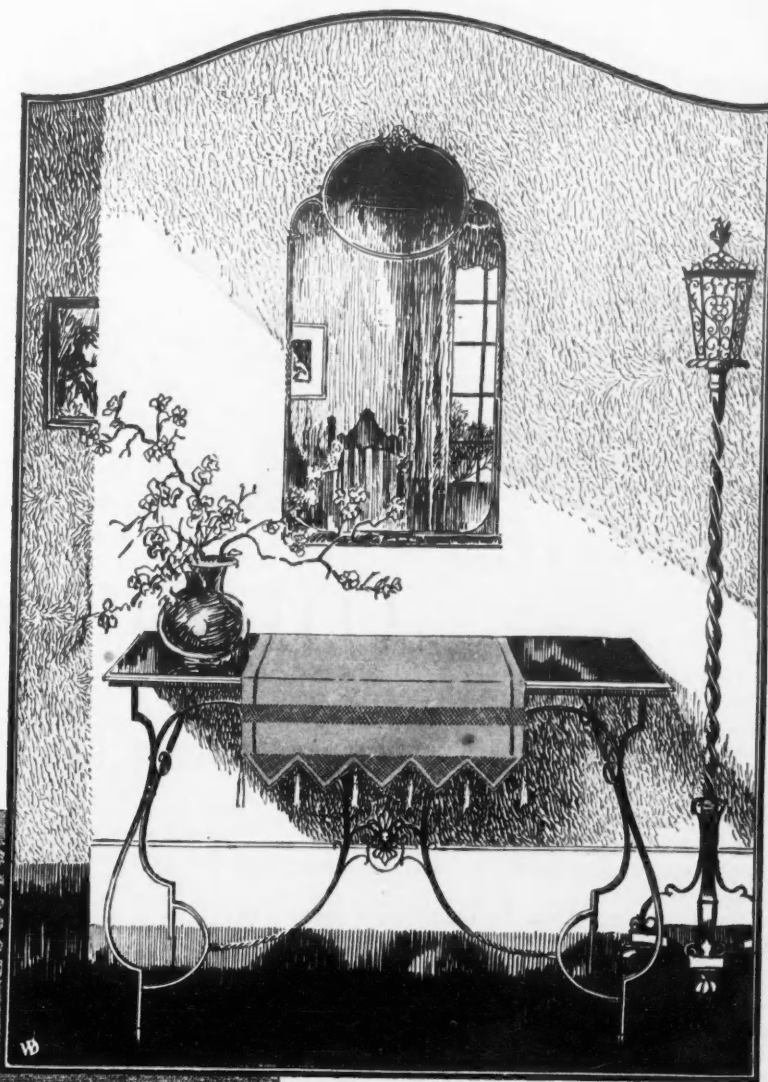


A very pretty and simple towel trim in pink and white uses herringbone insertion and is crocheted with a No. 14 steel hook.



A very attractive towel trim in yellow and white, can be used equally well in all white. Crocheted with No. 14 steel hook.

A
close-up
of the
scarf trim



Six balls of hard-twist crochet cotton No. 50 and one ball of blue with a No. 12 steel hook are used for this scarf.

Edging—Each point is worked separately and started with one space. Chain (ch) 9, treble (t) in 9th st from hook, turn.

1st row—ch 8, t in t just made to add a space, ch 2, skip 2, t in next, ch 5, t in same st where last t was made, forming the corner space (see detail No. 1), ch 2, skip 2, t in next, ch 2, long treble (lt) in same st where last t was made, turn.

2nd row—ch 8, t in lt, (ch 2, skip 2, t in t) twice, ch 2, (t, ch 5, t) in 3rd of 5 ch (forming the corner space for point), (ch 2, skip 2, t in next) 3 times, ch 2, lt in same st where last t was made, turn.

3rd row—Add a space at beginning and at end of row and work corner sp (t, ch 5, t) into 3rd of 5 sts at points. There should now be six spaces on each side of corner space. Work each succeeding row in this way until there are 16 sp on each side of corner sp, then turn and work a row of trebles, ch 5, t in 4th ch from hook, t in next, t in lt, (2 t in sp, t in t) 16 times, 3 t in corner sp, ch 3, 3 t in side of last t made to form corner block (detail No. 3 shows first of these 3 t), 2 more t in corner sp, t in t, (2 t in sp, t in t) 15 times, t in each of 3 ch; to add a block put a double treble (dt) in same st where last t was made, then (dt in bottom of last dt) twice. Fasten off. Work next point in the same way and join to previous point by slip stitching into 1st t of last row. Fasten off. Continue for length required.

With blue or any color desired work a row of trebles. Holding wrong side of last row toward you, fasten thread into first dt of point, ch 5, t in 4th ch, t in next ch, t in each t until point is reached, then ch 3, work 3 t into side of last t made, t in each of 2 ch, t in each t along side of point, sl st into 3rd t of next point, turn, sl st in each of 3 t, turn, t in each t until point is reached, continue to end and add a block as in last row, fasten off.

Change colors and fasten thread into last dt made, ch 8, t in same st, ch 2, skip 2, t in next, repeat, working (t, ch 5, t) at point and omitting the 2 ch between points. To add a sp at end of row, ch 5, t in same st where last t was made. Continue for straightening line, ch 3, t in bottom of same t, ch 3, d in point of next row, ch 3, d in next sp, continue across and fasten off. With blue work 2 doubles in each sp, d in t, picot of 4 ch on top of every 2nd t, (3 d, p, 2 d) in corner sp. **Insertion**—Start [Continued on page 46]

*With a week's
Menus and
Market List*



Marie
Cecilia
Guard

*This is one woman's
estimate—do you
agree with it?*

Budgeting a Salary of \$1,200 a Year

by MARGARET M. SHAW

THE problem of how to make the small pay cheque cover the needs of the average family has been the cause of many a wrinkle. On first thought one would say, "Of course, the family will have enough to eat, no matter what else they have to do without." But it is surprising how many other needs seem to crop up demanding their share of the income. The family must be clothed properly and must have a roof over their heads. The law recognizes these necessities and insists on their fulfilment. But people can live and carry on their ordinary occupations for some time on much less food than they really require, and as a result the food allowance is cut down. This happens in countless families, not the families who are paying for pianos, cars and chesterfield suites either, but in families where they are honestly trying to get the most value for the elusive dollar. Why should this be so?

There are one or two difficulties which loom up before us, but if we face them squarely, perhaps they will vanish, never more to trouble us as they did before.

Very often the various needs of the family do not receive their proper proportion of the income. This is due usually not to indifference or incompetence, but simply to lack of opportunity. No one has ever suggested a way of dividing the income, and the homemaker doesn't know how to begin. There are always audible groans of, "Budgeting!—that takes all the joy out of life." It has a depressing sound perhaps, but it can be our best friend, if we will only give it the chance. By budgeting our income we can make it go farther and get more satisfaction out of it, and we can chase away the bogey of unpaid bills. We can profit by our mistakes of last year, and make them stepping stones to a happier "This year." Supposing we see just what the income has to cover.

Budget experts have suggested six divisions—savings, food, shelter, clothing, operating expenses, and development. Every family should have some protection for the proverbial rainy day, even if the savings can merely pay the premium on a small life insurance policy. Food is so important that it will receive special attention later. Shelter means rent for the dwelling and carfare to and from business. When the family owns its own house, this division includes interest on the mortgage, insurance, and repairs.

The section headed operating expenses is quite comprehensive. It includes fuel for heating, cooking and lighting, small repairs and replacement of equipment. Into development, are crowded all the things which don't seem to quite fit in anywhere else. Here we find education in the form of reading material, doctors' and dentists' fees, donations to church, charity, amusement, and personal allowances. Quite an alarming list, considering that this division is often robbed to give a little extra to another section. Now supposing we take the \$1,200 and see how far we can make it go. We are assuming that the family is a "standard" one, consisting of mother, father, and three dependent children. Of course, families vary in size, but economic conditions seem to have reduced the old-time family, so that a family of five is now considered the average family. No suggested budget meets the needs of every family, and adjustments will have to be made for the individual case,

A week's suggested Menus for five people at an estimated cost of \$10.56

Breakfast	Dinner	Supper
Oranges Porridge Toast Cocoa Milk Jam Tea	Lamb Stew Potatoes, Carrots, Onions Prunes	Lima Bean Loaf Tomato Sauce Bread and Butter Brown Betty Milk Tea
Oranges Porridge Toast Cocoa Milk Corn Syrup Tea	Lamb Stew Potatoes, Carrots, Onions Economy Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce	Eggs Bread and Butter Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Milk Tea
Oranges Porridge Toast Cocoa Milk Jam Tea	Liver Potatoes, Cabbage Rice Pudding with Dates Brown Sugar	Macaroni with Corn Bread and Butter Apples Baked in Sections Milk Tea
Oranges Porridge Toast Cocoa Milk Tea	Peanut Roast Carrots Bread and Butter Rhubarb	Potato Soup Bread and Butter Griddle Cakes Corn Syrup Milk Tea
Oranges Porridge Toast Cocoa Milk Corn Syrup Tea	Finnan Haddie Potatoes Turnip Graham Pudding	Rice and Tomato Bread and Butter Baked Apples Milk Tea
Apple Sauce Porridge Toast Cocoa Milk Corn Syrup Tea	Scalloped Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Lima Beans Pop-overs Jam	Eggs Bread and Butter Bread Pudding Milk Tea
Oranges Porridge Toast Cocoa Milk Corn Syrup Tea	Creamed Haddie Potatoes Beets Rice Custard	Prune Salad Bread and Butter Cornstarch Mould Milk Tea

Notice that no coffee is included as it cannot be brought within this price.

The recipe for economy pudding is given in the accompanying article.

ing and buying the family can be fed adequately on this small sum.

When the income is small, it is a real problem to know just where the best value can be obtained. Often there is the local market in cities, where fresh fruits, vegetables, and eggs may be bought at reasonable prices. In small towns and villages, farm produce will probably be cheaper and other foods a little more expensive, but the average cost per week ought to be about the same for city and country. Buying in large quantities, of course, is cheaper and when possible, flour, sugar, cereals and other staples which do not deteriorate when stored, should be bought in fairly large amounts. This is often not possible, however, on the limited income, as the food allowance will often meet the needs of the present only.

We have decided how much money should be spent on food, and how we can get the best value for our dollar. We must next discuss the most important step, what foods will supply the needs of our family of five, so that their most precious possession—their health—may be safeguarded.

The menus on this page have been carefully planned to average a total expenditure of about \$10.56 for the entire week. The market list and the amount needed of each commodity is given below. You will notice that I have used no coffee, as in order to keep within this price, coffee must be left off the menus. The recipe for Economy Pudding, is given below. I would suggest that the menus and the market list be kept for future use.

Economy Pudding

Two cupfuls of graham flour, half a cupful of white flour, one cupful of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of dates, chopped.

Mix flour, sugar and spices. Add milk to which soda has been added, and molasses and melted shortening. Then add dates. Turn into a buttered mold and steam two and a half hours. Serve with sauce.

Market List for the Week

Milk	21 qts.	Turnips	2 lbs.
Bread (brown)	10 loaves	Beets	2 lbs.
	(24 oz.)		
Rolled Oats	3½ lbs.	Onions	1 lb.
Flour (white)	1 lb.	Tomatoes	4 cans
Flour (graham)	1 lb.	Corn	1 can
Eggs	2 doz.	Oranges (small)	2-3 doz.
Butter	3 lbs.	Apples	1 bskt.
Sugar (gran.)	2 lbs.	Rhubarb	1 lb.
Sugar (brown)	2½ lbs.	Prunes	1 lb.
Shortening	½ lb.	Dates	¾ lb.
Corn Syrup	2 lbs.	Molasses	1 tin
Jam	1 lb.	Peanut Butter	8 oz.
Liver	1 lb.	Cocoa	¼ lb.
Lamb (breast)	3 lbs.	Cornstarch	8 tbsps.
Haddie	3 lbs.	Macaroni	¼ lb.
Potatoes	15 lbs.	Lima Beans	1 lb.
Carrots	4 lbs.	Rice	1 lb.
Cabbage	2 lbs.	Lettuce,	
		Tea	¼ lb.

but the ratio between the divisions should remain unchanged as far as possible, lest a one-sided mode of living result.

Here is a suggested outline for a budget to cover the family's needs as adequately as possible on \$1,200.

Savings	\$ 50—4.2%
Food	550—45.8%
Shelter	234—19.5%
Clothing	175—14.5%
Operating Expenses	120—10%
Development	71—6%

The percentage of the income to be used for food varies, being relatively large on a small income, and decreasing as the income increases. The figure quoted for food may seem a high percentage when the total income is so low, but \$550 per year means only \$10.56 per week. This seems very little for food for five people, but by careful choos-

very original designs
floor coverings that
ing notes in any
or scheme

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a Home

d helpful suggestions from
oyed reading other people's

with mine. Maybe I am
ne whole house to plan. I
f the rooms and another of
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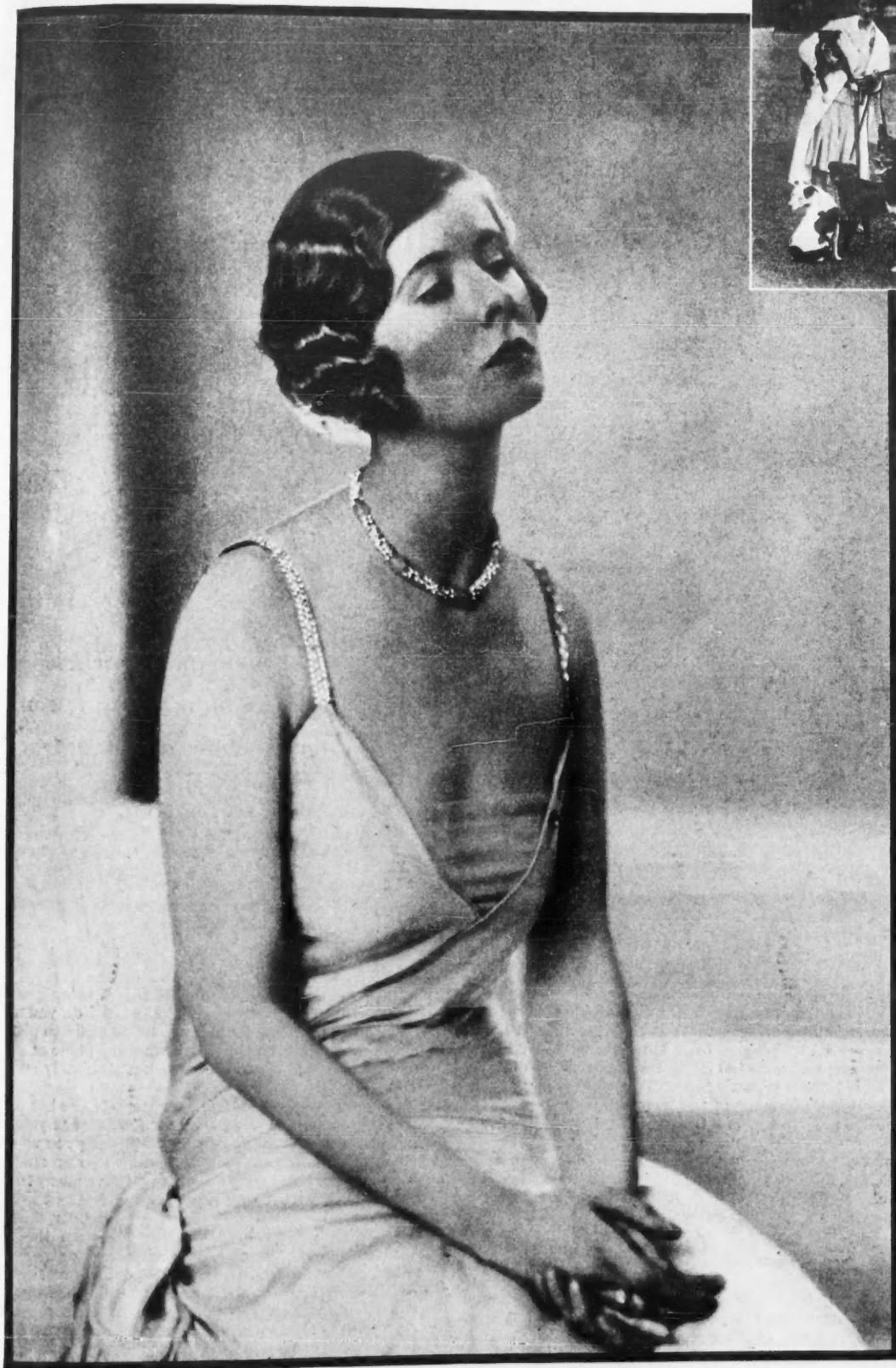
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uch is just a small one.
ould you use for this?
s floor? I have a square
dark green and brown

e would be nice for this
[Continued on page 42]



BRILLIANT, bewitching, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society. At balls and dances at exclusive night clubs... famous race meetings... hunting and house parties... everywhere her radiant blonde beauty reigns triumphant. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her exquisite skin is much admired for its rose-petal delicacy of texture and coloring. For Lady Buchanan-Jardine gives it the utmost care.

"Here in England," she says, "a woman's complexion is the index of her chic. Smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear."

"Simple care is always best," she adds with her dazzling smile, "so I follow Pond's Method of home treatment of the skin. It is easy, satisfactory, complete."

Lady Buchanan-Jardine likes all Pond's four preparations. Cold Cream "cleanses so thoroughly"... Tissues "remove Cream gently"... bracing Freshener is "just the skin tonic we all need"... Vanishing Cream is "exquisite to protect the delicate texture of the skin."

SOCIETY BEAUTIES everywhere follow these simple sure steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent.

Third—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones and firms.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

At Bedtime—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave a little cream on overnight.



Pond's famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener.

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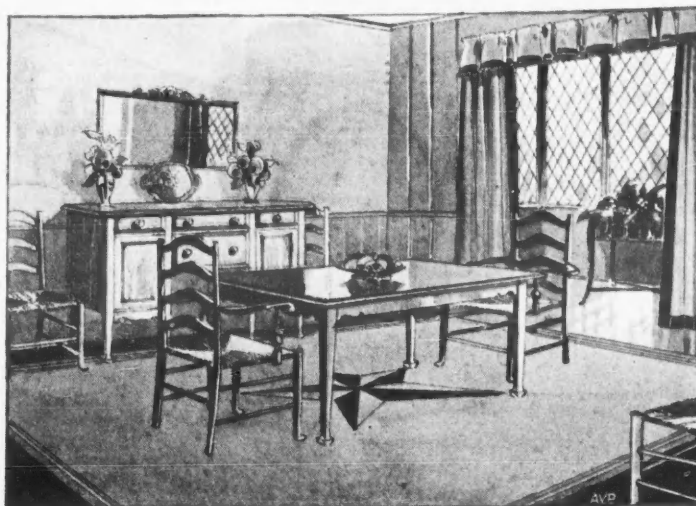
City _____ Province _____

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An English Beauty leads the smart
young Racing Set

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

A page to solve our readers' interior decoration problems



There are very original designs in linoleum floor coverings that make charming notes in the color scheme

THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by
ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

I AM so glad your magazine has a "Home Bureau." It seems to me just what Canadian women have longed for and needed so badly.

Now this is my problem. I am furnishing a nursery for a baby boy and find it so hard to find suitable furnishings. The room is a very sunny south room with twin windows. It measures about 12 x 12 feet. The walls are painted buff (pinkish). The woodwork is white with dark doors. Now can you tell me where I can get suitable unpainted furniture. I think I would like a chest of drawers with mirror above, a window seat that would serve as a treasure chest, and some sort of case which would be suitable for books and toys. He has a Kiddie Koop. I would appreciate it very much if you would give me advice as to coloring for walls, curtains, rugs and furniture, as well as other furniture which might be added, and where to get it, and any ideas as to decorations which would be suitable for a boy's nursery.

There are coils under the windows. Could a window-seat be fixed there or would it be better to make a "cozy corner" elsewhere in the room?

I thought I might leave the walls as they are for a year or two, and put a border of animal cut-outs about four feet from the floor. What do you think of this, and where could I get the cut-outs?

At present I do not feel like spending a great deal of money on the room, but I do want it to look like a nursery. Would apple green furniture be suitable, and what contrasting color should I use with it?

IT IS good to have a nursery problem, for there have not been many submitted to "The Home Bureau." And yet, it is one of the most important problems, psychologically, in the house. First I am sending you privately the name of the shop where suitable unpainted furniture can be obtained. I am also giving you the name of another shop where you can secure the "Kate Greenaway" paper, a dado of which could be put around the lower portion of the wall with a narrow cream molding above. There are charming figures to stir the imagination in this old-fashioned pattern. The same firm will be able to send you ordinary nursery border samples which might be used as a border, if you prefer it to the other, at the child's eye-level. This latter treatment would certainly be less expensive. I think the walls themselves might stay as they are.

When you have decided on your wall paper dado or border, you will be able to find some quaint gingham curtains in small pattern to go with it, I have no doubt. Keep everything in the room sturdy and washable. By the same token, I should prescribe some rag rugs.

Apple green furniture would be very gay. Rose is a very good combination with it, provided it does not border on any of the forbidden pinks. You will be able to find a pretty little gingham for the curtains that will be a perfect mate for it, I'm sure.

There is this to be said about window seats as opposed to "cozy corners"—they are usually near a radiator and warm; they are always in the sunlight. "Cozy corners" hardly ever are either. You can decide for yourself which is the more suitable for this room.

COULD you tell me how to remove spots from a waxed and highly polished table-top? They are whitish spots. I use a silence cloth always, but somehow the spots get there. Could it be that the silence cloth is not enough? It is a plain cloth and rather thick, with a soft nap like unwashed flannelette.

Any helps on the care of a waxed and polished table will be greatly appreciated. It is of very dark oak—about the color of walnut.

I would also like to know how to keep steel stove tops in good condition.

RUB the spots with powdered pumice and salad oil, until removed, then wax, polishing well. A silence cloth will often make these spots if very hot dishes are set upon it. A good precaution is to have mats at strategic points on the table, under the silence cloth, so that the heat cannot penetrate. You are fortunate in having a waxed and rubbed finish to deal with, rather than a highly polished one.

Steel stove fixtures are best polished with bath brick.

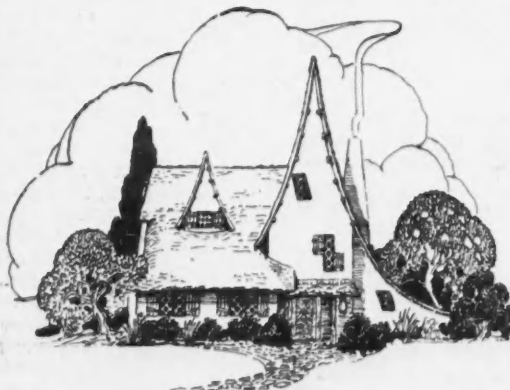
One Room Apartment

ALTHOUGH I am not a subscriber to your magazine, I buy it monthly at a news stand, and read it from cover to cover. I find your "Home Bureau" page very interesting. I should be very pleased if you would help me solve my living room problem.

I am moving into a small single-roomed apartment. The wall paper is in a beige shade, and there is one window facing south. I haven't any furniture excepting a lamp (table). The base is in a bronze, the shade is of the same material, with a scroll design of bronze and light fawn. I have a red cedar chest, which is quite large, and a sewing machine.

I had thought of buying a day bed, a window chair and a stuffed chair, of a plain material to harmonize with the chintz. In looking through the stores I don't like the plain (rose) chairs for a living room. Although I like that color in drapes. Would you suggest a color for the chair or a change in the whole plan? Also the color of rug I should have.

I should suggest a tan poplin or silk twill for drapes, with



chintz in large design for the chairs and bed, having a plain tan rug would be good. A plain tan rug can be introduced in the chintz. Rose in large design is very bedroom-like, and I know you want a living room effect.

A Small Farm Home

I HAVE gained many useful and helpful suggestions from "The Home Bureau," and enjoyed reading other problems in *The Chatelaine*.

I would like you to help me with mine. Making asking too much, when I have the whole house to plan, I am sending just a rough sketch of the rooms and the proposed placing of the furniture.

Now for the kitchen, which I think is the most important room on the farm. I would like mine simple but practical, easy to keep clean. The linoleum for this room has a blue-grey ground, with a large amount of white, and figures of dark green and black. I am going to have a glass outer door put in to make more light. This is fairly small, with the stairway coming out of it. I change this stairway into the dining room, I could have a window in the kitchen on the west wall. But could the steps be changed to the west wall of the dining room? There is only about two feet between this wall and the kitchen door? These steps land in a small hall and on each side. The ceilings of kitchen and dining room are low.

But to get back to the kitchen—the walls are a calcimine, and the ceiling is of "ceiling boards" white. Could I have the wall painted for about two feet light blue grey to match the linoleum, and the rest blue, and the wood a creamy white? And what curtains, and what kind?

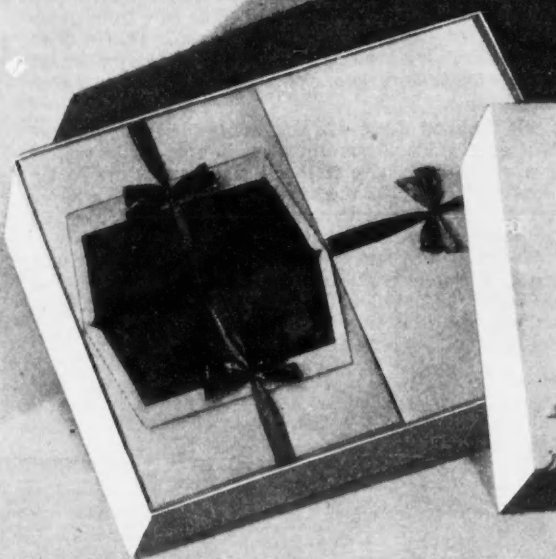
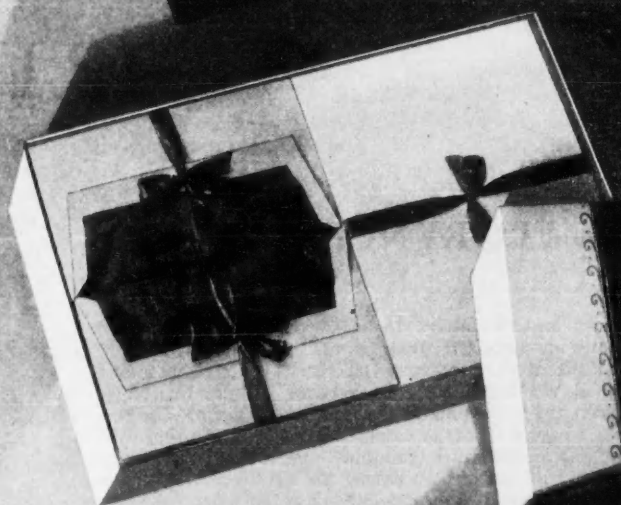
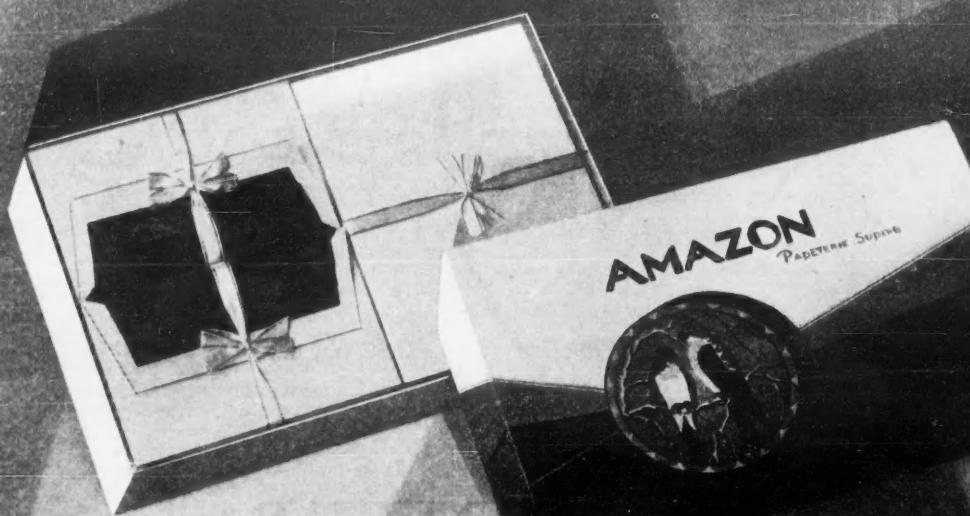
I have a white kitchen table. What kind of a cover, table, plain oil cloth, or a blue figured?

Next, the dining room, which will have to have the stove in it. The walls are calcimine and ceiling the same. I have a dining room suite of fumed oak and the stove is brown finish. The linoleum for this room has a dark blue, brown and greenish brown. I have curtains for two small windows, and the double window in the living room, of cream marquisette and rose drapes. You use these for the dining room or just for the living room and bedroom? What colors would you use for the ceiling? And I also have brown portiere curtains for the double doors. Would you use these? The woodwork is dark brown varnished.

The living room comes next. It is a fairly large room with one small window and two double windows and a glass outer door. The floor is stained a dark brown. The woodwork is the same as the dining room and kitchen. This room is also calcimine on walls and ceiling. What color would you use for the walls? The rug and organ are of a walnut finish. The couch is just a simple one. What kind of a spread or cover would you use? And would you use linoleum for this floor? I have not quite as large as the floor of dark green and white patterns. Could I use this?

Do you think a small stand table would be nice in the room, or a chesterfield table of [Continued on

Barber-Ellis *Cr* *Mode*



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These three packages represent the smartest creations in modern stationery—correct larger sizes with folded sheets and distinctive tissue linings.

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The preliminary article in a series of monthly lessons on Auction and Contract Bridge

you can make, you run the risk of being heavily outbid. If you bid less than your hand is worth, you may lose the rubber. So, in order to play a good game, you must be able to appraise the value of your hand within a trick or two, but absolutely on the

entirely new? Of course not! It is what good players are doing all the time. It is what you are doing when your opponents are pushing you up and down. Consider whether it is better to go up another trick or business. It is what you have always done. You started with a pre-emptive bid of three or four and your partner's uncontested bid. In the last analysis, there is very little difference between the two games. The only thing is that in Contract you have more time what you are doing only occasionally. In Auction, this is why I doubt very much if there is a difference. So long as you keep your hand as the best game. But once you have had a taste of Auction, it is no longer the same.

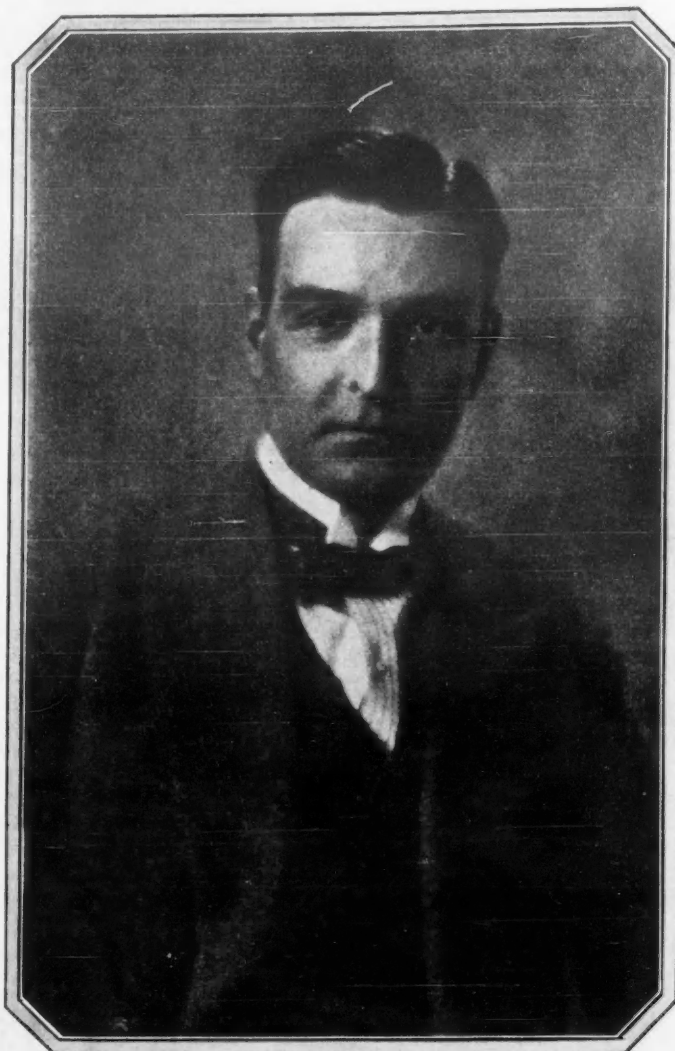
When you have made up your mind that you will play Contract, a knowledge of it will improve your play. Contract bidding is more scientific and more difficult to understand even for those who have an elementary knowledge of Auction.

The same as in Auction, but the fact that you are playing keeps you on your mettle. In addition, the fact that there is a good gauge of your bidding ability. If you have a love score and make four, there are only two ways to be drawn. Either your opponents have made a bid with two unexpected tricks or you have made a bid with your hand. The fault may be yours or it may be your partner's. But the success of the partnership depends on the degree of understanding between the two players. They are active members of the firm and Dummy only from the moment his cards go down. It is his right and his duty to speak up instead of staying silent because his partner has made a bid which he is unable, or feel disinclined, to overcall.

It is a happy combination of good bidding and good play that you never realize this more fully than when you play Contract.

The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge

by
XAVIER BAILET



Mr. XAVIER BAILET,
*who will answer questions on Auction and Contract Bridge
for readers of The Chatelaine*

The preli
a series o
on Auction

CONTRACT is spreading fast and its popularity is easy to understand. Those who have never tried Contract or have failed to like it at first sight, may not agree that it is a better game than Auction, and perhaps they are right; but the fact remains that once you have taken up Contract you never care to go back to Auction, no more than you would dream of going back to old bridge: "I leave it to you, partner!"

Whether Auction will die out or not is difficult to say. Whist is not dead and may live as long as cards are played, but it is an entirely different game and it has never competed with bridge, except perhaps with the earliest variety.

Auction and Contract, on the other hand, have many points in common, and the question is whether they present enough differences—and these differences are wide enough—to justify the simultaneous existence of both games.

The differences for the present are as follows:

The Bidding

Auction bidding is merely an attempt to get the final declaration as cheaply as possible, and it is rather unusual for the two partners to have to pool their entire resources in order to get it.

Contract bidding, on the contrary, is the science of forecasting the exact number of tricks the two partners can take at their best declaration, and this necessarily implies the active co-operation of both partners.

For instance, you deal the first hand of the evening and:

	You have	Your Partner has
Spades	A Q J 5 4	K 10 6 2
Hearts	A 8 6	7
Diamonds	K 5	A Q J 10 4
Clubs	7 6 3	A K 2

In Auction, you bid one spade and it is all over. Not a word from anybody, except the word "pass," of course. There is nothing left for your opponents to bid on, and your partner would be foolish to interfere. Result, you score sixty-three for seven tricks in spades, 100 for Grand Slam and fifty for honors. Total: 213 points. But can you conceive any possibility of achieving a different result?

In Contract, however, some players may score 270 points on this hand because they will stop at a bid of four spades, and they will count four tricks at thirty each, plus 150 for three overtricks. Some, more enterprising, will go to six spades and will score 180 for six tricks plus 50 for one overtrick, and 500 for Little Slam. Total: 730 points. Others will bid the full value of the hand and will score 210 for seven tricks, plus 1,000 for Grand Slam. Total: 1,210 points.

The play is the same in both cases and I assume that everybody can make a Grand Slam, but I let you decide which of the two games offers the greater scope for initiative.

The Scoring

The values are much higher in Contract, but the ratios remain the same. As in Auction, it takes three no trumps, four of a major and five of a minor to go game. The premiums and the penalties are larger, but they are the same for everybody.

The average rubber is around 400 points in Auction and just under 1,000 in Contract. Those who play for points will make about the same differences as in Auction if they reduce the usual stakes by half, and when no stakes are involved, what does it matter, anyway?

Vulnerability

When a side has won a game, it becomes vulnerable and is subject to heavier penalties, while the premiums become more valuable. This may be trying at times, but it applies to your opponents as well and makes the game more interesting.

These are the only three differences between Auction and Contract. With the help of a score card, you soon get used to the vulnerable feature and to the higher values for tricks, premiums, penalties, etc. They may seem strange at first, but they are absolutely fair because they are the same for all. The departure is not more revolutionary than when the value of the spade suit was increased from two to nine or when all the honors were put on an even basis.

The real difference remains in the bidding.

If you want to score game, you have to bid it. If you bid

more than you can make, you are penalized. If you bid less than you can make, you miss a chance of winning the rubber. In a good game, you must be able to bid, and, on the other hand, no longer within a trick of making the game.

But is this entirely new? Of course not. Auction players are doing all the time what you are doing yourself when your opponent bids. You stop to consider whether you should bid one or double for business. It is the same when you have started with a bid of four, or jumped your partner's bid. In analysis, there is very little difference in the methods of bidding. The only difference is in the time what you are doing all the time what you are doing in Auction. And, this is why I believe that both Auction and Contract are the best game for the taste of Contract, Auction is not.

However, even if you have never played Auction, do not like Contract, a knowledge of Auction, Contract bidding is more accurate but very simple and easy to learn.

The play is the same as in Auction. If you have bid higher keeps you on your feet. The play of the hands is a good game. If you bid two at a low score and your partner draws conclusions to be drawn. If you presented you with two unexpected tricks, you underestimated your hand. This may be your partner's. But this depends on the degree of understanding of both partners. Both are active members of the team. Until then, it is his right and his duty to remain silent because his partner is unable, or feeble, to play the game.

Good bridge is a happy combination of good play, and you never realize the pleasure you begin to play Contract.

The PROMISE of BEAUTY

New Ways for Old

by MAB

FEW of the remarkable changes which have taken place in this amazing age, have been more spectacular than the transformation in womankind, particularly from a physical standpoint. The youthful figure with its tender curves and easy grace has become the goal of pursuit among women of all ages. In this quest for slender beauty some women have starved, have suffered the tortures of the Inquisition in trying to accustom their sleek bodies to strenuous exercise; have even taken drugs in their efforts to remove superfluous flesh.

As might be expected, there were some rather disastrous results arising from this world-wide urge for youth and beauty, but for the most part it has been beneficial. Through the cultivation of physical aids to beauty, many women have found a new "road to yesterday;" they have a better idea of cause and effect and are putting this knowledge into practice.

My friend Pauline is a case in point. She is the wife of a mining engineer, who has lived for many years in the far north with few comforts and no luxuries. Through a bit of luck, her husband is now in affluent circumstances, and they have come to town to enjoy life. Pauline started out bravely the other day to buy some new clothes. She found to her chagrin that the new frocks were not kind to her figure, which from lack of discipline had assumed over-generous proportions. "I've got to make my figure over," she wailed. "I need to take off pounds and pounds in order to get rid of some of my bunched places."

I suggested daily exercise, swimming, and sport, as methods of reducing, but Pauline said that in the meantime she required swift discipline for her tummy and abdomen which were occupying greatly advanced positions and were much too prominently displayed by the new mode. "I shall exercise, too," she promised, "but I must be exercised from outside as well. I'm going to be young and slim again instead of looking like a barrel."

With this end in view we began a search for beauty in a reducing establishment which had been highly recommended to me. Here Pauline was taken in hand by a trained nurse who questioned, weighed and measured her and pointed out her sins of omission and commission. In Pauline's case, as in that of most women of middle age who are overwrought, the burden of fat was mainly on the abdomen and hips. After the requisite preliminaries, Pauline, attired in a very brief bathing suit, was placed in a chair to which was attached multiple rubber rollers. These were carefully adjusted to the parts of the body which required attack; then a lever was touched and the rollers did their duty. Carefully, quietly and efficiently they manipulated the adipose tissue, seeking out all the high spots and laying them low without inflicting pain. Pauline assured me that the treatment was really a most exhilarating experience, and that she felt after it as if she were the Queen of Sheba. She suggested that the place be named "The Haul of Flesh!"

SUCH methods of reducing, when scientifically conducted, have proved a veritable boon to women, who through illness, lack of time, or other reasons, are unable or unwilling to take the requisite exercises for the purpose. There seemed to be every kind of roller and contrivance in this place to suit all sorts of requirements, as well as special baths, all of which painlessly and miraculously make flesh disappear and pep reappear.

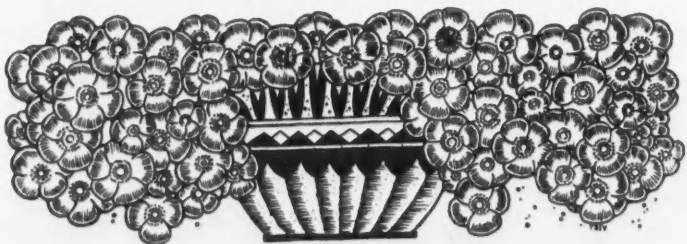
Pauline is to take ten of these treatments which, she feels, will be sufficient to provide her with a slim waistline and a firm front. I suppose that some cases would require a more extended treatment, but for those who are just a bit too heavy in spots it promises easy and rapid release from overweight.

After thus disposing of the odd pound, Pauline and I set out on a further quest for beauty. This took us to a veritable *maison de beauté* where one can get new masks for old, and be versed in ways and means of keeping one's face smooth, unlined and fresh. Pauline's skin had suffered from the rigors of the climate in which she had been living, and also from hard water and poor soap.

As Pauline was not embarrassed for lack of means, I suggested that she should have a "facial," as she would then know exactly what she would prefer in creams and powders for her daily use. The attendant established her in a soft, wide, tilted chair, tucked her hair under a protecting cap, and prepared herself for action.

First, the face was covered with a soft cleansing cream which was left on for a few minutes and then carefully removed with absorbent cotton moistened with an astringent lotion which roused the skin and brought the blood to the surface. Then a skin food was applied and patted in and the face and neck massaged, starting from the middle of the face and working outward and upward evenly and rhythmically from the point of the chin to the temples. This has the effect of lifting the cheeks from their inclination to sag, it turns up the corners of the mouth, wakes up the static spots under the eyes and in front of the ears, and helps to rout fat and flabbiness. After this, the eyes were given special treatment which Pauline said that she found most restful. Pads of cotton were dipped into a mild warm solution and placed over the closed eyes. These were left on for a few minutes while the face and neck were wiped with a cloth wrung out of softened warm water. Special treatment was also given to the eyebrows which were carefully brushed and a little dark vaseline massaged into them and also into the eyelids. This intensified the color and size of the eyes. The face was then powdered and a cream rouge was applied deftly to the cheeks and lips. Another slight powdering followed, and lo! a rejuvenated and radiant Pauline.

Pauline invested in the necessary creams and other cosmetics which were specially suited to her skin, and received instructions about their proper application. She says that she is looking forward to her daily beauty rites. As she has intelligence and enthusiasm I expect speedy returns from her efforts.



Don't wait until attacked avoid constipation NOW



PAY attention to the warnings of future evil if you are listless—half-well. Like a thief in the night constipation will steal health and vigour. To combat the effects of faulty elimination and the daily storing up of body poisons, include more roughage in your diet.

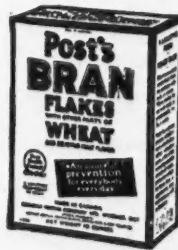
Act now. Eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly. Good to eat, it helps to furnish bulk to your diet. You'll enjoy bran in a most appetizing, delicious form.

Make this two weeks' test and note the difference

Constipation must not be neglected. Start a two weeks' test now. Order a package of Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer.

Start by eating a dish of Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast. Eat it as a cereal with milk or cream. You will find it as delicious as it is effective. Do this every day for two weeks. We predict you will find a real difference in the way you feel.

But don't stop at the end of two weeks. Eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning for health and regularity. Post's Bran Flakes is sold by all grocers in a wax wrapped package. Ready to eat. Write for free trial package to Canadian Postum Co., Limited, Toronto 2, Ontario.



Cases of recurrent constipation associated with too little bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

The Marquette sport coupe ensures winter driving comfort and summer coolness. Built by McLaughlin Buick, it offers many outstanding features at a low price.



A New Department
for the Woman
Motorist

WINTER DRIVING

by FLORENCE M. JURY

WHEN someone particularly exasperates you, do you ever think of Koko's lines in "The Mikado"—"Oh I've got him on my list; he never would be missed?" I do! Whenever I hear a man say: "A woman driver I suppose" when anything annoys him on the road, I put him on my list immediately. I have seen women drive, and drive well, in difficult and dangerous places. I have seen them drive in the danger zone in France during the war, handling large ambulances; and in London, driving important staff cars on delicate missions, and I do not think a man could have done better. I think, too, that the majority of women are more careful drivers than men and have less accidents. But I have found during the past two years, while I have been teaching women to drive, that a great many of them are afraid to drive in the winter. It is a shame not to enjoy driving in the winter, just as much as in the summer. Personally, I think there is nothing lovelier than a motor trip in winter.

Why should we miss the refreshing beauty of winter? With a little care and forethought, there is nothing to dread in handling the car—and think of the inconvenience we avoid! Why women who have their own cars will stand shivering on windy corners waiting for street cars, or have the pleasure of a pleasant evening spoiled by the thought of getting home, I cannot understand. I think one actually appreciates a car more in winter than in summer. From the moment I owned a car I have never hesitated to drive it. At first I knew so little about driving that it is a wonder I ever reached my destination, but I always got there sooner or later—sometimes a lot later—but I had usually learned something in the meantime. Probably you, too, now you can drive, wonder how you could have been so slow in learning anything so simple—I know I do.

Now the cold days are upon us you are, perhaps, having trouble starting your car, so I will offer a few suggestions that may save you needless annoyance and expense this winter. In the first place, remember that everything you do in handling your car in the summer must be done more carefully in the winter—starting, driving and stopping. A car is naturally, under a greater strain in the cold weather, and it is only fair to give it more consideration.

This is the time to have your car gone over by a good mechanic; the engine tuned up, the battery gone over; the lubricating checked and the oil changed. In the winter you should use a lighter grade of oil. In the summer we use a heavier oil because the heat thins it and takes out the lubricating powers, but in the winter a thinner grade of oil is much better; and have it changed more often.

Just now, perhaps, before your garage is heated, and before you have non-freeze in your car, you should be

particularly careful not to let the radiator freeze. Last winter my rad got badly frozen and in thawing it, it burst, and cost me a new radiator. Of course, a frozen radiator does not always burst, but it is certainly harmful to have it frozen and thawed and frozen and thawed again. The best way to avoid this is to empty the rad at night. Open the tap and let the water drain out—sometimes rather a dirty job, but it's better than having the rad freeze. Close it in the morning and fill the rad with hot water. This gives you a really wonderful start and is not harmful to your engine. Should your rad freeze, thaw it out carefully. Cover the front with some old rugs, tuck them well in at the sides, and start your engine. Let the motor just idle until the steam ceases to rise from the radiator, then be sure to fill it up because a lot of water will have evaporated. Do not drive your car while it is thawing out and do not thaw it out in your garage, with the doors closed. We all know the danger of this.

FOR the good of your car, you cannot do better than have a good grade of non-freeze put in early in the season, then occasionally have it tested and brought up to the necessary strength as the weather gets colder. There are several good makes of non-freeze to be had, but you cannot do better than use a mixture of glycerine and alcohol.

When you put your car in the garage at night, just before you shut off your engine, step hard and sharply on the gas and cut it off suddenly. This fills the combustion chambers and will help in starting. Also when you come to start, pull

the choke out—not too much or you will flood your engine—and leave it out until your car gets warmed up. Put your clutch in when you step on the gas—never race your engine at first. Warm it up gradually, before you move your gears, then stay in low a little longer than usual, and in second a little longer, and you will find you will get away more smoothly in high.

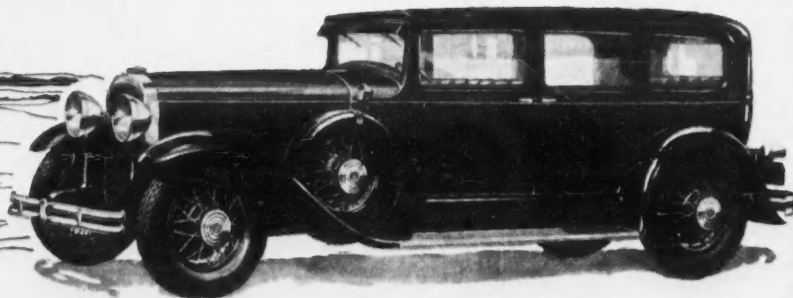
Last winter, I kept my car in an unheated garage and I found the greatest help of all was a small Auto Electric Heater. These are connected to the electric light socket and the heater just slipped under the hood. These are very simple and inexpensive—I paid \$3.50 for mine—and save one no end of trouble.

Personally I am not keen on a heater in a car, but, for those who feel the cold when driving, they are a great comfort. This year there is a new hot water heater on the market; costing from about \$27.50 to \$40.00 and for those interested in heating their cars, they are worth looking into.

I FIND that a great many women hesitate to drive on rainy days or in the winter when the roads are icy, because they are afraid of skidding. To me, this is a particularly nasty sensation and to a beginner, I know, is quite terrifying. One of the most likely times to skid is when it first starts to rain or snow and the roads are greasy. Therefore, do not drive too closely to the car in front of you, and, should your car skid when stopping, release the brakes and turn in the direction of the skid, then smartly in the opposite direction, when the car will usually recover. At no time should the brakes be applied when skidding; this only accentuates the skid and will cause the reverse to what you expect.

Sometimes one's car will "go into a skid" so unexpectedly that one can do nothing but

[Continued on page 38]



The seven-passenger, four-door McLaughlin-Buick sedan, is an aristocratic car, with an unusually roomy interior.

f Opportunity

of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit. The benefits of the vast resources of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit are shared with the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, and in turn with you.

Because of the value built into its products for the past twenty-five years, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, is one of the leading industrial organizations in the Dominion, and a large employer of skilled labor. The frame building of 1904 is now a plant covering many acres of ground. The force of 17 has grown to a peak of 7500, with an average annual payroll of \$11,000,000.

ASSEMBLY branches are maintained at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, sales and service branches at St. John, London, Calgary and Regina, and more than 700 Ford dealers are at your service throughout Canada.

It is interesting to know, too, that all Ford cars for the British Empire, other than for Great Britain and Ireland, are made by the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited. Affiliated in its wide activities, are the Ford Motor Company of Australia (Pty.) Limited; Ford Manufacturing Company of Australia (Pty.) Limited; Ford Motor Company of South Africa,

Limited; Ford Motor Company of India, Limited, and the Ford Motor Company of Malaya, Limited.

Greater than the mere size of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, however, is the part it has played in bringing the benefits of economical transportation within reach of all the people. For the low-priced automobile has done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a united country.

The coming of the Ford helped to level hills, extend horizons and remove many of the barriers of time and distance. By emphasizing the need, it has been a leading factor in the movement for good roads throughout the Dominion. By teaching men to use power, it has helped to take heavy labor off the back of man and place it upon the broader shoulders of the machine. In every line of activity—wherever men live and work—it has extended the limits of opportunity and furnished the means for greater enjoyment of leisure hours.

The unusual acceleration and speed of the present Ford—its safety, comfort, roadability, reliability and economy—the scope and availability of Ford Service—all contribute to its increasing usefulness to the people of Canada.



"THE CANADIAN CAR"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Extending the Limits of

*The story of one of Canada's
leading industrial organizations*

MORE THAN a quarter of a century ago, in August, 1904, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, was organized.

The business was started in a small frame building previously occupied by a wagon manufacturing company. The original machinery consisted of one freight hoist and a small drill press. Only 17 men were employed.

The first automobiles were assembled from parts purchased from the Ford Motor Company of Detroit and the total production in 1905 was 117 cars—then considered a phenomenal figure.

For at that time, the automobile was little known or understood. Many said it could never be made to run and ridiculed it as "the foolish conception of an impractical imagination." Even those who caught a partial vision of its future considered it as an expensive toy for only the wealthy to drive.

Except in the minds of a few men in the Ford organization, there was no thought that it could ever be brought within the means of all the people.

Slowly at first, then quickly, the news of this new means of transportation spread through the Dominion and orders for the car came faster than cars could be made.

The plant was enlarged, the number of men increased, and arrangements made for servicing the car after purchase. Dealers were established, with capable mechanics, and complete stocks of parts—readily available at a fair price. In this, as in the making of the car, the Ford organization was a pioneer.

By 1909, the annual production had so increased that plans were adopted to manufacture the car complete in Canada. Every year since, the Ford has become more and more "The Canadian Car." Today's model is practically all made in Canada, of Canadian materials, by Canadian workmen.

Yet back of it—instituting new design—finding new ways of doing things—developing new economies and new manufacturing methods that will result in increased value to every owner—is the constant help and co-operation

It was a most disappointing note in fine, which merely ordered her to remain away from the secret cellar, though she might if she chose derive satisfaction from his closing assurance that he was hers a *capite ad calcem*.

A most distressing restlessness fell upon her in his absence, and never had her pose of lifelessness been so hard to maintain. Lady Weylin with the habitual inertia of middle-age, and Jervis with his Piccadilly calm, offered no suggestion of relief from her fidgets, and the weasel-eyed suspicion with which Mr. Seton observed her unrest on those brief occasions of its coming under his impassive scrutiny, did nothing to assuage her disquietude.

She went for a walk with Argyle, but her eagerness to hear some report from Vibart prevented her remaining very long away. What, she wanted to know, had taken him to the city; and why, as Pawlson had informed her, had he carefully removed his morning's installment of lights in the cellar? He must have chanced on something that led him to conceal the trend of his investigations from the ghost, this spectre that Mr. Seton had so noncommittally considered during Jerry's agnostic recital of recent events.

Seton, the detective, had, she knew, been shown the secret stair, but beyond admitting that it offered access to the second floor of the house he had seemed unimpressed. Obviously, a sneak thief might have used it, but where had he gone from the cellar? A passage through the wine room would have left him with the alternative of going up into the hall of the servants' quarters, or using the outer cellar stairs to the path between the garage and the house. In the first choice, it was practically certain he would have been seen, that hallway having been in constant use during the evening; and in the second, he would have been balked and prevented by two doors, both locked on the inside. It was impossible that he should have remained hidden in the cellar until the servants had gone above stairs, as Jervis and Vibart had gone through that part of the house not five minutes after Mrs. Finger's alarm.

No, it was unfortunate, but Seton took little stock in the ghost, and was more and more convinced that it was an inside job. He said nothing of this to anyone, merely went over a second time with Lady Weylin the list of her people, and her reasons for placing confidence in them. Her chef, her butler, her personal maid had been with her for years; the chauffeur and the housemaids had references that investigation had only heartily emphasized. And herself and her young gentlemen seemed beyond suspicion of double dealing. The one conspicuously new member of the household was named Joan Donovan.

That Seton did more than turn an occasional eye upon her in his day's work, Joan was quite unaware. Had she for a moment supposed that his cold imagination could quite easily see her making off with her aunt's valuables, she might have put up with her restlessness and abandoned her plans for the evening.

Lord Vibart telephoned during the afternoon that he would be detained in town, an announcement that gave Mr. Seton no uneasiness, since he had arranged that this absentee should be picked up on his arrival in Ottawa and efficiently shadowed in all his goings and comings. Seton noted that Mr. Farquharson betrayed apprehension when the telephone rang, and denied himself twice during the day to reporters, but he admitted that this might have no connection with a robbery which had yet to be brought to the attention of police and press.

Lady Weylin thought the day interminable. But it had an end finally, a dull one, and the household retired, counting it indeed a dead loss.

EARLY the next morning, Owen Donovan rode over on a fine big black horse, a handsome stable friend of Argyle, whom he met at the gate, dividing his warm welcome between horse and rider. Joan and Jervis and Lady Weylin had elected to have breakfast on the south verandah, an energetic proceeding that brought them out in force to receive the visitor.

To the women he was an old if unwearying story, but Mr. Farquharson had never seen the man before, and was pleasantly astonished by his proving to be a giant in charm as well as stature. Having had acquaintance with Donovan's sister and daughter, he might have been prepared for this—Vibart would have known all about the man without being told. But in any event here he was, with a formidable but shapely nose which he had evidently been able to protect from mutilation during its years in the ring, a delightful pair of blue eyes, and a general bloom of lean hard strength upon him.

Jervis was amused to see him toss Argyle up into his saddle before he came up the steps. The gleaming black horse, his reins thrown over his head Western style, stood docilely, merely straining an eye around to glimpse his canine friend, who sat contentedly, making an effort not to look elated and silly.

"I thought I would run over and see how you are faring," said Donovan, bending down to kiss his two feminines. He gave Jervis a keen, quick look as he grasped his hand, for was not this the fellow that Bessie hoped to marry off to his Joan? A thoroughly nice chap, he decided, but for some reason, the searching of which made him stand a moment rubbing his chin, he felt sure he had not yet met Joan's fate.

"Sit down here and I'll give you some coffee," said Lady Weylin. "We have been getting into mischief."

"That's no news."

"And a case where no news is not good news," said Joan. "We've had a burglar."

"And now we have a detective. I don't know which is worse," complained her ladyship. "You may well open your Irish eyes. Oh—I've been robbed of my jewels."

"Oh, dear," said Donovan compassionately.

"They are insured," said his sister. "Will you have something to eat, Owen?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

Pawlson, being rung for, retired to fetch an extra cup, and they spent the interval giving Donovan the details of the robbery. He seemed duly impressed and regretful but not excited, until Joan introduced the matter of the ghost, when his interest frankly awoke.

Pawlson, bringing out the cup, addressed his mistress:

"Your ladyship, I beg your pardon. Mr. Seton would like a word with you."

"Send him out," said she shortly. As the man departed she added plaintively, "Why couldn't they have sent me one of those charming detectives I read about in books, a tall thin creature with inscrutable eyes and a sense of humor?"

"He's pretty awful," said Jervis, "but then he is only a sort of commercial office sleuth, you know. I suppose he has found so many rogues in soft clothing that he has become soured."

Donovan could subscribe to this description when Seton appeared. He thought he had never seen a more distasteful type of undersized weasel. Seton was not presented to him, and took little notice of him, sitting down uninvited to have his word with her ladyship.

"Ma'am, this is an inside job," he said flatly, in an unemotional way. "I shall have to disregard your former wishes and examine the servants."

"Drat it," said Mugs with inelegant emphasis. "You must be mistaken."

"No," said Mr. Seton slowly.

"Well, of course I can't object to your asking them questions," said Lady Weylin. "Luckily, Starwood does not arrive until noon with the extra servants, so we don't have to speculate on his having imported some light-fingered gentry by mistake. You'll find the household staff more or less about the back of the house, Mr. Seton."

She did not appear to wish to detain him where he was.

"I think you would prefer that I eliminate them first," said he. His voice was singularly unresonant and disagreeable.

There was a moment's silence.



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Lord Vibart's Valuable Time

Continued from page 9

fact not unconnected, I am afraid, with my having bestowed upon him the entire contents of my money pocket. But, gracious lady, have you considered the extreme improbability of this house being fitted with movable foundations?"

"Certainly. But wild as that sounds, it is not a patch on a ghost!"

"No, it's not," said Vibart. "Of course, when you give a clear mind to it, it becomes perfectly apparent. I shall attend to it."

"You'll let me go with you?"

Vibart looked away a moment, smiling oddly. When he turned back to her, his face was merely gravely questioning. "You find it interesting?" he suggested.

She stared at him, forgetting for a moment that she had ever held a *Vere de Vere* pose. "What," she asked him like a child, "what do you think I am?"

"Oh, as for that," he said gently, and paused. After a silent minute he added, "Some time you must let me tell you."

In the darkness Joan could feel a wave of warmth rise in her cheeks. "I am, of course, interested," she answered his earlier words in a hurried way. And she turned almost abruptly in at the window, and left him.

Vibart, left alone, did not follow her. He continued to walk the length of the verandah back and forth, for an hour or more. And it is extraordinary that for so long a time, in view of the circumstances, he did not once give a thought to the ghost in the three-cornered hat.

IT WAS Mr. Farquharson coming out in two 'leven-league strides that put an end to his meditations. Mr. Farquharson in that unfortunate condition known as "nettled." "Vib," said he, "the confounded impertinence of these newspapers is equalled only by their inaccuracy. If you'll believe me, I've just been rung up and asked to confirm the report that Evelyn Fayre was closing her season in London and was sailing for Canada where she was to be married to the author of *Mrs. Tillotson's Alimony*!"

"In short, yourself."

"Just so."

"And did you?"

"And did I what?" barked Mr. Farquharson.

"Did you confirm it?"

Jervis settled into a stolidity of patient hatred. "I told you, Vib, about the whole affair. I certainly told you I could not consider it a real engagement."

"That's very odd," said Vibart, sinking into a chair near by, and continuing to smoke placidly. "I can."

His friend stared toward him in the darkness. "I don't think I understand you, Vib. You are going to be viperish, I take it?"

"If you consider it viperish to ask what you replied to the enquiry."

"D—dash it, Johnny, what could I say? Of course I didn't confirm it, but I might as well have done, for I couldn't in decency deny being engaged to any lady, could I? I naturally referred them to Miss Fayre for a statement of her plans."

"Well, that should do very nicely," said his lordship. "Miss Fayre, if her intentions are honorable, will come right over and marry you, I should think."

"I wish you wouldn't try to be funny. Where on earth did the press get this lead?"

"Oh, really, you mustn't be so modest. You arrive here, what Mugs calls a ditto playwright; these poor devils want to say something about you in what they call an item; they run over the season's back numbers of London this and that—what could be simpler?"

"John Sulchester, if I thought that you . . ."

"Well, but you don't, you know. Don't begin ruffling your crest and cockadoodling insulting remarks at me. I am quite capable of stabbing you in your broadcloth back, Jerry, if I see you pulling ahead of me, but I am certainly not low enough to disclose your unfortunate fickleness to the newspapers.

Due allowance shall be made for your condition . . ."

"Vib, I am sorry. Of course."

"Of course you are. But take it from me, Jerry, you are a lucky man if Miss Fayre holds on to you. You need being held on to, more than any man I know. Shall we go in and have a raffle of bridge?"

"No, Mugs has gone up to her room. I was called to the telephone. I think Joan has gone up, too. But just wait, just wait till I get my hands on that press-agent . . ."

"Johnny! Jerry!" called a voice from within the room behind them. "Boys! Where are you?"

"Here," said they in unison and fairly jumped through the French window. Lady Weylin's tone had not been one of idle curiosity.

"What's up?" asked Vibart, as they faced her, dazed by the light within doors.

Her ladyship's face was paler than its wont, and as she closed the door she stood beside, she leaned somewhat heavily against it. Her hand on the knob shook visibly.

"Mugs, darling!" said Mr. Farquharson in alarm.

"I'm not faint," she said with dry lips. "Boys, my jewels are gone."

"Your jewels!"

"All except these I had on." She moved away from the door and sat down, somewhat heavily. "I took off my brooch and rings and opened my case to drop them in. And it's empty!"

THE following morning, Lord Vibart, looking in contrast to Jervis' rather tousled appearance as freshly spick and span as a Sunday school scholar, sat on the end of Lady Weylin's bed and patted those bumps of the counterpane which were her toes. Mugs looked even creamier and fluffier and more golden in bed than out of it, and the Dutch cap of rose point about her face completed her resemblance to a rather large but altogether delightful baby. Jervis wandered up and down the room, his dressing-gown wrapped to a sheathlike snugness about him, a cigarette in his fingers.

"You mustn't let this thing get on your nerves, Mugs, dear," said Vibart. "If you are quite sure your insurance policy has a floater clause?"

"Of course I'm sure," said she. "Jervis had it attended to when we left London. I had to pay Lloyd's an extra premium to insure my stuff while I travelled about, didn't I, Jerry?"

"Yup," said Jervis.

"They said they'd get a detective out at once, Jerry, when you telephoned? Then you let him do the worrying, Mugs, my dear."

"It isn't that! Of course nobody likes to lose their jewellery even if it is insured. But what makes me ill is wondering who did it."

"Leaving out Jerry and myself," remarked Vibart musically, "who were not upstairs from the time you left your room till after the alarm . . ."

"Well, Johnny, when I take to suspecting you boys it will be of something far worse than stealing," interjected Lady Weylin with a laugh.

"We have Joan, who was also with us the whole time, Pawlson who was in the dining room, Nelly and Delia cut off in the pantry, Mounseer Charles in the kitchen with Mrs. Finger, and the chauffeur who came in from the garage to dinner."

"That's the lot of us," said Jervis.

"But not one of them would take a bent pin," averred Lady Weylin.

"Sneak thief," said Jerry through his cigarette.

"Allow me to draw your attention," continued Lord Vibart, "to the following facts: he could not have sneaked to the front stairs, no matter where he entered the house, without passing the open doors of the room where we sat at dinner. He could have got in by a second story window in front, over the verandah roof, but not in back without a

ladder. Even suppose the ladder, which is not in evidence, Ernest would have seen him getting out as he came in to dinner. Obviously he saw nothing. And your sneak thief did not leave via the front windows, which would have brought him back toward Mrs. Finger instead of away."

"Vib," said Mr. Farquharson, "it's good of you to make such an effort. Nobody could get in, nobody could get out, nobody in the house stole the things. And that quite explains their being gone. If you are working around to your ghost, I am constrained to believe that your time is not so valuable as you frequently assert."

"But of course I am," said his lordship quietly. "It's perfectly evident that he had opportunity and access. Motive need not be dwelt upon."

"All right," said Jervis. "Have it your own way. In the meantime I'll get dressed. That detective will be out here fairly early, and if you want to be put under observation as an advanced case of dementia, you would better tell him about your ghost."

"I have no interest in this detective," said Vibart. "He comes with a preconceived notion that Mugs is secreting her own jewels in a plot to cull the insurance people, but I shall certainly tell him about the ghost and the secret stairs. Beyond that, I shall work on the case independently."

"Excellent!" mocked Mr. Farquharson. "Don't be lemony, dear boy," urged Lady Weylin. "Johnny can't do any harm."

Vibart laughed and rose. "None of the servants have been spoken to?"

"Not one," said Mugs, looking up at him from her laces. "I locked the empty case away even from Finger. Joan knows, of course. I had to tell her when I went to see if she had been robbed, too."

"Obviously, the thief went to your room first," said Vibart. "Mrs. Finger's appearance from Joan's room cut him off from that part of the house, cut him off in fact from all further depredation."

"Oh, you admit the thief, then?" jeered his friend idly.

"I haven't surely denied him," said his lordship, making off. "In spite of my being attached to you by bonds of the strongest affection, Jerry, I am not a fool."

He found Joan waiting for him below stairs, but he refused to let her go with him into the secret cellar. "The air down there is none too good," said he. "Can't have you getting headachy. I'll promise to come up for you if I discover an open sesame. But, frankly, I am in more senses than one up against a stone wall."

He put half a dozen electric bulbs into his pockets and stowed the screw drivers and plugs and wire that Pawlson had collected for him about his person.

"You see, when I went down to Jotham's I drew blank. None of his relatives knew as he did about our friend in the three-cornered hat. They say the ghost was an old story long before they were born. Curious, isn't it, to see that little pool of black blood persisting there at the foot of the hill?"

"And poor old Jotham didn't make sense?"

"Well, no. I tried to force him to remember about a possible way through a stone wall, but he kept wandering off on the gay doings of Marse George. Unfortunately he was in a sympathetic mood for that! The drunker George used to get, I fancy, the more Jotham looked up to him."

"I think you are a brute not to let me go with you," was all she said.

"My dear Miss Donovan, I am sparing you the dullest sort of a morning. I shall be stringing this wire down, and poking around perhaps for hours. That wine cellar wants a good going over, too. You would be bored to tears." He paused a moment. "You will note that I called you Miss Donovan?" He looked at her expectantly but she merely laughed.

"How is Aunt Bessie?"

"Have you ever seen Mugs in bed?" was

his counter question. "She is enough to turn Cleopatra as green as a gage. Poor dear, she is depressed, trying to figure out who is the thief. Now if she would only take a little stock in our spectre, she could be as merry as a grig."

"I suppose she had a lot of jewellery?" "Pretty well," he said. "Jervis and I advised a safe deposit in the city, but you might as well urge a little girl to keep her dolls in a locked trunk. She likes to have them about. Yes, I suppose her pearls alone are worth any amount. And the Weylin diamonds would be a profitable haul, even ferried across the Styx, I should say."

"I don't understand," said Joan slowly, "what your ghost lived on when the house stood empty all these years."

"Our coming here has undoubtedly opened a sideline of profit," said Vibart. "Perhaps we have even interfered with his regular business, and he takes a larrup out of us *en riposte*. He may be by profession a smuggler."

Joan looked at him intently. "Have you got a revolver?" she asked. And as he smiled and shook his head, she came a few steps nearer. "I wish you wouldn't be silly about it."

He looked into her troubled face. "With or without your permission," he said slowly, "I shall have to call you, Joan. And, Joan, you are a darling. I adore you."

"Oh, please don't try to be funny. I believe you know it may be a dangerous job and that's why you won't let me go along. Won't you please take a revolver with you?"

"Funny?" repeated Vibart, ignoring the rest of her speech. "Everybody is warning me against it. But being in love with you, Joan, is no joke. At least not at this stage."

She fairly stamped her foot at him.

"As for firearms," he added hastily, to appease her, "we don't have any. Don't worry, Joan. It is quite clear to me that our three-cornered friend must at times be absent, and what time more likely than after he has made off with the Weylin trinkets? I'll stake my wits he is not haunting, today."

"If you don't come back in an hour, I shall go down after you," said Joan firmly.

A look of penetrating pleasure grew slowly in his lordship's eyes as they rested in hers. "Joan," he said softly, "I never knew that being in love was so heavenly as this. It's rather delicious, on my soul!"

"Stuff!" said Joan, and a family resemblance to Lady Weylin flashed out for a moment. "Don't be nonsensical. I'm going to have some breakfast." But, as, with an appearance of prosaic calm, she moved off toward the dining room, rather abruptly her heart seemed to have begun beating in her throat.

SHE spent a dutiful morning with her aunt, who was house-bound in anticipation of a visit from the insurance company's detective. He proved on arrival to be a small, unattractive specimen of ferret, with a dull, businesslike manner, and it was apparent that he took the honesty of not even an English countess for granted. Joan, however, refused to feel the resentment visible on Jerry's face when Mr. Seton let his eye rest upon her in evident suspicion when he heard that she had lost nothing. She blandly explained to him that had she robbed her aunt, she would have made off with some of her own inconsiderable ornaments, for the looks of the thing, a remark received by Lady Weylin with a laugh and by the detective without. It was clear that he felt a clever woman might have thought it even cleverer not to.

When Mr. Seton went into a private session with Jervis, she hurried downstairs in search, as she had promised, of Lord Vibart, but only to be met in the hall by Pawlson with the news that that gentleman had gone off without explanation to Ottawa, leaving a note for her. Pawlson proffered it upon a salver.

What Can Women Do to Combat the High Cost of Sickness?

Continued from page 19

So that if we are alive to the need of change in our present public health machinery then we will be just that much nearer the time when we cease banging our heads against entrenched hospital and medical interests controlling costs of illness. We can then walk forward confidently into the period when we—the people—control the controls.

THERE are plenty of sign posts pointing the way we must go. Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, the distinguished chief of staff of the Public Health Department in Ontario and a notable medical authority, said recently in the *Public Health Journal*. "Few Canadians have any knowledge of the enormous economical losses sustained through sickness and premature death. At a conservative estimate, sickness costs the people of Canada over \$311,000,000 a year, eighty-nine per cent of which is a direct charge on the individual. The loss of future earnings through premature death may be estimated at one billion dollars a year, so that \$1,311,000,000 is the price paid for illness and its results in Canada each year, ninety-three per cent of which falls on the individual." Dr. McCullough, after pointing to the fact that we are spending this year some \$2,000,000 on the elimination of the deadly railroad level crossing, pertinently asks: "If it is good business to spend millions for this purpose, would it not be better business to subsidize the provinces to save some of the 105,000 people who die in Canada each year, a large proportion of whom are carried away by causes as preventable as is death at the level crossing?" Touching on our niggardly public health policies, this writer presents facts and figures to show that in the most populous and richest portions of his own province, expenditures on health, average only nineteen cents per capita annually, while those on education amount to \$12.50 in the general tax rate, besides additional moneys from the public purse in the way of special grants.

Total expenditures on public health in Ontario reach the sum of \$1,300,000 annually, but of this amount a million is spent in the city of Toronto which has an admirable health department, built up by its able Health Officer, Dr. Charles Hastings in the past quarter of a century, while, \$300,000 is all that is spent in the whole of the rest of the province. "The results of health management in Toronto and other cities clearly justifies the expenditure," says Dr. McCullough. "Is there any room to doubt that an equally efficient health service in the rural areas, the small towns and villages would produce quite as good results?"

Proofs of the immense national savings which may be made through the practice of preventive medicine and an adequate health machinery, may be seen plainly in the reduction of the incidence of typhoid fever in Canada. This disease which used to take a heavy annual toll, is now down to 2½ per 100,000 population, with most of the cases appearing in rural sections where both milk and water supplies are frequently faulty. Diphtheria, too, has fallen to 10 per 100,000 from a former incidence of 40. Tuberculosis has a death rate which has been cut in half in the past twenty-five years, and which could be still further reduced if health education were abreast of the times in Canada. For we still lose every year 8,000 persons from this preventable scourge, most of whom are young men and women whose premature deaths mean an incalculable economic loss to our country.

SIR GEORGE NEWMAN, a former Minister of Health in Great Britain, stated in one of his annual reports that the mortality from tuberculosis of the lungs in that country had fallen since 1847 a full seventy-five per cent. This fall, which he called "astounding," is hardly less so than

other falls in premature death which followed in the wake of public health education and measures in that country. "Nothing is more certain," Sir George says, than the fact that the physical advancement and health of mankind is dependent not upon a "doctor's stunt" here, or a sanitary institution there, but upon the whole social evolution of the people."

Of Canada Dr. McCullough asks: "How then can still further and greater reduction in sickness and mortality be secured?" In his opinion the answers lie in these directions:

By increased expenditures on, and improved management of, public health matters. By active leadership which will seek the co-operation of the whole medical profession, and by education of the public in health affairs. "Of these measures," he says, "the spread of education in health is, perhaps, the most important. The general public which pays the bills must be convinced that promised reforms will pay. Once it is satisfied that this expenditure of money—as a first necessary step, on County Health Units with full time Medical Health Officers—will mean better health, longer lives, more comfort and happiness, it will not hesitate to provide the means. . . . The present unsatisfactory conditions prevail because the public is not aware what real health management means."

Never was a truer word spoken. It will be freely admitted that the present adult generation and the previous one were never taught the fundamentals about the advances of medical and sanitary sciences, nor were they drilled in health habits. We have been educated to understand the value of good roads and today spend millions on our public highways. We know that we must have population if Canada is to fulfill her destiny as a great nation; so we spend generously—if not always wisely—on our immigration policies. Years ago we learned that only in tax-supported and publicly controlled schools and colleges could "free" education for our children and young people be secured in all classes. Hence we uncomplainingly pay the bills for innumerable expensive institutions and for armies of teachers for this purpose. But today, throughout the Dominion, we are parsimoniously and unintelligently paying less than a cent a week per person through taxes for the maintenance of public health men and machinery. Our immediate need is not for continuous complaints anent the high costs of doctors and hospitals, but for actual knowledge of exactly where the shoe is pinching. If we had this understanding we would at once embark on a more enlightened line of action and very cheerfully pay the bills for that national insurance against illness or other disabilities which other countries have found it wise and comfortable to adopt as a solution of the high costs of medical and hospital care.

AS TO health education, much valuable work has been done in Canada by a number of volunteer organizations, whose efforts have been cramped and work confined, through insufficient funds to carry on their work, but who have accomplished many creditable tasks nevertheless. The Canadian Red Cross Society, with its peacetime conservation programme, its Outpost Hospitals for the pioneer and his family, and, above all, its Junior Red Cross order of 157,000 children in 6,000 classrooms throughout all provinces who daily practise the health rules, has done, and is doing a great work of national scope. The Anti-Tuberculosis Society has spread its helpful gospel all over the Dominion these many years. The Canadian Social Hygiene Council has usefully concerned itself with the incidence and destructiveness of the venereal diseases—so clearly exposed during the war—with education of the public against these

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"Just what do you mean by that?" demanded Donovan with an unexpected grimace.

"I do not really suspect the servants," said Mr. Seton.

Owen Donovan looked for one moment at the faces of the others. Then half rising, he put forth his long iron arm, and his great hand lifted Mr. Seton by the combined thickness of the clothes at his neck. As he raised Seton from his chair, he straightened himself till his huge frame stood erect, the little man dangling from his steady fist. Quietly, he moved over and dropped the giggling creature over the verandah rail, where he landed without physical hurt on the soft grass.

Argyle leaped up on the horse's back, but receiving no permission to investigate this extraordinary procedure, stood with quivering nose and tail, looking on.

Donovan came back, without speaking, to his cup of coffee.

It would have been a difficult moment to bridge, Lady Weylin wanting to scream, Joan to laugh, and Jervis to applaud, had not Mr. Seton adequately filled the gap. Furiously angry and even more flamingly humiliated he turned about on his heel as he regained his equilibrium and addressed them through the bars of the verandah rail. His utterance gained no dignity coming athwart this grille at a level with the soles of their shoes, but his message none the less was one of interest.

"When's that other man coming back?" he rasped. "The one that left the message for me about the ghost? You tell him I saw his ghost myself last night"—his shaking voice paused and added direfully—"and recognized it!"

"What's that?" cried Mr. Farquharson. "And recognized it," said Mr. Seton's voice again among their boots. "My job here is nearly finished."

They heard him thrashing off through the shrubs around the side of the house. Argyle desperately wanted it explained to him.

"Really, Dad," said Joan, her laughter quite extinguished. "You should not have done that. He ought to tell us."

"Sorry," said Donovan. "But, really, Bess, I have never made a practice of allow-

ing my folks to be insulted, and I couldn't hit a little hamster like that. I'd have killed him. Still an' all, having spoiled your breakfast party I'll push off in disgrace."

"Don't be a goose," said Lady Weylin cheerfully. "I don't know when anything has done me so much good. It seemed to me just the moment to advise him to go into his dance."

"It was ripping well done," said Jervis roundly.

"But I wonder what he meant?" persisted Joan.

"Oh, who cares?" shrugged Lady Weylin. "Will you come over tonight, Owen, for the party?"

"Oh, Bess. Well, if I must."

"Not if you don't like," she replied with unabated good humor.

"I'm no good at your sort of thing," he said gently. "Let me come over when things are not so thick."

THE evening festivities, far from being of the dimensions suggested by her father, seemed to Joan lamentably thin if not utterly emaciated. Her frock was ravishing, the music rousing, the guests numerous, amusing and devoted.

But Vibart had not yet returned.

She danced, and ate *pâté*, and appeared to be having life's young time. But the whole affair was a wash-out. And as even Jervis could not fill the place left vacant, she became almost painfully aware what was the marked difference between these two young men who had at first blush—they had done the blushing—seemed to her as like as Amis and Amile. She began to see very clearly that to her there were two sorts of people in the world, John Sulchester, Lord Vibart on one side, and all the others in a group together.

"My dear girl," said Mr. Farquharson, a little later, when all the guests had gone, "in your presence every woman is at a disadvantage. So is a man, for that matter. I myself have engineered innumerable scenes of declaration, some in my own interests, some in that of the theatre, but when I come to telling you that I am utterly wiped out by you, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth."

Joan laughed a little uncertainly. "I think, then, it would be much more sensible to say nothing about it."

He stood regarding her very gravely. "I am speaking seriously, Joan."

"And—even then," she answered softly.

"You mean that, eh?"

"Yes, I'm sorry. I mean it—seriously."

Jervis gazed down at her a moment in silence. "You couldn't leave out one little perhaps for me?"

"No, please!"

"Well—" His eyes fell away from her face. "It seems a bounding pity," he mused. "We would really do so more than well together. I'm a cold-blooded fish, you know, tranquil and a bit on the casual side, and it does seem as if I would just suit you. You're not the sort to want a rampish husband. If your pulse ran over seventy-two, you'd have in the medico. We ought to slip along, confoundedly smooth."

She was apparently as little moved by this picture as his analysis of her would predict, but a curious glint of light sparked in her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said again.

"Of course, if you're positive—You've not by any chance gone sweet on Vib, have you? No, don't look so angry. I didn't mean it as a jealous impertinence. Only you ought to know, my dear girl, that Vib is a rank impostor. You would pull a frightful boner if you didn't know that."

"I really don't see why you should bring Lord Vibart into this," remarked Joan haughtily, adding immediately after, with the inconsequence of both sexes, "In what way do you consider him an impostor?"

"Well, he wears a man's clothes when he has never grown up, for one thing. We've palled together all our lives, so I know his age and mine are dot and dash. But compared to him I am a grandfather. I always have the feeling he's got on his father's top hat for fun."

She looked incredulous. "He doesn't strike me as being like that at all," she demurred.

"He has a way of talking that is like

cuttlefish ink, hides him. However, it wasn't Vib we were discussing."

"Well, but—" Joan did not intend that he should leave it at that. "Don't let's go back to the old subject. Won't you take my word for it that it is useless?"

"I will if I must," said Jervis gloomily. "I ought to tell you that the press has it I am engaged to my leading lady. I mean, you might hear it and wonder what I was up to. It is just a newspaper yarn."

Joan smiled quite happily. "But it sounds like an ideal arrangement," she said cordially.

"Yes, doesn't it?" Jervis agreed absently. She gave a little laugh. "Come, Jerry," she said. "Don't spoil the night of my debut with a glum face. Tell me about Lord Vibart."

"What about him? He's an absolute ring-around, my dear girl, never stays put. Gets into a jam in Limehouse one night and rides in a steeplechase next day. Day after, he's off hunting fever ticks in Java, and would have mixed in at the Riff if the brass hats hadn't put an extinguisher on him. He goes gasping around for trouble, and when he can't find it, it's because there isn't any. In that case, he sits pretty at home with his old governor as long as he can stand it—and then the next you hear is that he's just run across a new lake of asphalt while taking a stroll in the Cordillera Carabaga. That sort of thing. All that manner of his is make-up. The only woman who could be happy with him would be one of these trapeze artistes in the circus, used to tossing her life about like a rubber ball."

"Are you children ever going to bed?" said Lady Weylin at the door. "Or perhaps you don't know the house is dark?"

"Ye—yes, I'm going," said Joan in an odd voice. She drew a deep breath and followed her aunt into the hall. "Jerry has just been warning me not to set my heart on Lord Vibart."

Her ladyship gave him one look. "How Jervis ever came to have a play accepted, I can't imagine!" she said darkly, and flounced up the stairs.

(To be concluded next month)

Winter Driving

Continued from page 32

"sit tight" and be ready to bring the car to the right position when the skid is over, but, should you feel your car beginning to skid try to warn the driver behind you—put your left hand out the window or raise your right hand. This will give him a chance to avoid you if possible, perhaps, avert serious damage. One never knows where a skidding car will go and it is well to take any precautions one can think of on the instant.

Going down a slippery hill is always a tricky business and one should be particularly careful. Go into second gear and, if possible, keep two wheels on any rough surface available. Should there be no rough surface, "hug" the curb and go very slowly. On a country road keep away from the ditch, but not in the middle of the road, and never put yourself in a position where you might have to swerve suddenly. A bad skid would certainly frighten you, even if you avoid an accident, and it will pay you to do your utmost to avoid them. This is one of the cases where "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Should one have to go down a very steep hill, go into low gear at the top. Last week I was driving in Montreal and on some of the mountainous roads there I used low gear a great deal, but you will find second gear very safe on the average hill.

In going down any hill, but particularly a slippery one, never throw your clutch out.

This lets your car go down under its own weight and it will gradually gain momentum. Neither should you use the brakes too much. When you consider that the average car weighs about a ton and a half, you will realize the strain there is on the brakes in a descent and, if used constantly in descending they might very easily be burnt out and rendered useless by the time you got to the bottom and, perhaps, needed them particu-

larly. Therefore, leave your car in gear and let the engine act as a brake, saving the brakes themselves.

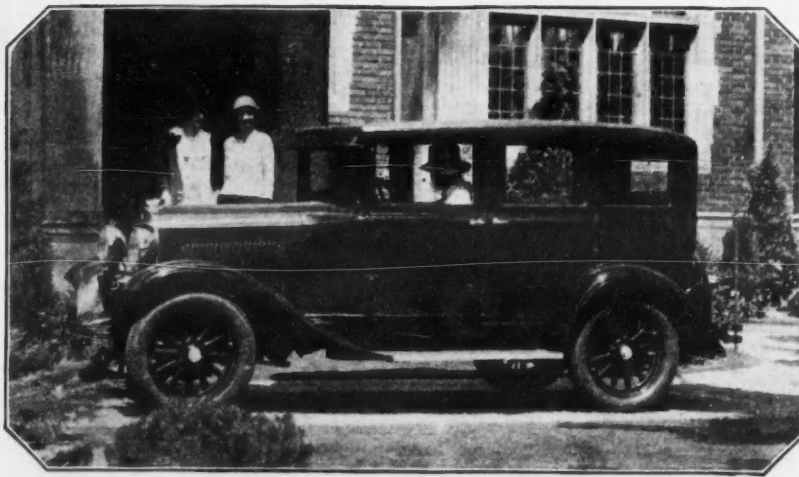
Of course it is not only on a slippery surface that one skids. Loose gravel is particularly treacherous and the same precautions should be taken and the same remedies used.

For winter driving it is most important to have all four brakes on your car evenly adjusted, otherwise you will notice in

stopping a tendency in your car to pull to one side, which very often starts a skid.

NOW just a little about changing gears, particularly in an emergency. Of course, you know that the foot must always be off the accelerator when you are changing gears, and just because, you want to change quickly, don't dash at it. By trying to change too suddenly you will only achieve that ghastly tearing, crashing, grinding of gears that makes strong men shudder, makes me burst into a cold perspiration, and a beginner think she has permanently ruined her car. Therefore, lift your foot off the accelerator, put your clutch in quickly, move your clutch smoothly, press the accelerator firmly, and let the clutch out. Never think you will get away quickly by approaching an intersection slowly in high gear and at the last moment, picking up speed again. This is very hard on your engine. Driving very slowly in high gear is a strain on your car but changing gears is not. Therefore drive to the intersection at an average speed, bring your car to a stand-still; put it in low gear and, with your foot on the accelerator, easing it up and down, be ready to go.

Let us make up our minds then that from now on we will keep our radiators from freezing, start our cars without trouble, avoid skidding, and enjoy winter driving.



The Plymouth four-door sedan by Chrysler Corporation of Canada is popular.

national scourges and with a general health programme. Child Welfare activities throughout Canada, long in the hands of volunteer workers, are now an integral part of the federal health programme at Ottawa, as a result of the education given the people about the wastage of child life.

For some time past, too, we have been deeply concerned with our high maternal mortality rates in Canada; so that, however slowly, we are really progressing toward the time when we will see that money spent on health machinery, with able men and women to control it, is money spent on solving our personal health problems.

For to us will later come the knowledge, surprising enough, that the vexatious problem of the high cost of sickness now afflicting us, will largely disappear in the general solution, which undoubtedly lies in some national scheme of compulsory social insurance. Our tax rate will be thereby appreciably increased, but the day of the great "general" hospital which can charge what it likes, to whom it likes, will have disappeared. The day of the high-priced specialists with their fee-splitting methods, will remain for only the very rich who can afford to pay for such luxuries. The day of the moderately priced or public diagnostic clinic for all comers will have arrived. Above all, the era will have gone into a well deserved limbo when, as at present, the interests of patient and physician are diametrically opposed.

We live—if we do not thrive—in such an era. Just so long as it is to the financial advantage for the doctor to treat illness rather than to prevent it, just so long will he remain what he is, a man often highly skilled in curative medical or surgical measures for disease, but unskilled as a teacher or "practitioner" of preventive medicine. Just so long, too, will our hospitals in most provinces remain mongrel institutions which are neither private commercial enterprises frankly in business to make money, nor state hostels for the very poor, nor public utilities supported entirely and controlled by the taxpayers. Just so long shall we be the victims of medical, nursing, surgical and hospital fees regulated only by what the traffic will bear. If we would end this era we must have an adequately supported, well conceived public health machinery with insurance against illness to meet our needs.

STATE medicine? Yes. Why shy at the term when the actuality so rapidly approaches. Already in these articles the writer has endeavored to show to what great lengths we have already gone in various parts of Canada to socialize medicine, more especially perhaps in the Far West, but to some extent throughout the Dominion. If further proof of the trend of the times be needed, a glance at Europe where social insurance schemes have been in operation for years ought to be sufficient.

The British scheme of health insurance which came into being in 1913 is in reality a system of state medicine, together with a cash benefit for sickness. It co-ordinated and adapted much machinery already in existence in trade unions, friendly societies, or other organizations carrying insurance against illness; and it erected a National Insurance Act. The scheme is on a compulsory, contributory basis with costs shared among insured persons, their employers and the national Exchequer. The total

number of insured persons under the Act is now over 5,000,000, with a total annual cost of \$225,000,000 or about fifteen dollars per head per annum for those under its benefits.

The scheme was introduced with far too little consideration for the medical faculty and met with much opposition from the doctors. Yet after sixteen years of successful operation, it is not now opposed. The British Medical Association recently assessed experience under the National Insurance Act as follows:—

"A comparison of the conditions of practice among the classes to which insured persons belong, before and since 1913, leaves no doubt in the mind of the profession (a) that large numbers, or indeed whole classes, of persons are now receiving a real medical attention which they formerly did not receive at all; (b) that the number of practitioners in proportion to the population in densely populated areas has increased; (c) that the amount and character of the medical attention given is superior to that formerly given even in the best of the old clubs, and immensely superior to that given in the great majority of the clubs which were far from the best; (d) that illness is now coming under skilled observation and treatment at an earlier stage than was formerly the case; (e) that, speaking generally the work of practitioners has been given a bias toward prevention which was formerly not so marked; (f) that clinical records have been or are being provided which may be made of great service in relation to medical research and public health; (g) that co-operation among practitioners is being encouraged to an increasing degree; and (h) that there is now a more marked recognition than formerly of the collective responsibility of the profession to the community in respect of all health matters. All these are immense gains, and though it is possible that some of them may not be wholly due to the establishment of the National Health Insurance Scheme, they have certainly been hastened and intensified by that system."

IT IS also important to note from Sir Arthur Newsholme, dean of public health men in Britain, this statement which was made last year:—

"The majority of the medical profession in Great Britain is engaged in either whole-time or part-time service for the state or for local authorities. Of the 24,000 medical practitioners in England and Wales, some 5,000 are engaged as poor-law doctors, some 4,000 or 5,000 in the public health service, possibly 500 in the lunacy service, some 1,300 in the school medical service, and smaller numbers in various other forms of medical service for the state. This is exclusive of the general practitioners who undertake contract work under the National Health Insurance Act, and who cannot fall far short of three-fourths of the total membership of the profession. It should be noted that many doctors hold several appointments."

From these and many other indications it would appear that not only is the British approximation to State Medicine working satisfactorily for both laity and the medical profession, but it is fast bringing about what is referred to above as a "more marked recognition than formerly of the collective responsibility of the profession to the community in respect of health matters"—

A much-to-be desired consummation which we have not yet attained in Canada.

IN MARCH, 1928, the French Parliament passed an Act on Social Insurance which established compulsory insurance for sickness, maternity, invalidism, old age, death and family responsibility. It applies to 8,500,000 insured persons and 13,000,000 beneficiaries, entailing an expenditure annually of five billion francs. Costs are met through compulsory contributions from insured persons, employers and the state, but there is provision made in this broad scheme for voluntary as well as the compulsory insurance. The period of benefits ceases only when the insured person falls into old age and becomes eligible for Old Age Pension.

German social insurance legislation has been in existence in some form ever since 1883, when the first measure was passed insuring against sickness. At present it insures manual and non-manual workers against sickness, occupational disability invalidism—including old age—maternity, accidents and death. There is also an unemployment relief scheme, but exclusive of this, the total cost in 1927 was 3,560 Reichsmarks of which 7,600 millions were for sickness insurance and twenty-five millions for maternity benefit.

Neither federally nor singly has the United States a comprehensive plan of State Medicine, yet the Maternity and Infancy Act of 1921—the Sheppard-Towner Bill which was achieved by the work of women and through their solid voting for it—has made federal funds available to any state for the reduction of infant and maternal mortality. Forty-seven states have already availed themselves of this provision, themselves providing a percentage of the costs.

County Health Units to the number of 330 exist in various States and the International Health Board are rapidly extending this system as local education and funds make it available. The cost of these units is reckoned at \$10,000 annually or a per capita cost of less than fifty cents on the populations where they exist.

Other straws pointing the way the wind blows in the United States may be found in Group Medicine, innumerable pay clinics for middle class patients, student health work in many universities, industrial or other group insurance schemes and the Health Insurance Bills introduced in New York but now proposed in other States which provide medical treatment and cash benefits for the sick with contributions toward costs from the employed, employers and the State.

In Australia, a National Insurance scheme and one for National Health operate side by side, the one a consolidated contributory fund for social and sickness insurance, the other a state scheme for the prevention and treatment of disease.

Both in Canada and the United States, committees of the National Medical Societies are today investigating the costs of medical care. Quite recently, Dr. Morris Fischein of the latter body warned its members that it was only by taking timely thought and action that they could hope to direct the drift toward socialized medicine. The Canadian Medical Association has given evidence of seeing the same drift here and of preparing for its results.

Many medical men in Canada show a disposition to oppose free or moderately priced clinics. They are not enthusiastic about "contract" medical practice; and are more concerned with defending the present hotch potch hospital system and the individualistic practice of their profession than in changing them for the general good. But these facts need neither alarm nor surprise anyone. Heretofore, physicians have enjoyed many privileges, prerogatives and much protection. But today an intelligent laity is rising to ask in what measure these ought to be preserved for the public weal, to exactly what extent medical etiquette contributes to the benefit of the sick, and wherein lies, for doctor and patient alike, the straight road to a mutually helpful change in the status quo.

Many progressive physicians as well as many of the intelligent laity realize it is time for such a change. The way of wisdom would be, of course, for the medical profession—our best informed body on all such matters—to take the initiative in finding the path leading to a solution of the high costs of medical and hospital care. There are indeed, promising signs that the Canadian Medical Association is not only alive to the necessity for action on their part, but that they are educating their own members throughout Canada to prepare for coming adjustments.

LATE in November there took place at Ottawa, under the aegis of the federal department of Health, and the Canadian Medical Association, the third conference on Canadian Medical Services, which has convened in recent years. It was attended by over sixty representatives from the Dominion and provincial medical associations, the provincial health departments, the medical faculties of universities and volunteer and other health associations doing national work. One of the subjects on the programme "Health and the State" was dealt with in a round table discussion at which the consensus of opinion, as reported in the somewhat scant accounts in the daily press, seemed to be that health insurance and some form of state medicine were coming in all provinces in Canada in the near future. It was significant, too, that this forecast, presented by experts from east and west, met with no bitter opposition from the outstanding medical men present. The profession may take the first steps themselves. But failing this, the laity must look after itself.

Could there be a finer chance for the woman citizen than the task of forming and informing public opinion regarding the obvious remedies for our present difficulties with the high cost of illness and the many social evils this brings in its train?

So far, we women as voters have done little or nothing to bring kudos on ourselves or our franchise in Canada. Here is a job which has cried vainly for years for our good offices. On every door-sill of every home, and vitally affecting every human being in that home, sit the problems of public and private health. It is little to our credit that we have not tackled them vigorously and intelligently long before this. Let us cease to treat health matters as localized issues. Let us get a national outlook, and with the help of our brother voters and the medical experts let us push on to a real solution of the high costs of illness.

The Story of our Canadian Fisheries

Continued from page 24

Canada runs from a million and a half to two million or more dollars a year.

From early years the herring has held a position of high esteem. In the language of Grenfell in his book *Labrador*, "Kings and queens have worshipped at the shrine of the herring. William Herkelson, of Flanders, in about 1300, discovered how to cure red herring, and generally how to preserve them better for food. After his death, Charles the Fifth erected a monument to his memory,

visited his grave, and there prayed for his soul. Mary of Hungary, in a somewhat appropriate way, paid tribute to our benefactor by sitting on his tomb and eating a red herring."

The savory sardine as a Canadian product is found only on the east coast. It is now well established that this so-called sardine is really the young of the herring, like the herring, the sardine is abundant. It is readily captured in weirs, which are

trap-like pens into which the fish enter with the tide but cannot escape with the ebbing flood. The sardine fisheries support a considerable canning industry which is carried on chiefly in New Brunswick.

The shad and the smelt furnish considerable sea food from Atlantic waters. The former, belonging to the herring family, provides a yearly harvest of from 5,000 to 6,000 barrels. The smelt fishing is at its height in the early winter season when the

fish are taken in great quantities by nets let down through the ice of the rivers. Being frozen almost immediately on being taken from the water and continued in that state until they reach the home, the smelt retains the delicacy of flavor that has escaped from most of the market fish. About 8,000,000 pounds of smelts are taken annually, of which quantity some 6,000,000 pounds are caught by the New Brunswick fishermen.

Continued on page 46



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A Sensational New Service

Dangerous Women

Continued from page 11

The remark seemed to Dudley, sinister. It struck him his mother had rather a lot of luggage for one passing through. Box after box was being carried into the hall. He said as much to Marian, gloomily.

"It looks as if the old lady meant to make a lengthened stay. And have you seen Pogge?"

"No. What's wrong with her?"

"Oh, nothing. I don't know. You may like her. Only she's not exactly the type you'd expect to find here."

He did not want to put Marian off too much.

"Cheer up, darling. She won't be here long."

Dudley remembered the pile of luggage, remembered Miss Pogge's words as she looked out of the window. He had always known there must be a catch about it somewhere. Lady Heatherington wasn't the sort of mother who lent her children houses. Had he, perhaps, discovered the snag?

He said nothing to Marian. Let the poor girl be happy while she could.

Two days passed. Lady Heatherington went gently round the house, replacing all the furniture Marian had moved to suit herself, back into its original positions. Marian said nothing whatever. It would be easy to rearrange things when Grannie had gone.

But there was no talk of Grannie going. Miss Pogge seemed to have entirely taken root and began to make plans for the week after next. She had a dainty little appetite and picked at her food in a way that infuriated Marian. Lady Heatherington would rally her anxiously.

"But, my dear, you eat nothing."

"Thank you. I am not in the mewed for fewd," Miss Pogge would reply, delicately. Her presence was a blight on any form of family discussion, and a conversational tug-of-war went on between her and Lady Heatherington, one for the flesh and one for the spirit. Lady Heatherington trying to turn the talk for Matthew Arnold, Herr Snurriga and the Higher Things. Miss Pogge all for anecdotes about night clubs and gentlemen friends.

"Look here, mother," Dudley said, bearding her in her chamber at the end of a painful dinner, "we do not want this girl for ever with us. I don't see why you have her down to meals. Why can't she go downstairs with the others? I don't care for these innovations."

"But, my dear boy, she's a lady. Surely you realize that. You'd love her if only you would try to get to know her. Such an interesting little character, Dudley; so spiritual. If only you would talk to her."

"I'm not in the mewed," said Dudley, with gloom. It was lost on his mother.

"Marian is very unkind to her. I notice all the time she is unkind; never draws the girl into the conversation. Make her draw her into the conversation. After all, surely you owe me a little consideration. I have lent you this house. And she is my guest."

She added, wrestling with the *Times*.

"And I shall not be here long."

To that he clung, and with it comforted Marian when she wept on his shoulder.

"Really it's an impossible situation, Dudley. That girl is upsetting all the servants. She goes into the kitchen and gives orders. She's always there, tittle-tattling with the servants. Yesterday I heard her discussing me with Pounds, and then we have to entertain her at meals. She's as insolent as she dare be to me when she meets me alone, and too sugar-sweet for words when your mother is there. And yesterday, when there were only four pears for five people, because we never knew she would be there, she took one of them and I had to go without. And we—we paid for them."

"I always knew there would be a snag of some sort. It's an impossible position, of course. But what can we do?"

Uproar filled the passages at that moment.

Tumult and uproar reigned without. Simon in a loin cloth and singlet, his turban gone, his thick black hair giving him the appearance of a domesticated golliwog, stood on the staircase, pointing an enraged finger at Miss Ruby Pogge.

"What she come looking my place for? I got nothing do this Missis. She no my Missis. I nart taking any arders from any little small caste Missis like this one. I taking only arders from my Sahib and Mem Sahib."

"On the floor," went on Miss Pogge in her little calm, chilly voice, "quite a large bonfire . . . most dangerous . . . The floor boards are all scratched and scarred. I smelt the smell of burning. That's why I went up. The whole place might have gone on fire. And the state of filth . . ."

She shivered delicately.

Marian said, "I do not see it was any business of yours to go up to his quarters. These Indians resent anyone but their own masters interfering with them."

"All scarred and scratched, the lovely oak floor and the walls," went on Miss Pogge, entirely disregarding her. "Most dangerous. Insanitary, too, the mess up there."

Dudley hurried Simon away before anything was said that would make matters really awkward. The attic was untidy from a European standpoint, but from an Indian one, the pink of perfection. Simon had been burning sticks and bits of coal in one corner, making a thick comfortable smoke in which he felt thoroughly at home. But he had done it carefully on a large sheet of tin in front of the fireplace and there was no harm done that could not easily be rectified with soap, water, and a broom.

"This Miss Sahib one no good Miss Sahib," Simon was trembling with rage.

"This Miss Sahib . . ."

Dudley stopped him. "This Miss Sahib belong Lady Sahib. No belong me. Soon she go away. You don't make any talk or I give quickly one Number One beating."

Simon muttered shocking things in his vernacular regarding Miss Pogge and her ancestors unto the third and fourth generation back. Dudley thought it best to ignore him. He went downstairs to smooth his mother's ruffled feelings.

"There is really nothing whatever to make a fuss about. Miss Pogge does not understand the manners and the customs of the East. In any case she has no business poking round while we are here."

"It is her loyal devotion to me, Dudley. She looks after my belongings with such a real interest."

"At the moment we are looking after your belongings for you. It makes an impossible position for Marian if that girl goes poking round."

"I cannot think why you and Marian are so disagreeable about Miss Pogge. She only wishes to be helpful."

Dudley had never argued with his mother, having long ago watched his father's attempts and failures. He went into the library to write some letters. Miss Pogge was there, playing the gramophone to herself.

"I just felt in the mewed for some mewsic," she said, giving him one of her long, soft glances. "Do you dance? You ought to. Men with long thighs always dance well. And, of course, in India you do nothing else."

"Occasionally I do something else," he said drily. He wondered how rude he would have to be to her before she would go away.

Miss Pogge rewound the gramophone.

"I once had a gentleman friend who went to India. Great friends we were, only he got silly. I'm very unlucky. All my friends get silly, and I'm sure I don't do anything to make them."

He looked up at her standing beside the gramophone, her peachlike chin cupped in her hands. He thought, "All this girl is out for is a bit of fun. How on earth she has



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Sh—! Sh—! Who's That?

Hark! what's that! He's coming down the chimney! With a soft rustle of his big fur coat and a merry chuckle Santa Claus himself pops out of the fireplace and into the bedroom. But oh my! what a surprise for Santa! The room is filled with all sorts of dandy presents, a bicycle, radio, football, skates, in fact everything that would bring joy to the heart of any live-wire Canadian boy. On top of the cupboard Santa sees a card which says "MacLean Booster Prizes," and notices a tousled head bobbing out from beneath the bed covers, sleeping with one eye open and greatly enjoying the situation.

Recovering from his surprise Santa's big broad smile sweeps his face and he chuckles merrily to himself as he exclaims "Well, well! MacLean's have beat me to it!"

This boy is a 'Booster, a member of MacLean's Young Canada Boosters' Club, and earns a regular income and all these splendid prizes for himself.

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Write to

Young Canada Boosters' Club
153 University Avenue
Toronto 2, Ontario

The Home Bureau

Continued from page 28

walnut? Do you think this is enough furniture with a rocking chair and our chairs and fern stand.

For the bedroom we could use the rose casement cloth drapes and cream curtains. And I have a small rug with roses on a grey ground and black border. The clothes closet has no door. What could I use for a door, or would it be better to get a door? I have a light oak dresser. Now, could I change the woodwork and paint it a cream, and how?

We are just starting up, so we cannot spend much yet to fix the house.

A LIGHT BLUE wall for your kitchen and a blue-grey dado at base would be suitable, clean and cool. A table top of blue checked oilcloth would be attractive. If I were you, however, I should not have blue as well at the windows. You will need crisp, washable curtains, and sheer curtains in blue simply will not withstand the sun. Try yellow or rose. Either will be a contrast.

About changing the stair into the dining room, I cannot say, not knowing the actual proportions of the house, but your local builder should be able to give you advice. If it is not too expensive and is at all feasible, I should advise it, for you need all the light you can get in the kitchen, and if this will make an extra window possible, it is a good change.

For both the living room and dining room, a calcimined wall of tan with woodwork of dark fumed oak stain would be suitable; possibly this is already the shade of the woodwork. Why not get a pretty rich cretonne for the living room—in a fairly small pattern? You can be guided by the colors of whichever linoleum you use in that room. A tan rep or twill would be attractive for the dining room, with borders of green, depending on the linoleum used.

About the floor-coverings: as you already have something that will do, perhaps it is just as well to leave them without any further change, but if you ever want to get something original in linoleum effects, it is interesting to know that they exist. The old

days of "kitchen" linoleum patterns for all rooms are gone. For instance, I have before me just now a colored sketch of a linoleum floor-covering that would perfectly suit your dining room. It is brown (terra cotta), absolutely plain save for a border of tan and green, both quite narrow—and in the centre is a segmented star of brown and tan. I shall send you privately the name of the firm which manufactures it. This firm also makes individual linoleum rugs to order—to any color scheme.

The rose casement cloth curtains are certainly the thing for the bedroom, and they suit the rug very well. About the closet, by all means have a door put on. Clothes become hopelessly dusty if hung behind a curtain or screen only. You can paint your dresser and anything else you want for the bedroom white or grey. Sandpaper everything first if it is varnished, and wipe clean. Then apply an undercoat of flat paint, and when thoroughly dry, a finishing coat of surface paint or enamel. I do not recommend lacquer for old varnished furniture, because it is likely to react on the old finish and spoil the present one. On a fresh piece of unpainted furniture it is excellent, and far less trouble, because of its fast-drying properties.

Have you enough furniture? I cannot tell without seeing your rooms, but I expect they will improve with a little table or two, with a lamp here and there. I should cover the sofa with something plain—a color from the rug, and lighten it with chintz cushions like the curtains.

As I look at your plan, I see that a number of pieces of furniture are placed cater-cornered. Try, if possible, to avoid this arrangement. It is not really "cozy", and though you may not realize it, actually irritating to your peace of mind, with time. Try to keep things to the right angles of the room, and your effects will be much more harmonious.

This is a long reply to a long letter, but there is nothing I like better than to give advice about farm homes.

Georgian Designs in Canadian Furniture

Continued from page 25

ones are, but you may have the slender graceful wing chairs of Chippendale's time if you so desire. The W. J. Armstrong Company make one of a still earlier period. It is an exact reproduction of a Queen Anne chair 1730, to be found in South Kensington museum.

TABLES can be classed with chairs for general usefulness and for interest. The number of reproductions in tables and occasional furniture, is amazing. The gate-leg table was first made about 1700 and in its many variations has been with us ever since. You can buy well-made gate-leg tables in any size you desire. The Butterfly table is an American variation, first designed about 1725.

There are intriguing card-tables which are perfectly reproduced. These have the flap-over leaf which may rest against the wall. Sheraton made them and so did Phyfe. Look for them in modern furniture and you will find them there too.

Don't you love the little tilt-top tables? They have so many uses and are frequently found in the present-day homes. They were originally made by Chippendale. The tops were a solid piece of mahogany with the edges carved in a rim to prevent the dishes sliding off. The rim was carved in various ways, the most familiar being the irregular pie-crust. The tops were on a tripod—a pillar base supported by three cabriole legs. The legs sometimes had ball-and-claw feet, and the knees frequently were richly carved. Several firms make good tilt-top tables. The one illustrated is by the W. J. Armstrong Company. Notice its carved tripod base with the ball-and-claw feet.

We are apt to think that the Console table is a particularly modern piece of furniture. Not a bit of it! They are of Hepplewhite's creation and he dearly loved them and lavished rich carvings or paint and inlay on them. They were designed to be placed against the wall between windows or under one of the mirrors which Adam was inclined to place in every room. It seems there is nothing new under the sun.

There are many interesting work-tables which are being reproduced, some with the slender Sheraton leg and some with the tripod base. The Hespeler Furniture Company make a charming one to use with one of their bedroom suites. The familiar Martha Washington is of a slightly later date and is deservedly popular. The one illustrated is made by The Gibbard Furniture Company.

The Governor Winthrop desk has been reproduced and it is a beautiful piece of furniture. There are grave doubts as to the historical accuracy but it is said that in Governor Winthrop's time there were thirteen States in the Union and so the doors of the desk have thirteen panes of glass, and there are thirteen little compartments in the desk proper. This desk is also made without the bookcase and is a great favorite with the apartment dweller on account of the commodious drawer space. There are a great many Governor Winthrop desks being made, some of them are adaptations and not exact reproductions. The one illustrated is a reproduction and is being made by the MacLagan Company. Notice the interesting broken-bonnet arch which is found in many of the larger pieces of that same period.



Entrements for Luncheon

*An entrement is a fritter that has come up
in the world*

by ELISABETH W. SMITH



WHEN friends drop in on one at inopportune times—as friends will—and stay right through to the luncheon hour, one is often confronted with the problem of just what to give them for luncheon.

Cold cuts from yesterday's meat are quite out of the question. The time is too short for a roast. Broiled steaks or chops are out of the question. They are too—well—too obvious. Often they are not at hand and really, one can't leave one's guests to rush out to the market to obtain food. A salad alone isn't sufficient for a "company" luncheon. One wishes to serve something more "staying."

Why not have entrements? They'll do quite nicely as the main dish of a simple luncheon. They may also be used to follow the principal dish of a more pretentious meal.

An entrement is a fritter that has come up a bit in the world. While it is slightly more elaborate than a fritter, it is the most accommodating thing imaginable. Using the basic batter in the first recipe, a cupful of anything at all—meat, fruit or vegetable—may be added, stirred a bit and cooked up into an attractive, nourishing and appetizing dish.

Entrement Batter

Beat yolks of 2 eggs until light. Stir in 1 cupful of flour. Add 1 tablespoonful of melted butter and 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Add enough cold water to make batter the consistency of thick starch. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Banana Entrement

Peel bananas and cut into halves. Dip into batter, immersing well at one dipping. Drop into a deep kettle of hot lard and fry until golden brown. Lift out with a skimmer, drain on brown paper set in a warm oven, (the door of which must be left open) sift thickly with powdered sugar and serve hot.

Fig Entrement

Cut 2 cupfuls of figs into small bits, sprinkle with sugar and allow to stand for 1 hour. Make the batter given in first recipe, add figs to batter and drop by large spoonfuls into deep hot fat. Fry until brown, drain and serve with powdered sugar.

Sweet Omelet Entrement

Make an omelet from your favorite recipe, adding 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar to each 4 eggs used. When omelet is done and rolled, remove from pan and cut into inch slices. Have an entrement batter ready. Dip the slices of omelet into this batter and fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Drain on brown paper, sprinkle with granulated sugar and serve on hot plates.

Cherry Entrement

Make a cherry marmalade by stoning fruit, mixing with an equal weight of sugar and flavoring with a few drops of lemon juice. Stir until well blended. Beat 2 eggs and 1 cupful of milk together. Season with 1 tablespoonful of sugar and 1 teaspoonful of grated lemon peel. Trim crusts from slices of white bread. Dip into milk and egg mixture. Spread marmalade between 2 slices of soaked bread, sandwich fashion. Fry in hot fat. Drain on brown paper and serve hot, sprinkled with powdered sugar. Orange, lemon or any other marmalade or jam may be used instead of cherry.

Farine de Mais Entrement

Beat the yolks of 2 eggs and stir in 1 cupful of cornmeal. Add 1 tablespoonful of melted butter and 1 cupful of scalded milk. Beat well. Season with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt and flavor with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vanilla. Add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Drop by large spoonfuls into hot fat. Drain as for other entrements and serve with hot honey.

Rice Entrement

Season 1 cupful of cold cooked rice with 1 teaspoonful of orange extract. Add a pinch of cinnamon and 1 tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir in the beaten yolk of 1 egg. Form this mixture into balls and roll in cracker crumbs. Then roll in beaten egg and roll again in the crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat until brown. Drain and serve very hot.

Meat Entrement

Slightly beat the yolks of 2 eggs. Stir in 1 cupful of flour. Add 1 tablespoonful of melted butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt. Add 1 cupful of cold water and the whites of 2 eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Stir in 1 cupful of minced chicken or any other cold cooked meat. Drop by large spoonfuls into deep hot fat. Fry until golden brown, drain and serve hot with any rich meat sauce.

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managed to hoodwink mother, who is usually so astute . . .

"Are you fond of reading, Captain Heatherington?" said Miss Pogge, evidently for something to say.

"When I'm in the mewd," he said cruelly, feeling desperate measures were necessary with this girl. His sarcasm was lost on Miss Pogge. She threw him another limp glance.

"You are very busy, aren't you?"

"I am busy, and need solitude and peace."

Miss Pogge rewound the gramophone and put on "Though you belong to somebody else, tonight you belong to me." Marian entered.

"As if," sobbed Marian late that night. "it wasn't beastly enough for me here just at present, without you encouraging her. Without you going off and playing gramophones with her."

"My dear girl, I was doing all I could to get rid of her, but I couldn't get her to move."

"You were having quite an intimate conversation. I heard you when I came in. All about peace and long thighs . . . Oh, Dudley, how could you? To a girl like that!"

Memories of other leaves, spent when he was a bachelor and had none of these difficulties to negotiate, would keep coming to mind. He dashed them aside angrily.

"This can't go on. It's getting on your nerves and it's getting on mine. It's not good enough. I shall tell mother she must either go and take her Pogge with her, or else we will clear out and they must run the show for themselves."

"Where can we clear to? Next week is Easter. You know what that means. You know what hotel prices are at Easter."

"Don't cry like that, darling. Please don't cry like that."

Marian knew it was silly of her, but she could not stop. She did not know what was wrong with her in those days. Like Miss Pogge she was suddenly subject to "mewds."

He went to look for his mother at the same time she had had an inspiration to look for him.

"Ah, the very man I want, darling." She held a letter in her hand. "I have just heard from Clara . . . Poor Clara. Her children have had the measles. But they are convalescent now, and need a change so badly. I have told them they can come here. There are several of them—I forget exactly how many." Lady Heatherington held a handkerchief delicately to her nose for a moment, trying to think. "However," she smiled brightly up at him, "there are lots of rooms here. We must do all we can to help one another."

"But, my dear mother, do you mean that Marian is going to have to run the house for the lot of them?" He wanted to add, "Do you mean that I am going to have to run the bazaar and pay the bills for all of them?" but was too polite.

"My dear boy, a house like this needs no running. It runs itself. Positively runs itself. And Pogge is willing to make herself useful in every possible way. That's what I like so much about her. There is nothing she won't do."

"Probably you're right," said her son gloomily.

"A girl with no nonsense about her. Many a pretty girl like her would have a head full of nonsense and want to be running about after men all the time. Yet here she is, perfectly satisfied, in a dull place like this."

"To return to the subject of Clara," he began. But Lady Heatherington, as was her wont when she knew she was not going to be agreed with, simply faded away. He looked up just in time to see the end of her draperies swishing round a corner, nor could he find her again for the rest of the morning.

Relations were now strained between him and his mother, between Simon and all the English servants, between Simon and Miss Pogge, and between himself and Marian. And beautifully aloof and apart from it all,

and them all, went Lady Heatherington, putting everything Marian had moved in the house back into its original place; and magnificently forgiving them all for being so tiresome and being put out by little things that, when you looked on life with the broad, the all-embracing outlook of Herr Snurriga, did not matter at all.

With horrible clarity it was borne in on him that Marian suspected him of carrying on with Miss Pogge. Gosh, who would have blamed him if he had, wet day succeeding wet day, and the golf course miles away? Many a fellow would have succumbed to her wiles from sheer boredom, just to have something to do. He did not even want to. She wasn't his line of country. He was too old and too experienced for the chocolate box type of brain and beauty. Yet here was Marian.

Memories of past leaves, unharrassed by snags like this, came into his mind. Meanwhile, upstairs on her bed, Marian cried her eyes out. Simon, passing through the dressing room to lay out Master's clothes for dinner, saw his bahut Burra Mem-Sahib lying there, crying her eyes out. Heard, wafted up the stairs, the little silken voice of Pogge trying to discover by artless questions what Dudley was going to do with himself that afternoon.

Simon went upstairs. From a corner of his attic he produced that bundle tied in an uncleanly linen cloth. From it he took the earthenware bowl, the various shrivelled roots and pieces of stick and alien substances. Among them was the dead frog, wrinkled and *passé*. Simon opened a small book, which he looked at for a long time, sunk in meditation. Then, finding what he wanted, he began to brew, muttering darkly the while.

Downstairs Marian was sobbing. "I am a housekeeper; nothing more. A housekeeper in a boarding-house where nobody pays."

"Except me!" said her husband bitterly.

"Except you, poor darling. I was absolutely horrified when I saw the size of the books this week, but it appears your mother can't eat anything but chicken. Oh, do let's go away. However expensive it is, it won't be as expensive as here, with Clara and all her nine children, or whatever it is she has. And I suppose there will be a nurse. Or must we look after them?"

DUDLEY had no idea. He went for a walk over the fields, and in Hazelnut Lane met Miss Pogge. She endeavored to join him, but he indicated that he was going in a different direction to whichever direction she was going. Whereat she made off, whistling defiantly, and by some subtle manoeuvre, met him again on the return journey. Short of strangling her and throwing her into a ditch, there was no way of getting rid of her. Marian saw them returning together over the fields. Marian, after tea, heard the little silken voice of Pogge talking to Pounds in the pantry.

"Of course she doesn't like me. But then, they never do. I don't bother. The husbands come quick enough. If I was to tell you what the Captain said to me this afternoon. But there . . . it would be dishonest. I don't know why men like me so. I never try to make them. But it's always the same. Have a caramel? He gave them to me . . ."

"Ta," said Pounds, hating her all the same.

Marian had never thought her marriage would be broken up like this. She had never thought of her marriage being broken up at all. Dudley found her lying limp, and tear-stained, and dead sick upon her bed.

"Oh, you needn't talk. I know all about it. I saw you coming back together, giving her caramels . . ."

"My good girl, you're mad. I never gave her . . ."

"Everything I hoped. All I believed in. Spoilt."

"And by a Pogge?" He tried to make her laugh, but failed. It took him forty-five minutes to comfort her, and then they were late for dinner. Miss Pogge shot a triumphant glance at Pounds, when Marian appeared looking ghastly.

"How I enjoyed this afternoon! I was in the mewd for fresh air, so took a walk over the fields."

"You should walk more, Marian, my dear," said Lady Heatherington, "and get some roses in your cheeks."

An alien smell wafted in through the door. "Dear me," said Lady Heatherington angrily. "How many times have I told Cookie she must keep the furnace door shut when she burns rubbish. Really, Marian, you must be a little firmer with her. These things never happen when I am running the house."

Pym went outside, saying nothing. In the hall he stood and looked up the stairs. The smell came from above not below. This was what England was coming to. Keep the furnace door shut . . . Ha ha . . . But he wasn't going to say anything. He knew his place.

Upstairs, a large fire burned on the tin sheeting before the fire. In the midst of it Simon's little bowl bubbled, emitting an alien stench. Gone were the little bits of stick and the foreign substances. Gone was the *passé* frog.

Simon, squatting before the fire, wore only a loin cloth and singlet. His thick hair gave him the appearance of a domesticated goliwog. He was muttering something in the vernacular, referring from time to time to that little book. The warmth of the fire made him drowsy. His incantations grew fainter and fainter. He slept.

The hall clock chimed eleven. The little pot lost its balance, fell over, and spilt its noisome liquid all over the floor. The careful erection of sticks collapsed and fell together in a fierce blaze, no longer on the sheet of tin. The fire licked the dry and ancient oak boards. Presently, little hungry tongues were licking the beams.

DUDLEY awoke, half stifled with smoke. He aroused his wife.

"Better get up, old girl. I believe the house is on fire."

He ran downstairs and telephoned for the fire brigade. The whole of the upper story was merrily alight in both wings, the old beams having acted as the fire's messengers from end to end of the building. As he hurried back to help Marian, Miss Pogge in a cerise satin dressing gown emerged from her room, and sobbing, "The whole place is on fire," fainted into his arms. He laid her on the stairs and hurried away to get some water to throw over her, but when he came back she was in her room again. He saw her powdering her nose before the glass, so did not bother about her any more. A piercing shriek told him his mother had come to. Being in no danger where she was, he had hoped she would remain blissfully unconscious for a little longer.

"It's all right, mother. The fire won't reach us for ages yet, and the brigade is on its way."

"Dudley . . . It's that native servant of yours. I knew it. I always felt he wasn't safe."

"I've known all along he'd burn the whole place down," sobbed Miss Pogge. "Oh, the beautiful pictures and the lovely, lovely things."

"My darling mother, remember the place is insured. Remember that the farther it goes, the better for us. We shall be able to build a reasonable-sized modern house in its place and buy new beds. Cheer up."

The fire brigade arrived with a heartening clatter. They ran a complicated system of hose through the house, which saturated everything with a green slimy water out of the ornamental lake, but only seemed to feed the cheerful blaze. By five a.m., the fire, having taken everything it wanted, died down. The family sat shivering in the hall among the smoldering ruins of their home. All of their fifty-two pieces of luggage had gone. Dudley could hardly suppress a quiver of relief.

"My Murzepor carpets, my ormolu chairs," moaned Lady Heatherington . . .

"Oh, Simon, you wicked, wicked man. Look what doing . . . All this trouble you giving . . ."

The native salaamed miserably. He was a little dazed with the happenings of the night, besides being still partially asphyxiated. Lady Heatherington made a melancholy tour of inspection. From the ruins of Miss Pogge's rooms she had a view of the ruins of the whole house. She stood quite faint with emotion, one hand leaning on the charred remains of Miss Pogge's writing table. Such a disaster. They might all have been burned in their beds.

MARIAN was clinging to Dudley, weak with laughter.

"Oh, what a place to tell you in. I didn't mean to, yet a while, but it suddenly struck me that was why I had been taking things so seriously. This Pogge business and everything. Because I'm going to have a baby. And I always thought such a thing impossible, unless I sent in a printed order form, writing on one side of the paper only . . ."

"My poor dear. Yes, of course, I am glad. But all this is so bad for you."

"No, it isn't. It's miraculous. For, don't you see, they will all have to go, and Clara can't come. And now you will be able to do the place up the way you want. I'm beginning to think Simon was right. He assured me it was God's interceding."

"Old blackguard. Do you know what I found in his room? A native book on spells and witchcraft, and a whole lot of some dreadful stuff he had been manufacturing. Spells to drive away evil spirits. As likely as not, he meditated dosing Miss Pogge with it, though I cannot get him to confess. Darling, I told you the culture of the East would not go well with the culture of the West."

They went downstairs arm in arm. Lady Heatherington was standing beside the hall table, which was cluttered with salvage from the other rooms. Before her stood Miss Pogge.

"My plans have changed," said Lady Heatherington coldly. "You can pack your things immediately and go back to London. I will give you a month's wages in lieu of notice. I have been disappointed in you, Miss Pogge."

Surprise was visible all over Miss Ruby Pogge's beautiful little face. Her cherry lips lost their pout for one moment in a defiant sneer.

"You've been listening to her, I suppose." She indicated Marian. "Wives are always jealous of me. I can't help it if their husbands fall in love with me. I don't do anything. But women are always cats, and try to do a girl a bad turn wherever they can, if she is good-looking."

"Please go."

Miss Pogge went, whistling defiantly. Marian, clinging to her husband's arm, said,

"Dudley, what on earth has happened? Simon's spell seems to have worked!"

Miss Pogge also wanted to know what had happened. She found the answer in her own room. Beside the window stood her writing table. The fire had licked all round it, but had inconsiderately left untouched on top of it, a half-finished letter.

"I knew from the first the Captain admired me and I can do practically what I like with him. His wife, of course, hates me. A plain woman, and not one to hold any man, dear. Jealous as a fury."

I do not know what will happen. I have often thought I would like to travel and see the world, and of course this may be my chance. He goes back to the East in the autumn, dear. A fascinating life, I always think. So free and all that.

In any case I shall remain on and see what happens. My beloved's wife will give me trouble, of course, but I will soon settle her. And the old lady is as soft as you make them. I can twist her round my little finger . . ."

Making Yourself Interesting

Continued from page 5

is loved. Sometimes she is disliked. Often she is feared. But always, always, she is admired because she is interesting. She amuses, she stimulates, she provokes. She challenges, she entices, and where less interesting women try hard merely to hold their own, she easily holds the stage.

All very well you say, but if a woman has not this flair for words, this genius for sizing up a situation in a sentence and tossing it nonchalantly in the face of the world, what is she to do? Is she doomed to be forever uninteresting in her little conversations with the world? No! A flashing, brilliant wit is the peak, the summit. Like mental fireworks it charms with its swiftness, its darting grace; above all, with its sudden burst of radiance, illuminating what a moment before was darkness. But if a woman was not born with wit she can undoubtedly arrive at a less conspicuous, but equally desirable destination. For instance, just a little lower down the same road there comes "A sense of humor." Below that—"The art of being amusing." Below that again—"The ability to be entertaining."

Wit is mental—of the mind entirely. It may be cruel, cutting and unkind as well as clever.

But humor is more human, more kindly. The heart may enter into it—and sentiment. People with a sense of humor have balance. Having balance, they are the first to see anything that is out of balance, even if that thing happens to be themselves. This is remarkable, and at once makes them interesting. Perhaps you are that one.

A woman with a sense of humor is a social asset, and highly to be commended, because humor in a woman is so often in the nature of an achievement. Girls rarely possess a sense of humor. Youth, therefore, though utterly charming, is seldom interesting. All men, apparently without exception, believe they have a sense of humor; but humor consists of more than telling stories. Undoubtedly many men have a strong sense of humor, but never those who tell you so. And the same is true of women. Better the woman who has deliberately cultivated the art of being amusing, than the one who "thinks" she has a sense of humor but is unable to make any one see it.

I would put the woman of rare wit and the woman with the keen sense of humor both in the category of "Interesting Women," for both have insight and penetration and are giving us the fruits of their thought.

But the woman who is entertaining, or the one who has learned to be amusing, belong to the category of "Attractive Women," those who desire to be charming in order that they may please and be pleased. The first are serious-minded; the second, not necessarily so.

Women are entertaining and amusing who can spontaneously repeat the wit of others, and who attractively dramatize the commonplace.

A woman is "interesting" who can use logic with charm. But a woman with no logic is often considered infinitely more attractive!

Still, brains are an asset. If not in the beginning, in the end. And it is the end of anything that counts.

WISDOM—the second ascent. Another road that she who wishes to make herself interesting must tread. Must? No, that is too hard. May tread.

Wisdom, above all, is not a gift. The daughters of Eve may have been born witty, but certainly not wise—not in its truest sense. A wise woman is a disciplined woman. But worldly wise—ah! that she

may be in time. A woman of great worldly wisdom is always a very interesting person.

This quality also can be acquired. This, too, is a definite achievement. But it takes time. Yes, few women are wise before forty. Why should they be? It is so difficult. Usually a woman has to be hit on the head with the same brick at least four times before she knows what has struck her. This is because women do not start off by wanting wisdom, but by wanting what they want, and if they are attractive, they usually get it.

Later wisdom makes them realize that though a woman may get what she wants, if she desires it ardently enough, it is well to look at the price tag before she takes it.

A wise woman thinks; an attractive one acts.

A wise woman finishes everything she starts and leaves no loose ends for other people to tie into knots after her departure.

The attractive woman moves across the stage with a flair, demanding admiration. The wise woman goes quietly to and fro in the world, receiving attention.

A woman of worldly wisdom knows that life is a long journey and that she may have need of both men and women along the way, so she makes friends of both; and keeps them. She is a woman with convictions, and, being wise, those convictions are usually sound. She has made herself interesting because she is at the same time able to take a prominent place in the procession, and at other times to sit on the fence and watch the procession go by, noting what has gone before and what after. As a result, she has a supreme and never-failing tact.

WORTH—solid worth, the last and steepest road, because on the surface it appears the least attractive.

Wit scintillates. Wisdom makes an impression. But who wants worth in a woman? Just worth? Did worth ever make any woman interesting? The answer is "yes—if there was enough of it!"

A woman of true worth is a woman of noble character. Is a noble character interesting? Well—that's the answer. The greater the woman, the greater her interest to the greatest number of people. Wit may charm and wisdom endear, but worth wins the homage of the world—her world, sooner or later, providing her worth takes the form of outward activities that the world can recognize and appreciate.

It may take fifty years to have made one's self interesting on this most difficult of roads, but what of it when such glorious years lie ahead? And if it did take fifty years, then believe me there were no long summer vacations taken by that woman, no week-ends, and but few weak moments. It would have taken probably about twenty-four hours a day—it does, to make a really great woman. Some good woman can do it in less, but their goodness lacks the spark of a high and noble purpose. To be a woman of true worth takes constant, ceaseless effort.

And that's the story. Making one's self interesting is really a life job, and it's hard work.

At twenty, one has the charm of youth.

At thirty, the attraction of sophistication.

At forty, the means of becoming "interesting" through one's own initiative and achievement, in this line as in any other, brings the sense of accomplishment and of great personal satisfaction.

To be born with a name or background, to become notorious through some inherited tendency called "It," simply does not compare with taking the raw material that is one's self, and molding it until finally it becomes interesting and acceptable, if not to the world in general, at least to those we love the best.



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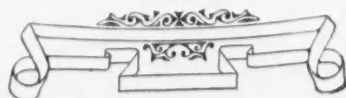
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The Story of our Canadian Fisheries

Continued from page 41



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SPECIAL OFFER ON PAGE 1

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The Miramichi River district alone produces more smelts than are taken on the waters of the South American Continent.

The mackerel holds a high place in the family of sea foods. From the month of August until the end of October this fish is fat and plentiful, particularly in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where it is taken by traps, gill nets, haul-seines, and hooks and lines. This industry provides upward of 40,000 barrels of cured stock and 30,000 hundredweight of fresh fish in a season.

Eastern Canada salmon is favorably known in Canadian homes, where it is used in the fresh state. The fish maintains a valuable trade, besides providing abundance of sport to the holiday seekers who traverse the richly stocked rivers emptying into the Bay of Fundy, the Atlantic and the Gulf. The commercial fishing of salmon is done chiefly by nets. A season's catch by all methods in the rivers and along the coasts, amounts to about 30,000 hundredweight.

The shore waters of eastern Canada provide, perhaps, the richest lobster fishing-grounds of the globe. In money value this fishery stands next to the cod in importance. It is carried on as an inshore fishery in which a considerable number of coast farmers find profitable employment during the open season. The industry supports many canning establishments that put up during the usual season upward of nine

million cans of this highly favored meat. For the fresh fish trade, a season's output usually exceeds 100,000 hundredweight shipped in the shell.

The oyster fisheries, extensive and rich as they are along many coastlines, are capable of great commercial expansion. Mr. J. J. Cowie, chief inspector of fish curing and packing, in a report on the industry, expresses the view that the annual harvest of some 60,000 barrels is but a miserable fraction of what it should be made. Control measures administered jointly by the Department of Marine and Fisheries and the provinces concerned, and the adoption of better fishing methods, are so improving conditions as to give promise of a fine development of this fishery.

Pacific Coast Fisheries

The second great source of Canadian fish is the Pacific Coast waters and the rivers that find a western outlet. Approximately two-fifths of the fish products of Canada are taken from these waters. In addition to the several varieties of salmon, which forms the principal product, there are the black cod, oulachan, halibut, smelts, pilchard, sturgeon, shad, herring, and bass in abundant supplies. The salmon varieties, none of which some authorities regard as the true salmon, include the sockeye, coho, dog, spring, and hump-backed salmon. Of these

the sockeye is of greatest commercial importance, supplying as it does the very extensive and valuable canning industry, and employing a large number of the population which includes many of the Chinese, Japanese and Indian races. This salmon is found in all the mainland rivers and in some of the rivers of the west coast of Vancouver Island. A peculiarity of the movement of this fish, particularly as found in the Fraser River, provides big years and poor years, every fourth being the greatest with the poor years immediately following. The sockeye salmon weighs from three to ten pounds and carries a flesh of deep and unfading red. By regulation, only the medium and large fish of these are taken during the latter part of July and the first days of August.

The spring or quinal salmon ranks second in importance in these western waters. This is a much larger fish, reaching even one hundred pounds in weight in some instances, and is also used heavily in the canning industry. It is not so consistent in the color of its flesh, which runs from deep red to very light pink and at times almost white. This variety is taken from early spring more or less intermittently until July.

The coho salmon, although a considerable factor in canning operations, provides the principal fish shipped fresh in ice to eastern markets. [Concluded in next issue]



Variations on a Filet Theme

Continued from page 27

with one space and increase a space at beginning and at end of each row until there are 11 sp. *In next row increase a sp at beginning, then make 9 sp, lt in next t—to drop a space at end of row and at the same time the first sp of next row—turn. Chain 5, t in next t, 9 more sp, add a sp, turn. Repeat from * for length required. Finish strip by decreasing a sp at beginning and at the end of row, and work straightening line across both ends.

Tassels—Wind thread 40 times over a 3-inch piece of cardboard. Tie with blue thread and cut opposite end. With blue, ch 6, sl st in first ch, ch 3 and work 12 t in ring, sl st; ch 3, t in each t, sl st twice. Draw this head over top of tassel, twist the blue threads and fasten between points.

Herringbone Insertion

One ball white hard-twist crochet cotton and one ball pink tatting cotton No. 70, with a No. 14 steel hook are used for this insertion.

Each row of the insertion is worked with a mitred corner in centre. The rows of trebles are worked in contrasting color. Starting work with one space (sp), chain (ch) 9, treble (t) in first ch, turn.

2nd row—Ch 8, (to add a sp), t in t just made, ch 2, skip 2, t in next, ch 5 (for corner sp), t in same ch, ch 2, skip 2, t in next, ch 2, long treble (lt) in same st where last t was made, turn.

3rd row—Ch 8, t in lt, 3 sp, ch 5, t in same ch, 3 sp, ch 2, lt in same st, fasten off.

4th row—Fasten pink thread in last t made, ch 5, t in 4th ch from hook, t in next t in t, 3 t over each of 4 sp, 3 t in corner sp, ch 3, 3 t into side of last t made—detail No. 3 shows the first of these 3 t—2 more t into

corner sp, t in t, 3 t over each of 4 sp, double treble in same st where last t was made—dt in bottom of last dt—twice, fasten off. Fasten white in top of last t made, work two rows of sp increasing at beginning and at end as before and working—t, ch 5, t—into point. In next row sl st over first sp, and continue, following detail on page 5. At end finish each corner separately and continue for straightening line working—3 ch, double—in point of each row all around.

For the narrow insertion work a row of spaces with white thread, then with pink a row of trebles and again a row of spaces with white.

Yellow and White Towel Trim

Use one ball white hard-twist crochet cotton No. 70 and two balls tatting thread No. 70 in contrasting color, or use two balls of white if you wish to make insertion all one color, and a No. 14 steel hook for this pattern.

The squares are worked first, and joined in a strip in the process of the work or by sewing corners together; then a row of trebles is worked—with contrasting color if desired—over points along upper and lower edge, and finally the triangular spaces are filled in one by one as directed below.

For square, chain (ch) 51 as foundation for 15 spaces (sp). Work 2 rows of 15 sp and continue, following the block pattern, ending with 2 rows of sp. Fasten off. Work 14 rows for next square, then ch 3, remove hook, insert in corner of previous square, draw dropped stitch through, ch 2, t, to finish corner space, 14 more sp, fasten off. Repeat for length desired.

Fasten thread into point of square

marked A, ch 3, 2 t in sp, t in next t, * 3 t over each of 13 sp, 2 t in last sp of square, sl st between first and second sp of next square, turn, sl st in each of 3 t, turn; 3 t over each of 13 sp, 3 t in corner sp, ch 3, 3 t into side of last t made to form corner block—detail No. 3 shows first of these 3 t—2 more t into corner sp, t in t, repeat from * to end, working the corner bl on three points of last square; continue for lower edge, then cover last side of first square and turn at letter A. To make the rows at end, work 8 sp—chaining 5 for the first—8 bl, turn. In next row sl st over first bl, work 7 bl, 7 sp, turn. Continue following block pattern. Work opposite end to correspond to beginning, starting at letter B.

To fill in the triangular spaces at upper edge, fasten thread at letter A, holding the wrong side of row of trebles toward you. Work 8 sp, 7 bl, skip 2 t of next point, sl st in next, turn, sl st in each of 3 t, turn, 6 bl, 8 sp, turn. In next row sl st over first sp, 7 sp, 6 bl—working decreasing mitre as before—sl st in 3rd t, turn, sl st in each of 3 t, turn, 5 bl, 7 sp, turn. Continue in this way until all spaces are filled in.

For straightening line fasten thread at point marked C, ch 3, double in next point, repeat, working a treble into corner at upper edge and continue across top.

For narrow insertion at other end of towel work diagonal rows of 3 meshes. Chain 9, t in ninth st from hook, turn. To add a sp, ch 8, t in top of t just made, then ch 2, skip 2, t in next, ch 2, lt in same ch where last t was made, turn. For next row, *ch 8, t in lt, 1 sp, lt in next t, turn. Chain 5, t in t, ch 2, skip 2—t, ch 2, lt—in next ch. Repeat from * and work straightening line as for edging.

Her hand was on his arm. "Sure," he said again. "It's the best thing I do." But when he kissed her good-night, she thought that was.

INTERRUPTED as she had been, once or twice, by Constable Collard's absences on account of duty, the portrait was nearly done. Two or three sittings more and it would be ready. For the twentieth time that afternoon she glanced toward the trail, and at last caught sight of that touch of flame among the trees. Then her heart sank. It was only Corporal Brimmer again, coming probably with another message. Disappointment clogged her throat, but she struggled not to show it, and by the time he strode up to her she was able to nod pleasantly.

He touched his hat. "Constable Collard's very sorry, Miss Bower, but he can't make it this afternoon."

"Thank you for coming to tell me. I suppose you are all very busy." She would make it easy for him to leave at once, as she hoped he would. She went on working at her landscape.

But the big man stood quietly behind her, and she was very conscious of his bulk. He was a deliberate man, slow of speech to the point of being inarticulate, but with a drive behind the words he did utter, the quiet force of plain sincerity. She felt that quality every time she met him. Nor was he so stern upon closer acquaintance, nothing of the lion-tamer. Doug had made a mistake there.

"It must be quite a pastime," he remarked suddenly.

"Hardly a pastime," returned Sally coolly, having expected a word of appreciation at least. Doug would have had her glowing by now, while this man belittled the sweat of her brow in a word. A pastime! "Did you think I was making mud-pies?" her voice was disarmingly gentle. "I must say it looks it."

"You're too hard on yourself," he went on without making things better, but he did not proceed to praise. She wished he would go. "May I see how the portrait's coming on?"

"Certainly, if you'll tell me what you really think of it."

"Of course," and then he was quiet so long that she turned around to see if he had gone to sleep. But he was paying her the compliment of concentration, at least. "I don't think you've quite got him," he said slowly. "Doug's more individual, if I may say so."

She wished she hadn't asked him. How could a man be so irritating in so few words? But she said, "Can you be more specific, Corporal Brimmer?"

"You've caught his trick of standing, all right. But his face—maybe it's his mouth, maybe his eyes. They're not quite Doug."

"You mean I haven't got his charm, his kindness, his courage?"

Brimmer shifted his gaze into the cornflower-blue eyes. "I'm no one to tell you," he said brusquely.

"But you must, now you've started. I want to know."

Brimmer looked very uncomfortable. "You've been seeing the uniform and not the man, as I get it. And that's dandy, all that part of it, the hat and the scarlet. It's a hard color to catch, too. But Doug might be any good-looking fellow, if you see what I mean. You haven't looked close enough, maybe. He's quite a colt, that boy, and you've got him all shaken down, like a married man."

"I see," said Sally in a remote voice. "But don't you think you underrate his maturity, Mr. Brimmer? Surely, anyone who would have the courage to go into a house where three dreadful desperadoes were ready to shoot him and arrest them isn't just a colt, isn't entirely out for play?"

"Where was that?" asked the corporal.

"There," she said triumphantly, "you see I know him better than you do. It was in the Crow's Nest Pass. It was wonderful, so absolutely brave! Why, if anybody in the States had done it he'd have a Carnegie medal and be written up in the magazines."

"Then it's just as well not, don't you think?" A flush had spread under the corporal's skin. "We don't even talk much about these things."

"It was confidential, of course," said Sally hastily, "perhaps I shouldn't've mentioned it even to you."

"No, we'll consider that you haven't," said Brimmer. "Are you walking in any time soon?"

"Thanks, I think I'll work while there's light."

The corporal cleared his throat. "If I can be of any assistance, Miss Bower, our detachment number's in the phone book. I'd be only too happy to do anything."

"I don't imagine there'll be a thing thank you," she said, the remoteness still in her voice.

But there was. That evening, after waiting very uncomfortably alone among the women in knickers and the men smoking blatant cigars, she decided to telephone the detachment. She must know whether Doug could pose tomorrow, an innocent excuse to hear his voice. Even a "No" would be better than this idle waiting, this absence of living. She knew now what life was—anticipation of love. Life was love on tiptoes, watching a scarlet tunic approach, feeling that answering glow in her veins, hearing a casual humorous voice, knowing those protective arms. Life was the imminent possibility of a kiss. She dropped the coin in the slot and tried to smooth out her voice as she said, "Is Constable Collard in?" "I'll get him," it was Brimmer's voice, steady, like a bridge over which the conqueror is coming, the conqueror being Collard.

His first word sent a tumult over her, his laugh, his easy reasons, his promise to be on time next day took her to bed in a flush of delight. Life without him now was unimaginable. Suppose she had never met him? And now she was practically engaged to him—an engagement that would be the envy of every girl she would meet; engaged to a constant pride. Marriage into the Force would make her part-sharer in that uniform which she adored, would relate her to these deeds of his, so splendid, so worth while. She slipped into the mysteries of sleep with a tender smile on her face.

HE WAS on time the next day, even a little ahead of time, and she noticed that he was flushed, excited, handsomer than ever. She was almost choked with the pace of her heart.

"I can't pose today," he announced.

"Terribly sorry."

"You can't?"

"Duty first, you know. Please don't look so solemn, sweetkins."

She was trying to hide the blow it was, indeed. "It was good of you to come out, instead of sending Brimmer."

He laughed. "You don't know all about us yet, sweetheart. Constables don't send corporals."

But her mind was not on etiquette. "Will you be away tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid so, but by Monday every little thing will be back to normal. Sorry I can't be more explicit."

"I quite understand. I understand perfectly," she forced herself to say. "But two whole days, dearest! It's not such a little thing."

"I know that," he was holding her to him now, "but be a good girl, Sally. It's just this week-end." He smiled into her face. His own, she thought, looked tired, slightly dissipated, filling her with a vague uneasiness, but only for a second. The light from his badges glinted into her eyes. He was adorable when he looked a little puzzled like this, adorable. She felt, with a twinge of shame for her vanished courage, that she would love him if he beat her for it. "I must tear away," he was saying. "See you Monday, sure."

Before she could say half that she longed, that was imperative to say, he was a blur of scarlet moving behind the evergreen, was gone. How empty the beauty of the place! She turned to her canvas and its tameness

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House Plants in the Decorative Scheme

Continued from page 21

They are carefully kept thinned out and at a height of about nine inches.

THE rubber plant, too, has its very obliging disposition to thank for its popularity. It requires no great care. But whereas the older generations rejoiced in the size and height of their plants, contemporary decorators will not tolerate the gaunt, straggling pseudo-trees which our grandmothers nursed to a great old age. Among the German modernists, this plant is especially popular and they have pots designed for it alone which harmonize with their modernistic furniture.

The increasing use of the new window glass, sometimes called the "ultra violet ray glass," which preserves the life-giving properties of the sunlight, makes possible the propagation of flowers which we have hitherto regarded as precarious and well nigh impossible for home culture. Plants that must live most of the time on tables or in semi-darkness can be put into one of these sunny windows for an hour or two daily and maintain their vigor. With a current of warm, fresh air, proper humidity—which may be secured by placing pans of water over heat outlets—and this practically natural sunlight, we can reproduce a good imitation of tropical climes.

Under such conditions, why hesitate to have window boxes with flowers to harmonize with your decoration? A familiar sight to summer motorists is the English cottage type of house whose windows are delightful masses of geraniums, petunia, nasturtium, dwarf marigold and many other favorites of the English countryside. Why not have such boxes inside your English style house? In the formal house these boxes are usually seen in the sunroom or morning room. In the small, friendly house they might grace the living room, dining room or kitchen. A gaily patterned chintz, used in the draperies, served as inspiration for one such arrangement which featured petunia, single and double, in the purple and rose shades; golden marigold, little bushy plants of white oxalis tucked into the corners; and trail festoons of German ivy falling over the sides of the box.

A certain amount of care must be used with these flowers if they are to last. The box should, first of all, be provided with perforations at the bottom for proper drainage, and a bed of loose stone or cinders beneath the soil to keep it porous. It is best to water such boxes by placing them in the kitchen sink or bath tub and immersing them in water about twice a week—depending on the moisture of the soil—and then replacing them in the wooden or metal container, with the bottom resting on little wooden blocks about an inch thick. In fact, all plants in jardinières, saucers or artificial containers should be put on blocks. In this

way, puddles of water do not accumulate, and rot is avoided.

The following flowers are suited to this arrangement:

Primroses require little sunlight and prefer a cool shaded window, bloom all winter. Begonias bloom constantly in apparently any situation. They range from the dwarf to the giant, and are most often seen in yellow, white, pink and red, with glossy foliage.

Oxalis thrives in a fairly warm room, needs plenty of sunlight, rich soil, and rather more water than most plants. It is imperative that oxalis should get the direct sunlight for a few hours every day.

Euphorbia is seldom seen in window gardens, but is a beautiful flower with clusters of pink and red blossoms. It must be guarded from extremes of temperature, as it chills very easily.

The Jerusalem cherry is an old stand-by. It requires comparatively little attention, but plenty of sun and air and water regularly. It seems peculiarly susceptible to insects, in certain conditions, but these pests can be discouraged by sponging the leaves of the plant with soapy water to which a little kerosene has been added.

Heliotrope and mignonette are easily cultivated and their fragrance rewards the little care that they require.

Lemon verbena is another old favorite of agreeable odor and grows readily from seed.

Geraniums are easily cared for, demanding only sun, air, water and an ordinary soil. Too rich soil causes a profusion of foliage to the detriment of the blossoms. The Apple, Rose and Staghorn are three varieties famous for aromatic leaves.

Among the vines, nothing is so well known as Wandering Jew, which is easy of propagation and a fast grower. German ivy is another rapid grower and in early spring is covered with a mass of delicate golden blossoms. The English ivy and ground ivy are two other varieties of this vine. The leaves differ slightly in texture and they grow more slowly, as a rule.

THERE are still a few stalwart souls who refuse to give up their Victorian furniture and live quite comfortably among horsehair upholstery, marble top tables, massive sideboards, centre tables and other things which a few years ago were considered atrocities. However, many people find that these belongings, which hold so many memories for them, are pleasing and form a fitting background for their personalities. And in these rooms anything with a modernist suggestion is incongruous. These rooms suggest a rich and fruity period. Their flower, par excellence, is the fuchsia. The aspidistra which is always present in such surroundings, seems lacking in color. Fruit cake and port and fuchsia! The fuchsia is simple of home culture. It

requires plenty of heat, light and water. Be careful to keep it away from draughts. It is propagated from cuttings and should develop a root in about two weeks. If a tree-shaped plant is desired, pinch off all the side shoots, leaving the main stem until it reaches the desired height. Then pinch off the terminal bud, leaving the sides to develop. Give plenty of water after the buds appear.

Another plant suited to such surroundings is the cineraria. It is also one of the most economical plants to buy, since it lasts so long. It is very decorative with stiff leaves and a mass of flowers at the top of the plant. It is more often seen in deep blue, one of the few blue house plants.

The cyclamen is a great favorite in the winter months. It requires a cool atmosphere, about seventy degrees during the day, and ten degrees lower at night. Give plenty of water and keep the foliage clean. When the flowers fade and the leaves begin to yellow, withhold water, but not enough to plunge the pot in a shady place and leave until autumn, when it may be repotted in equal parts of loam and leaf mold, with sand at the bottom. After the second season, get new plants.

Bulbs should not be overlooked in the matter of house plants. Everyone is familiar with the narcissus, white and yellow, poeticus, daffodils, hyacinths and crocus. The dwarf iris makes a delightful bowl. Iris Reticulata is a deep purple variety; Iris Cantab a pale blue.

For best results bulbs should be planted early in the fall. The most difficult period is the first six weeks. The best compost is carbonated fibre obtainable at any florist's. It contains a certain amount of charcoal which keeps it sweet and porous and alkaline. It is safe to use this in a bowl which has no proper drainage, but ordinary soil is fatal under these circumstances. Before planting, loosen the fibre and soak it well in water. Then wring it out and put a layer in the bottom of the bowl, packing it firmly; then arrange the bulbs about two inches apart, hyacinths a little farther apart. Pack the fibre tightly around each bulb and leave the tops loosely covered. Leave about an inch below the rim of the bowl to allow for watering. Put the bowls in a dark place for six weeks. Water them once a week, but do not let them get too wet, as this induces rot. When an inch of stem is showing, bring to the light, then put in a semi-light place until the greening begins. Bring them gradually to the full sunlight and turn the bowls regularly to keep the plants straight. Under this treatment, all varieties of indoor bulbs will grow and flourish: tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, crocus, lilies of the valley, irises. I have even seen freesia produced in this manner.

In fitting the plant into the scheme, the

container is most important. It may be chosen to form a background for the plant, to enhance the decorative coloring of the plant, or to carry out the color scheme of the room.

Neutral jars in green or brown are excellent for very colorful flowers. A deep blue toning in with the blossom of gloxinia or cineraria creates a note of color, as does a glazed pot of bright orange for the Otaheite orange. If the color scheme needs accentuating, those clever little Italian pottery jars are excellent. They come in warm and vivid hues of all colors. Picture also a large bowl in a vivid scarlet filled with tulips glowing in the same shade! On your window sill put a row of little pale-green glazed pots of ivy, or rosy ones of oxalis with pink blossoms. Start a yellow bowl of crocus for your breakfast table during the long winter months. A flat bowl of blooming lilies of the valley in ivory white porcelain, with candlesticks on lace runners to match, adds a positive charm to the dinner table.

Plants adapted to the living room are cyclamen, primula, cineraria, gloxinia, cactus, as well as foliage plants, vines, and any of the bulb plants.

For the dining table, where the light is generally poor and conditions even more unfavorable than in the living room, some of the hardier ferns, cactuses and araucaria are good. So are the miniature evergreens which thrive in pots; cineraria, and the bulb plants which have been brought to blossom. These should be given plenty of sunlight for a few hours daily.

For the sunroom the choice is illimitable. In addition to the well-known plants, there are browallia, a perennial with blue and white flowers; torena, another lovely annual, and hydrangeas, as well as the others previously mentioned.

The informal morning room, sewing room or boudoir, where the light is generally good, may have heliotrope, calendula, or geranium. Rooms of this type require a lighter, more colorful treatment than the rooms in which the family gathers. They are more feminine in character, and for that reason pots or boxes in which small flowers are mingled with delicate and graceful ferns, are very desirable. The pastel oxalis, grape hyacinth, forget-me-not, stevia, lobelia and Chinese primrose give good results. The lobelia and Chinese primrose can be successfully raised indoors from seed.

Experiments are now being made by the foremost florists with summer flowering perennials under the new window glass, and shortly we may find it possible to convert the inside of our houses into veritable gardens in which thrive asters, nasturtium, salvia, ageratum and daisies. We may, perhaps, even counterfeit the woodside vegetation with buttercup, dust flower and the lowly leguminosa.

Scarlet Fever

Continued from page 7

her cheek, his low casual humorous tones as he told her things, "confidentially, of course, Sally." "Of course, Doug." They flattered her immensely, these things just between themselves, secrets. And Herman thought a girl could not be trusted! Her constable knew better. And they were thrilling. He had, it developed, been stationed at some dreadful place, at Crow's Nest Pass, filled with foreigners who in turn were filled with liquor. He was responsible for all the law and order in the place. She did not follow all his words absolutely, her mind preferred to dwell on his voice, on his hand, but she gathered enough of the story to make her shudder. He'd gone into a house where men were shooting; he might have been killed. Imagine him dead, white, still, or even disfigured! She shivered. He held her closer

to him. His way of putting things, she dimly realized, would sound like boasting in another, but she knew that the Mounted Police did not boast. And why shouldn't he be frank, just with her?

His arm tightened, drew her toward him. She felt his lips closing her eyes with kisses, seeking her mouth. It was dizzying, it was as if she had fallen into a lake of bliss and was suffocating. She could not breathe in his embrace and pressed him gently back.

"But I love you, sweetkins," he said. "Please, Doug," and she pressed back harder. She was not ready for this intensity, she who had been used to making a little rapture go a long way. She did not know if she liked being drowned, even in bliss; a little was better. And at last his hold slackened.

"I'm crazy about you," he said. "Dear, I can't even say it," and she smoothed back his hair. She loved its texture, the little wave just above his forehead, and the bronze carving of his face in the fire-glow. She must do his portrait, must perpetuate those planes of flesh, that mobile mouth, his eyes; on their walk home she proposed it.

"Oh, Lord, Sally," he exclaimed, "must you?"

"Yes, I must," she countered firmly.

"I thought you were above that sort of thing," he said, cupping his hands around a match.

Something in his voice puzzled her. "What do you mean? Above wanting to make your picture?"

"Never mind," he had regained his humor, "I didn't mean anything much."

She was not reassured by his voice. "I must know what you meant, really, Doug. Don't you want me to do it?"

"Sure."

"I've done portraits," she went on, "not terribly good ones, but I've never had a terribly good subject."

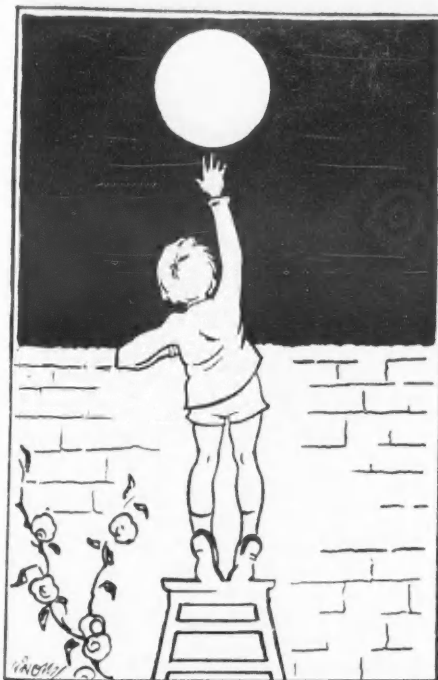
"You think I'm a terribly good one?"

"You'll be wonderful, Doug, with that background, and that glorious color and maybe Nell . . . no, we won't have Nell, just you."

"How about if I wear slacks? They're more picturesque."

"Go ahead, tease all you want, just so you pose. You will do that for me, Doug?"

by
FRANCES LILY
JOHNSON



*Shall we punish
our children?*

WHAT OF YOUR CHILD?

THE question of corporal punishment is sure to arise wherever parents are gathered together, and whenever mention is made of it, one can see by the eagerness of all to participate in its discussion how vital the question really is to everyone.

From time immemorial punishment has been considered the prerogative of parental authority, and only in recent years has the right been questioned. In view of newer ideas on the subject it is interesting to look back through the ages and see the evolution of the modern attitude toward the subject. In early times punishment was retributive and had as its essence the element of revenge. It was the old penal doctrine of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" which dominated social ideas of justice and reform. Later came the idea of punishment as a corrective, so that we find advocates of natural punishment who believed in letting the child take full responsibility for his acts. Obviously, this is out of the question when carried to logical extremes, as no parent would let a child fall out of a second-story window in order to prove to him that it was a dangerous habit. Another manifestation of belief in corrective punishment is the effort to "curb the will" and the employment of repressive measures to this end. Both methods mentioned have as their basis the idea of frightening the child into doing what is right.

Later we find that punishment follows the trend of medicine and is looked on as a preventive measure. No longer is it administered to pay back a wrong or to frighten the child into right doing, but to prevent repetition of undesirable acts.

In recent years the emphasis has shifted to a study of the causes of wrong doing; a seeking for a method of training to good behavior, and an effort to evolve a system of guidance which will help the child to meet his obligations in a way satisfactory to society, himself and his parents. He should and can be educated to derive no satisfaction from repeated offenses against the standards of his community.

With this goal in view the importance of punishment is reduced to an emergency measure to be used sparingly after the cause of the misdeed has been thoroughly investigated. The parent must trace the wrong doing to its source and deal with the motive, not the result. It may mean more to us when our daughter breaks a valuable bowl which she is putting away in an effort to help us, than it does when she breaks a kitchen cup

under the same circumstances; but, as a young child has no discriminating sense of values, punishment of the offense in proportion to the monetary damage done may result in stamping out a wholly desirable wish to help. How could she know that a little girl whose help was cheerfully accepted and praised at one time would be severely censured for giving it at another because an accident happened? Such an event can, however, be used to impress on the child the differences in value and beauty which call for extra care.

What is the criterion of a successful punishment when the motive is our first consideration in administering it? Dr. Blatz, writing in "Childhood Education on Discipline versus Corporal Punishment," defines punishment as an unpleasant consequence attached to an act to avoid its repetition; and states that the whole question hinges on the fact that the child is continuously learning, and will replace an act which has unpleasant sensory consequences with one whose sensory consequences are pleasant. He cites the instance of a child reaching for a candle flame which attracts him. He touches the flame and is burned, but still the flame attracts. After several attempts he, by chance, touches the wax below the flame and finds he can grasp the desired object and not be burned. He has learned to avoid fire because of the unpleasant consequences attached to grasping it, but has also learned that he can enjoy the brightness if he handles it aright. When the consequences of this act are examined they show four characteristics which make learning possible. The burning follows immediately on the grasping, so that the child must connect the two; it is always a consequence of so doing; it is always the same sensation and is more or less severe according to the length of time the hand is held in the flame.

If all punishment could be made to conform to these four requirements—if it could be immediate, inevitable, invariable and proportional to the offense, the problem of parents along this line would be solved. But all fall short in one or more of the requirements; and corporal punishment, which till recently has been the method in general use, is least amenable to control, for how is it to be regulated according to the heinousness of the crime? Even if the motive is considered, how decide on the number and vigor of slaps for each offense and consistently carry out a graded scale of penalties? True,

if the punishment be severe enough, it should act as a deterrent; and this is a very easy way out for parents since, as soon as it is over, the incident is closed for them. The drawback lies in the fact that it is administered mostly under emotional stress, when the blows are in proportion to the parental anger and bear little or no relation to the misdeed.

Again, it is used on the spur of the moment before due consideration is given to what prompted the offense, with the result that injustice results. The effect on the child is often disastrous in creating such fear of parental displeasure that confidence between them is severed, and in order to escape punishment he resorts to lying and deceit. A friend of mine tells of using ten cents given her by her grandfather to buy a ball for the washwoman's little girl after she had been forbidden by her mother to do so. She says, being ten years old, she felt the money was hers to do as she liked with, so she bought the ball and asked the washwoman not to mention it. The woman was so pleased that she told the mother how generous her child was. When Mary came home she was met by her mother with a strap in her hand and severely whipped about the arms and shoulders for her disobedience. She was kept in her room and later on both father and mother came in to pray with her for forgiveness. She knelt down between them, feeling that her mother, not she, was the culprit. Two days later, her arms were black and blue from the strapping. The mother came in while she was undressing and asked what caused the marks. So terrified was the girl that she told her mother they were the result of a girl pinching her at school, and the mother believed it. Though over thirty now, married, with children of her own, this woman has never and will never forget or forgive what she considered a grave injustice and a wholly unwarranted triumph of strength over weakness. This resentment against her parent comes to the fore whenever she thinks of the episode, and she has never since that time confided in her mother. To this day that parent does not know of the harm she did in a moment of anger.

IF, THEN, corporal punishment can cause such lasting emotional harm as is evidenced in the incident quoted, is it not time parents adopted some effective substitute to take its place? Psychologists recommend, and are making an effort to evolve, a regime of positive discipline to prevent

wrong doing, which will take the place of punishment administered after the misdeed in the hope that it will prevent recurrences.

Discipline is defined by Dr. Blatz as "the regulation of a child's life such that he may learn to adjust his behavior to the social customs and practices into which he has been born." Accepting this statement means that a parent must guard the child against more serious consequences but let him bear the burden of his mistakes, sensory or social, whether severe or lenient. He then learns that there are certain general principles of conduct to which he must adhere in order to avoid unpleasant consequences. At once the punishment which follows his misdemeanors is raised from the personal plane to the impersonal; and instead of suffering at the hands of a person on whom he can turn his resentment, he suffers the consequences of a breach of social usage. A case in point is the mother who had difficulty in getting her child to go to bed, till she hit on the plan of pointing to the clock as it struck seven and saying, "The clock says it is time to go to bed," and the child went cheerfully.

If you still feel there are occasions which call for punishment of a personal nature, there are a few "don'ts" which may help to clear the path.

Never punish a child to relieve your own feelings. Your irritability should not be visited on your child.

Never punish for an act without first probing the motive behind it. In other words, direct your displeasure at the deed, not at the child. It is what he does in ignorance or wilfulness that is undesirable, not himself.

Never punish by threatening to withdraw your love from him. It is the firm foundation on which he should always be able to count.

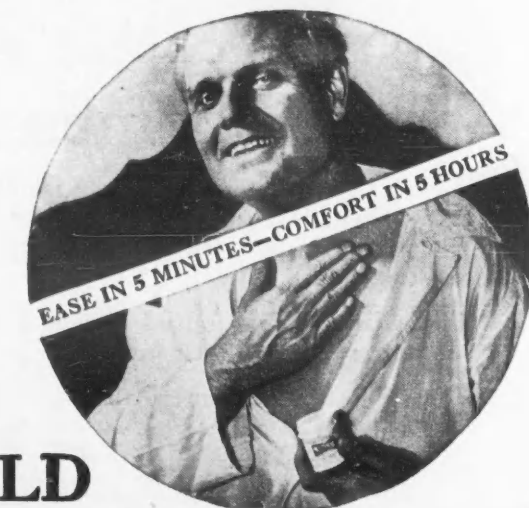
Above all else, never threaten with punishment beforehand. When you say to a child "If you climb that tree, I'll whip you," you are offering a challenge which he may feel it his manly duty to accept.

Keep in mind that the wisest punishment is negative in character and only a corrective, so it should be used sparingly. A knowledge of what to expect of children at different ages; a genuine interest and a desire to understand their motives, combined with a wiser control of ourselves; and a definite training programme to help them find pleasure in success and work for the satisfaction of tasks well done, will go far toward eliminating what we regard as the need for corporal punishment.

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was discouraging. There must be a deeper mystery in the spruces, greater power for the peak, and in the sky more glory. She took her brush with a sigh.

It was late when she emerged upon the road to find a Mounted Policeman waiting. At the first glimpse of the scarlet, hot and cold ran over her. But it was only Brimmer, patient, rugged, laconic. "Let me carry those things," and he took the canvases before she could well object.

"I thought you boys had supper at this time."

"I wasn't hungry, and I wanted to ask you something."

She glanced quickly at him. A scar over his cheek-bone showed clearly, as it did when he became emphatic or was especially interested.

"Would you care to go to the dance tonight at the big hotel? It'll be pretty. Masks and dominoes, you know. I picked up a couple of outfits this afternoon in case you'd go with me."

The masquerade! A recollection pierced her mood. He, Doug., had mentioned it days ago and then said nothing more about it. To go with someone else? A thousand times never. It would be unendurable. "That was very considerate of you, Corporal Brimmer, but I'm engaged for this evening. I'm sorry about the costumes."

"I just took the chance. I had a notion you might be booked up or I'd've asked you earlier. I'm glad you're going, for it will be something to see, especially anyone with your eye for color."

The impulse was strong in her to cry out that she wasn't going, to open her heart to him and ask how pressing was the duty which was keeping Doug. from taking her. She was conscious of a new discomfort, strange questionings in her heart. Was this unknown thing jealousy? And if so, of what? She felt that the man beside her would understand. He looked so strong, such a refuge. It occurred to her that if Doug. was a subject to paint, Brimmer would be to model. At another time she felt she could listen to him, but now the distressful imaginings forbade. Why had he not asked her, or explained? A little thing, doubtless, but it troubled her during the long walk, the hideous walk with its necessity for conversation. Only when she was upstairs in her ill-papered room could she drop appearances. "I know I love him now," she said, recognizing that her questions, her bodiless but living jealousy, were the accompaniment of love. "How silly!" she told her face in the glass. "I won't be so ridiculous." She was an idiot, she told herself, to sit in that wretched room imagining situations when there was not a word, a breath, to warrant suspicion. If he couldn't tell her, he had reasons. In her new mood she put on her prettiest dress. The dining room doors were closed; it was surprisingly late. The clerk suggested the restaurant at the big hotel. All the better; she could look at the dance afterward for a minute or two.

The long porch outside the ball-room was all the darker for the brilliance within, and although Sally kept telling herself to go home and assuage her loneliness in sleep, she stayed on. She was afraid of that small deathly room. Life, even if it hurt, was better, and life was gay before her so few feet away. Wafts of music came out and caught her momentarily up, the color was gorgeous, everything that Brimmer had prophesied. They had unmasked now, and from her cave of darkness Sally devoured the light-heartedness, drank in the rhythm, and smiled at the snatches of talk from careless couples resting by the window. Playing eavesdropper was not entirely her choice; she was caught; she had seen Brimmer far down at the entrance, and she did not wish him to see her leaving unaccompanied. He was also alone.

"Gosh, this is some detachment!"

Sally started and drew farther back into her shadow; two Mounted Policemen were lighting cigarettes by the window.

"What's wrong now?"

They were voices she did not know.

"When I go to a dance I want to go in

civvies. I'm fed up. What do they think we are, all artists' models?"

"You couldn't get along without it, Stack."

"The deuce I couldn't. I swear, if these skirts saw an empty uniform walking down the street, they'd run after it."

"Don't be so kind to yourself."

"I said uniform. I'm not talking about myself. How chaps like Collard stand it, I don't see."

"That's what God made that kind for. Where is he tonight?"

"On station duty, isn't he?"

"Now let me tell one."

They moved on, with Sally's blessing. So he was on station duty. She half rose, she would stroll down by the station, just say goodnight. Then she could sleep. Suddenly a familiar voice pushed her back. It was Corporal Brimmer's deep and quiet bass from the dark. "Thanks, Gaines," he was saying, "but it was all over in a minute, it wasn't much."

"But it's got you another stripe. It's in tonight's G.O.'s. And the Old Man doesn't hand them out for nothing."

"They were all half drunk," persisted Brimmer, "it wasn't anything to write home about."

"The Crow's Nest people talk different, sergeant. They . . ."

Their voices were lost as they moved along the porch, leaving Sally perplexed. Had Brimmer made arrests at Crow's Nest Pass, too? But her attention was instantly distracted by a laugh at the window and then she heard a girl's voice draw out in a mellow Southern accent. "My dear, I'm mad about that color. I'm mad about red anyway. Do you wear it all the time?"

"Yes, sweetkins, even in bed," and that chuckle came again. Sally started, went faintly sick. It was his laugh, her laugh.

"I reckon you're a right smart kiddie, Mr. Man, but I'm from No'th Ca'lina and I've got to be shown." It was a smooth voice and seductive.

"Take you," he said.

Sally's fingers bit into her palms.

"You're a funny boy," laughed the Southerner coolly, "and growin' funnier. 'Pears like I'm gettin' that disease. What'd you say it was she had?"

"Scarlet fever, Baby, don't you get it."

"Why not? Is it fatal to the pers'nal appearance or somethin'?"

"You're right, it's fatal. It makes us fellows run. Do you know what I like about you?"

"I couldn't imagine, honey. Tell me about it. You interest me."

"You haven't tried to take my picture," said the constable, "or even paint my portrait."

The mellow seductive voice enjoyed a laugh. "You sure are a funny boy, but I reckon you can tote your end. There's the music, and I hate your old red rags. How's 'at, honey?"

"Atta baby, let's go . . ."

Sally, staring as one bereft of consciousness, caught a glimpse of a scarlet arm, of his handsome flushed features, disappearing, and it was as if they were a stranger's.

At first she did not have the strength, the courage, to rise from her chair, and when she did go, wounded, unobtrusively, through the dark, it was not altogether to escape. For caught in the outpouring of dancers from a door, she once more heard that laugh near a water-cooler. Another Mounted Policeman was talking to him. "How's the portrait, Doug?"

"Not so hot. She couldn't get the likeness of a crocodile."

"I'm coming down to see, if I'm not interrupting anything."

"You're not. I found that out."

"I'm surprised you keep going."

"Shut up, you fool."

But Sally had extricated herself from the crowd and reached the step before she felt a hand on her arm. "Hello, Sally. You here? How about the next dance?"

"Don't! Don't touch me!" she said shrilly. "I've had scarlet fever. I'm just getting over it. Don't! I tell you."

Continued on page 53

Scarlet Fever

Continued from page 7

There was something in her tone that Collard had never heard, that stopped him. He stood on the lowest step as she vanished. "Blast wimmen," he said.

IN A few minutes the train would reach Plamton, Manitoba. Sally, with the shade pulled down to exclude the level burning prairie, sat very grim, very still, tensed by the dread of her homecoming. Hard things lay ahead. She had tried to postpone them by staying a week in Winnipeg, but every park she walked in was a lovers' retreat, every film she saw a love story, and it was not her nature to evade the issue long.

So she sent the wire to her father announcing her arrival. He, at any rate, would be pleased. And that hurt, too—that he had been right all along. She was just Sally, home-maker in ordinary, and with nobody to make a home for. When she had torn up those canvases before leaving to catch the Eastbound that terrible night, she had admitted defeat.

That much of it, but not wholly. She would not be Mrs. Herman Woods. Never. Better to teach all her life than that. She would be kind to him, she would be kind to everyone, for now she knew the hurts of love. But she would not marry him.

The train was slowing down. A petticoat on a clothesline caught her eye and a sickness went over her; it was scarlet. Then she braced herself, angrily, and prepared the smile with which to greet her father.

"Glad to see you back, Miss Bower." It was the station agent.

"Thank you. It's fine to be back. Is my father down? He got my wire, didn't he?" "Mr. Bower's away for a week's fishing, but I telephoned Mr. Herman Woods that you'd be coming."

But she did not hear him, her eyes were fixed on a familiar figure approaching, yet unfamiliar too, in a plain blue suit—Brimner.

"You!" she said.

He loomed quietly before her, holding out his hand. "Did you think you could leave me that way?" he asked.

She could not answer at once, the big truth of his coming blocked all little words. The firmness of his grasp sustained her, gave her power to say "But how did you know?"

"Did you think I'd belong to a detective outfit and not be able to find out?"

He stood looking intently into her blue eyes. "You are glad," he said simply. "Am I right?"

"It's like crawling out of dark water on to safe land," she said. "And there wasn't a soul to meet me. Not a soul."

A suspicion of a smile touched his eyes. "There was one, Sally, a Mr. Herman Woods. But I told him I was doing the meeting and that maybe you didn't need a committee. Was I right?"

Sally looked up mistily, and said: "That's the second foolish question in two minutes. You dear man."



Elopement

Continued from page 4

taking you from her. You may defend her as you like, Henry, but I think that wife of yours was as stupid as yourself. I do indeed."

"Well, she is left behind, as that stupid husband of yours is left behind," said Henry. "Let us forget their sins and omissions, and remember if we can all their virtues. Let us keep all that's fragrant in memory and forget the rest. We can surely afford to do that. We have the rest of our lives before us—together. Which reminds me that beyond the next bend of the road, where the view is lovely, I must make the excuse to stop the car so that I may kiss you properly."

"I think," said Margery Ann, "that I ought to be kissed instantly."

THEY stopped again beyond that bend of the road and got out to look through the pines at the sea.

From below them, where the beach lay hidden, there arose the voice of the breaking waves, plangent, whispering. Beyond the cliff head that was springy with the discarded needles of the pines and pied in pearly lustre and sooty shadow, spread the myriad heave and fall of the iris-shot, cobalt sea. Cupping the pearly sea path of the moon, there swung an arc of distant cliff in the pale fawn of a cushat's breast, patterned by transparent blue shadow. This arc of washed color was weightily crowned by the ranked domes of sombre pine foliage, yet seemed to rest airily on a crystal sickle which was a sweep of beach and foam. And the

whole scene pulsed, as if for once the heart-beat of Nature herself was made manifest.

The two under the roadside pines watched silently for a space. Then as the rhythmic pulse of sight and sound sank deep into their consciousness, till their very hearts throbbed in tune, it seemed that all they had of mind and entity, of hope and desire, was fused, and that they were leavened one with the other. They were stirred by an emotion which they could not begin to fathom, and their fingers entwined as naively as if they had indeed been boy and girl on the threshold of life.

"Margery Ann, Margery Ann!" Henry said suddenly out of the silence, and put his arm about her. "Why, what a lovely slender thing you are, my dear!"

"I'm glad," said Margery Ann, contentedly. Looking up at him, the warm gold of her hair made fairy pale by a stray moon-beam, her eyes starry in her elfin face, she brought herself close to him, and he bent over her.

"I'm glad," said Margery Ann again. "Whatever happens to us, Henry, I shall have this to remember. I never thought in all my life to be loved as you love me now."

"Bless you!" he said, delightedly. "You can be sure of that?"

"Why, yes. As sure as that your dear brown face is close to mine—as sure as that your dear rough chin is against my cheek," said Margery Ann. "Aren't you sure of me?"

"I want to be sure. But how can I be other than humble when I see your beauty

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Home-Made Purses

Continued from page 23



This bag requires a boxing about an inch wide between front and back sections.

three-and-a-half inches unstitched but basted. Stitch the turned-in edges of the straight end at the back. (It does not show, of course, in the photograph). Place the strap carefully so that your fastener will come in exactly the right place. Baste in place, then stitch across the strap at the point where you will begin to fasten it. You can see that row of stitching in the photo. Also stitch down both sides and the end at the back. This will make your fastening strap quite firm.

Finish up the hand strap, stitching it all around very close to the edge. Place correctly on the back of the bag and stitch the top and the bottom firmly in place.

Everything which has to be stitched on the bag is now in place and the bag is ready to be made up. Baste the long, narrow boxing strip to the edge of the front section at bottom and sides, measuring very carefully so that the two ends will come quite even at the top. Allow seams of about one-third of an inch. Baste the other edge of the boxing strip to the back section in exactly the same way. Stitch these two seams.

Put your lining together in exactly the same way, with seams on the wrong side of the moiré. Slip it into the pouch section and tack it in place, stitching the front edge and across the top of the boxing. Turn in the edge of the flap section of the lining all the way round, so that it will fit down exactly on the flap of the canvassed wool material. Stitch this edge.

With the eyelet part of the buckle in place or the buttonhole worked, the bag will be complete.

If pockets are desired, they should be made up and stitched down on the lining before it is fastened into the bag. A little change purse of either the moiré silk or the wool material may be added.

The Suede Envelope

The materials for this very simply made purse are leather—one side suede and the other smooth—narrow leather lacings of a deeper tone of the same color—or the smooth side of the same leather—and three matching or black dome fasteners for the big envelope, the purse flap and the little change purse. There is no sewing required, but a punch is necessary to make the holes and to finish the edges in the manner of "pinking."

Use a razor blade to cut the leather for the purse, and scissors to cut the lacing. There is a small trick attached to the latter process. You will be able to cut these very narrow strips much more evenly if you slide the scissors forward after each cut without removing them from the leather; endeavoring, if possible, to keep the lacing right in the crotch of the blades.

Cut all the leather sections as follows:

Outside cover—nine by ten and a half inches.

Back of purse section—nine by seven and a half inches. (This includes the rounded flap with the dome fastener, seen in the illustration of the open envelope below.)

The other half of the envelope includes one large open pocket and three or four shallow small pockets for stamps or street car tickets.

Open pocket—nine by four and a half inches.

Ticket pockets—nine by two and a quarter inches.

Hand strap (if desired)—nine by one and a quarter inches.

Flap for fastener—two pieces, each two and three quarters by one and a half inches.

Change purse—six and a half by three and three quarters inches. (The flap folds over about one and a half inches.)

Using your punch, trim the tops of the open pockets and the flap of the closed pocket by punching a row of holes just inside the edge, then cutting through the centre of these holes with scissors. The process is exactly the same as that followed when you cut through a row of hemstitching to make a picoted edge.

Observe just how all your pieces will lie in the finished purse, then shave down the insides of all edges which will be laced together and glue these thin edges. Before glueing the open pocket to the cover, take care first to glue its edge to that of the ticket pocket and lace together with a couple of parallel stitches, as shown in the illustration.

If you have decided to have a handstrap on the bag, its ends should be thinned down only slightly, as it is most important that this piece of leather should remain as strong as possible.

The flap by which the envelope is fastened, is made of two thicknesses of leather. One end is rounded and the other end, the straight end, is slipped neatly in between the pieces of leather forming the back of the purse section.

You now have all pieces of leather in their final positions. Fasten them here and there with paper clips or pins. Punch a straight row of holes a quarter of an inch from the edge all around, punching each hole through the varying thicknesses of leather.

You are now ready to begin lacing. The method of joining on a new piece when required, by shaving down and glueing the overlapping ends, has already been described. Pass the lace twice through each corner hole, as shown in the photograph below. A pursemaker or shoemaker will put your dome fasteners on for you strongly.

The change purse is, of course, made very simply by folding your straight piece of leather into three, rounding off that section intended for the flap, and shaving, glueing and lacing the edges, as directed for the envelope.

Embroidered Moiré Purse

Like the first purse described, this envelope has an outer cover, a lining and an interlining of canvas. Embroidery threads in softly blended colorings, a small silk tassel, a carved wooden bead, a dome fastener, or if desired, a small loop on the front of the purse through which the bead and tassel may be slipped, will complete the materials.

The bag illustrated uses a strip of black or colored moiré thirteen and a half by eighteen inches. The lining is cut the same size and the canvas one third of an inch less all around.

Round off the section which will be turned over for the flap. Stamp and embroider it. No design is more effective than flat, artistically shaded flowers and leaves worked in very small chain stitch.

When the embroidery is completed, lay the canvas on the inside of the cover, turn the edge over it all the way around and baste down. Turn in the edge of the lining all around so that it will fit down exactly on the other piece. Baste them together and stitch the front edge. Fold the envelope in its final position. It is wisest when doing this to use a ruler, in order to get the fold perfectly straight. Stitch up one side, continue around the flap and down the other side.

Draw the loop of the tassel through the bead and stitch on the very edge of the flap if it is merely a decoration, or half an inch up if the tassel is to be drawn through a little buttonholed or ribbon loop to act as a fastener.

Striped Bag and Scarf

It is the smart thing nowadays to have a scarf to match your purse. There is a wealth of materials from which to choose, but your choice will be dependent, of course, upon the color and texture of your coat. A knitted material, stunningly striped, is used for the set illustrated. The material is cut on the bias, two pieces being stitched together to bring the stripes in V shape. A square of thirty-six inch material will make a scarf fifty inches long, or a square of forty-four inch material will make a scarf sixty inches long. You will find that it is possible to get the purse out of the corners left from the scarf.

The envelope bag may be made with or without boxing. The use of a boxing strip has been fully described in connection with the first bag. It is easier, however, to make it without the boxing, so that unless you require the extra capacity that boxing provides, it might be as well to make it without.

Cut one long strip of the joined material about ten inches wide and twenty-one inches long. The lining is cut exactly the same. These strips are folded to make one deep envelope and a flap of equal depth.

Baste a strip of thin cotton, cut on the straight to exactly the same size, on the wrong side of the knitted material, to keep it from stretching. Cut a strip of canvas one-third of an inch less all around, place on the cotton, turn the edge of both cotton and wool material over and baste down. Now make up the heavy silk lining, turn edges over all around and baste down upon the canvas so that it will fit exactly. If pockets in the lining are required, make them up and stitch them on first. A row of machine stitching close to the edge fastens all the materials securely.

The unique fastening on this bag began life as a suede belt. The buckle was moved

far enough up to make the belt fit around the bag snugly and the excess length was cut off. The belt is stitched down at the top of the flap and at the bottom of the envelope.

Following the style of the purse, the scarf has stripes matched together in V shape. Stitch the two edges together down the centre, covering the raw seam by stitching over it either a band of the material with its edges turned in, or a length of half-inch wide ribbon.

The Mounted Bag

The type of deep pouch bag illustrated makes up beautifully in those very soft wool materials which are obtainable now in so many attractive designs and colors. Mounts may be bought at all prices from a dollar upward.

Make up the pouch to fit the mount you have bought. You may use boxing if you wish, but do not use any canvas. The whole idea is to keep the bag as soft-looking as possible.

Make up the silk lining to fit exactly into the pouch. On one side stitch a pocket for a mirror and on the other side one to hold a change purse. It is a good idea to stitch a piece of elastic inside the seam of the top of the pockets, for in a pouch bag they otherwise have a tendency toward slackness.

Slip the lining into the bag and baste the two together around the top, turning the raw edges down between the two pieces of fabric. With a heavy silk embroidery thread sew the bag into the mount by means of the small holes provided at the bottom of the mount. Ease in any fullness that you may have allowed. Finish off the inside of the bag with a ruching of narrow ribbon.

In Modernistic Design

From Rodier and other master weavers come woollen materials that are vivid expressions of the modern feeling. One such fabric in several of the popular russet shades makes the smart bag illustrated in the upper right-hand corner.

In the case of this purse, the front is made of one section; the back and flap are one piece and a single long, narrow strap makes the handstrap at the back. The latter is stitched from the top of the back to the point where it ends on the flap holding an amber buckle. A tap of the material stitched on the front section of the bag passes through this modernistic buckle, turning back on itself and fastening with a dome.

As the illustration clearly shows, there is a boxing about an inch wide between front and back sections of this bag. Cut a paper pattern the size and shape you want the bag to be. Then proceed as directed for the first bag in this article—the striped and buckled pouch—canvas your outside covering; stitch on straps; put front and back sections together with boxing strip; make up your lining complete with whatever pockets you need; fit the lining into the bag, and finally add the finishing touches. Change purse and card case may be very simply made either with the lining or outer material.

This was a deeply carved and molded cabinet of black oak, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and semi-precious stones, and in its design could be seen much that was akin to English Jacobean. The rest of the furniture was in keeping; heavy old chairs with painted and stamped leather and big brass studs; comfortable lounge chairs and a settee of modern make upholstered in Cordoban leather. In the wall opposing the cabinet and the Cerezo stood the fireplace, an arched recess of polished stone with a hood carried up to the ceiling. The fireplace contained a great brazier of Spanish iron filled with blazing pine-knots.

Margery Ann crossed to the fireplace and there went through the symbolic performance of taking off her hat. She put the small helmet of felt on the settee near her and held out both her hands to her lover.

"I love it, Henry," she said. "I need not ask if all the house is as perfect as this. I know it is. Presently, you must take me over it all—but now I want you to hold me in your arms and tell me again that I can forget all that has been unhappy in the past. Love me, Henry—love me!"

"Indeed I do love you, little Margery Ann," he whispered. "How can I help loving you? I mean to make you forget all your unhappiness, all the loneliness, all the neglect."

"Can we really escape from the world here?" she whispered back. "How can I be sure the thoughtless wife you've left behind won't obtrude herself into the peace that is here? How can you be sure that my work-absorbed husband won't appear one day, the same absent frown knitting his eyebrows, looking through me as if I wasn't there? How can either of us be sure that the duties and responsibilities, the petty irritations and misunderstanding we have run away from, won't come crowding in on us even here?"

"Margery Ann, Margery Ann! Don't spoil our night with doubt and wondering," Henry pleaded. "Tonight at least we can escape. There isn't a soul but ourselves within a mile of the place—even the servants are banished to the village for the night."

With linked arms they wandered out into the garden. As they reached the terraces a car went purring down the white road.

"That's odd," said Henry. "Cars don't often go down the road. There's nothing beyond the house but the beach. Some bathing party from the inn at the village, I suppose."

"Don't grudge anybody a little enjoyment on this night of nights, dear," she pleaded. "After all, we have privacy here."

"You might have wanted a swim in the bay," he grumbled. "Lark trippers would spoil everything. They don't go with the peaceful night in this ghost-haunted garden."

"Ghost-haunted?"

"For me it is ghost-haunted," Henry said quietly. "Since ever I've known what the garden was to be, I've never failed to see in all its nicest coigns and corners the slim figure of a girl. She is slender, Margery Ann, and I'd say about eighteen or nineteen. She is a lovely thing, in spite of a nose that is something of a button. She has the loveliest hair—a warm gold, Margery Ann, that becomes fairly pale in the moonlight. Let's sit here and I'll tell you about her."

"You see, Margery Ann," he went on with his arm about her, "for nearly twenty years I've been conjuring up that ghost in all sorts of gardens. When I first wanted to see her in a garden I was too poor to make a real garden for her. It is only now that I've been able to perfect her garden, had the means to do it properly. The previous gardens were simply makeshifts."

"I'm sure your ghost-girl loved them," said Margery Ann.

"She is sweet enough to do that. But in this—I've pictured her in every corner, slender and graceful, looking up from the flowers with her sweet grey eyes—what on earth!" Henry broke off suddenly.

"Look!" he said in an awed voice, pointing a finger that shook. "Look who's coming up the path!"

There, below them, coming up the flagged path through the terraces, came a slender

girl in diaphanous clothing. The moon shone on her bright hair, making a pale elfin-spun gold of it. She was sweet-faced, though sorrowful, and her grey eyes were starry. She came up the path with hesitating steps. Henry breathed in gasps.

"Steady, darling!" said Margery Ann, untroubled. "It is only Margery May."

The girl came up to them, but stopped on the terrace lower down.

"I'm terribly ashamed," she said, in a low voice that quivered. "And Bill and Jack feel beastly, too. We thought it was such a lark to follow you. You've both been so mysterious for the last day or two, we couldn't help wondering what it all meant. I knew all about the house. I wheedled it out of Phil Ladbrooke in his office the other day. That was easy, because Phil likes me rather, I think. It seemed such a lark, though Bill said it wasn't fair and Jack felt that, too. It was me that persuaded them."

Her voice tailed off regretfully.

"Yes. Go on, Margery May," said Margery Ann, rather sternly for her.

"I saw you get out of the window—Bill and Jack wouldn't look. I didn't want to spy, really. It was just—well, I thought it so sweet of you to be so romantic. You've always been so sweet to us all and—I couldn't bear to be left out of it, whatever it was, so—I persuaded the boys to follow you in my car. Now I see how mean we've been to spy on you and butt in like this. Bill and Jack felt so mean that they wanted to go straight back the way we came, but I couldn't wait to say how sorry I am for being mean. That's all I wanted to say. I've been a pig, though really I didn't mean to be. If you can forgive me and Jack and poor Bill who isn't a bit to blame, really, we'll go away home and wait till you send for us—weeks, if you like. But please, please don't make it weeks. We can't be away from you as long as that. You see, it didn't seem mean to begin with. It seemed such a lark. You're such darling old dears. Please, don't be hurt."

"Don't worry too much about it, Margery May," said Margery Ann to her daughter, her fingers tight on her husband's hand. "You've rather spoiled the surprise your father and I had planned for you and the boys—but I think, after all, this is ever so much better. It is sweet to see you. Go and fetch Jack and Bill, and tell them there's no need to be ashamed. Bring your car up the road again and your father will show you the garage."

"You're sure?" demanded Margery May, with a brightened face.

"Of course. Perfectly sure. Don't be absurd, Margery May."

The girl disappeared down the steps. Henry gave a sigh of relief.

"I nearly gave the show away, Margery Ann," he said. "I wanted to get up and hug Margery May, poor kid, when I saw she was so full of shame for being mean."

"I'm glad you didn't Henry. She was all worked up and emotional about it, and if you had kissed her she would have blubbed."

Her husband sighed, this time regretfully.

"That's our second honeymoon gone west," he mourned. "Oh, Margery Ann! Think of those two solemn owls of sons, sitting in the car down the road, all hunched up with shame and self-loathing—having spied on parental emotion, of all things!"

"Poor funny dears!" said Margery Ann. "Heavens! How matter of fact we'll have to be for months after this!"

"We shan't be able to relax for a minute," said Henry. "The solemn brats!"

"The dears!" Margery Ann insisted. "I think, after all, it is better this way. They're a part of us we cannot leave out—ever," she added dreamily.

"I say, Henry," she went on on a new note, "let's take them swimming before we go to bed. They'll feel better if we make a lark of it. I anticipate some difficulty in finding them sleeping garments—but I'll bet my best hat they've brought swimming suits!"

Whereupon the defeated elopers gave vent to a simultaneous chuckle. For the last note of a lopped-off idyll it was marvelously full of content.



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and sense the rare exquisiteness of you? I believe you love me, but in the way that a man believes in a miracle done to him. I am bewildered by my own incomparable luck," said Henry. Then he cried: "May I be sure, Margery Ann?"

"Of course you may be sure," she petted him. "If you could only realize what a dear lover you are, Henry."

"I could babble," said he. "I could babble like a fool!"

"Babble, then!" she cried greedily. "Babble all that is in your heart—all the foolish, tender things you can! Don't I know all the foolish, tender things that are in my own heart—all the silly dear thoughts I'm scared to say? And shall you be any different from me, loving me as you do? There's not a single sweet folly you can babble that will not find its response in me. Ah, if you only knew how a woman starves to hear that seeming-silly babble. If you only knew how I have starved to hear it!"

"Perhaps," said Henry, "perhaps you have not starved alone."

"Have you starved, my dear?" cried Margery Ann. "Can the strong man of business, the unrelenting fighter, starve like a woman for tender folly?"

"If you class me with such a warrior, I'll say I know he can."

"Then I must try to let myself babble, too," said Margery Ann. "For instance, the way you say my name makes warm shivers run up my spine. I love the way you say my name. I love the way it isn't a bother to you to say it all. Most people who like me try to be affectionate by shortening it. They call me 'Madge' and 'Midge' and even 'Marge'—as if I were a substitute butter. But with you, from the very first, it has been 'Margery Ann,' and you always say it as if it were a prayer from the heart. If nothing else made me know you love me, that would."

"You see, I love your name, Margery Ann. I could not think of you as 'Midge' or 'Marge,' not while you are hedged about by your own peculiar dignity."

"Dignity! Me?" cried she.

"Not dignity in any pompous sense. I mean fineness. It is what they call poise, I suppose. You never let yourself down, even at your most mischievous. I've never seen you sprawl, either physically or mentally."

"Not an hour ago I came to you through a window, and down a ladder. I'm running away with you. Where's the dignity in that? Don't you suppose some will sneer when they hear of it—don't you suppose some will laugh?"

"Let me hear them!" growled Henry. "But in any case you are armed too strongly to be affected by the spiteful or the foolish. Let us go, Margery Ann. We shall come back here often, but tonight I want you to arrive at the cottage while the garden is still flooded by the moonlight. Then there's the bay. If we feel we'd like to swim, it is better before the shadows fall across the beach. Shall we go, my dear?"

"Yes, please," said Margery Ann. "I'm eager to reach sanctuary."

Their mood was changed now. They did not wish to dawdle on the road, so the car sped through the murmuring night. Save for the rabbits that flickered white scuts across their path, and the owl that flapped on heavy wings over the car bonnet, they had the road to themselves. Here and there, in sleeping villages, warm lights shone from cottage windows, but otherwise the towns and hamlets might have been utterly deserted. It seemed as if these two humans had a world to themselves.

AT LAST the car turned into a valley which, despite the height of the trees and the luxuriance of their reddening foliage, yet unmistakably told of the nearness of the sea. The murmur of restless waters filled it as a shell is filled. In gradual descent the white road twisted and turned as though it were laid to the pattern of a Greek wave. Toward the foot of this road, where at last the sea came into view, a range of low buildings stood on a little plateau, warm white in the moonlight and red-tiled of roof. In front of the house, for the congeries of

roof and wall enclosed but one dwelling, a garden ran down in a succession of terraces toward the sea. The terraces were set out with hedges of some shrub which obviously flourished in the direct sea air, and these sheltered beds of flowers. About the garden wandered paths of irregular flagstone and sea pebbles set on edge. Here and there cypress and Irish yew thrust spearheads of dark foliage across the silvered horizon. And the terraces ran down into the tops of flourishing pine, for the beach lay well below the last terrace.

"Oh!" breathed Margery Ann. "Is this lovely thing really yours, Henry?"

"No. Yours, Margery Ann."

"Mine? Then yours, too—so ours. Is it really ours?"

"As tightly as deed of law and the passage of money can make it," said Henry. "Had it been anything less perfect there might have been a risk in buying it. You might not have liked it, Margery Ann. But it was reconstructed and laid out by a man of genius, so you may be sure you will like the inside as well as you do what you see. Philip Ladbroke did the work."

"Phil Ladbroke! You remembered how I liked . . . ?"

"I remembered. The work has gone on for years—three. I wanted it perfect for you. The garden had to mature and, while it did, the work has gone on in the house, quietly. Ladbroke was glad to have the time to secure all the exact stuff he wanted for the interior."

"Three years!" echoed Margery Ann. "You began on this three years ago—so certain you were that I would come with you here?"

"I hoped, Margery Ann," Henry said humbly.

"But," she said wistfully, "the joy to have seen it grow—my dream house and garden. Haven't you cheated me of something that could have been inexpressibly dear? Am I to forgive you for that, Henry?"

"You must, you must, Margery Ann!" Henry pleaded. "I wanted to give you the perfected thing. Haven't you said that only a fool would try to impose his taste on a genius like Ladbroke?"

"Oh, yes, I said that, Henry. But I'm a woman and—and so—and so must set my foolish little regrets against the perfection of your gift," faltered Margery Ann. "It will be sweet to take care of it. Henry, I know I'm going to love my house—and yours. Take me to it—quick! I can't bear to wait another minute."

They had stopped the car a little way up the hill from the house, and Henry let the machine run down, then through the entrance gates and along a broad walk to the portico. He helped Margery Ann from the car and took her suitcase. He had the door of the house open without fumbling, and flooded the hallway with light.

"Welcome to your house, my dear," he said. "May it indeed be the house of your dreams!"

Deprived of speech, Margery Ann kissed him without a word. But as they came into the spacious lounge beyond, she gave a gasp of delight.

"I could not have dreamed anything so lovely," she whispered. "I haven't the knowledge or the imagination. It is perfect."

The lounge was Spanish. Its walls were finished in a plain cream of oatmeal texture above a dado of exquisitely patterned blue tiles, real *azulejos*. The floor also was tiled, but reds and greens and purples gave added value to the dominant blue. On one side of the room the wall was pierced by deeply recessed windows, covered by iron grills finely wrought in the Spanish manner. The wall facing this was broken above the dado by a series of plain arches, filled by similar ironwork, through which could be seen an interior *patio*, a quadrangle surrounded by a wide cloister. The ceiling was supported by heavily molded beams picked out with color that echoed the floor tiles. The walls were undecorated, save for a few brackets, heavily carved and gilt, that held lights, and for one large picture, a glowing piece of color by Mateo Cerezo, which hung above the most striking piece of furniture in the room.

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- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of grated onion
- ½ Teaspoonful of poultry seasoning

To make the lemon pie, roll out a shell of rich pastry one-eighth inch thick, put on the outside of a shallow plate and prick with a fork in several places. Bake in the 475° Fahr. oven while the roast is being seared.

For the soup use:

- 2 Pounds of beef shank
- 1 Quart of cold water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Peppercorns
- 3 Cloves
- Piece of parsley
- 1 Cupful of diced vegetables, (onion, potato, carrot)
- 3 Pieces of celery top

Cut off a few cubes of lean meat from the beef shank and put them in a pan with a little marrow fat. Brown in the hot oven for twenty minutes; then when the temperature is reduced add the remaining ingredients and cover.

Cover the beets with boiling water and cook at the reduced temperature in a covered dish. Season the roast with salt and pepper, surround it with pared potatoes seasoned, and cover. Cook the whole meal at 275° Fahr. for three hours.

While the pastry shell is baking prepare a lemon filling in the double boiler. Cool slightly, pour in the shell, and top with a meringue made of two stiffly-beaten egg whites and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the 275° Fahr. oven.

At the end of the three-hour period plunge the beets in cold water to loosen the skins, slice thinly, and season with salt, pepper, butter, and a few drops of vinegar. Return to the oven to heat. Make gravy in the meat pan; strain the soup and add to it cooked rice, macaroni, tomato or diced vegetables. Or if preferred, it may be set aside to cool, when the fat can be removed and it can be used for another meal.

The Fourth Dinner

The fourth dinner requires a shorter time at a higher temperature, 475° Fahr. for twenty minutes and 325° Fahr. for two hours.

Clean and cut up a chicken. Dip each piece in beaten egg, then in crumbs which have been seasoned and mixed with a little melted butter. Put in an uncovered pan, dot with butter and sear at 475° Fahr. for twenty minutes.

Prepare scalloped potatoes by slicing potatoes thinly and arranging in layers in a buttered baking dish; sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and dot with butter. Repeat until the dish is full, add milk until it nearly reaches the top layer. Cover.

Cut a squash in two, remove fibres and seeds and place in a pan with the cut surfaces down.

For the pudding use any light batter pudding recipe which is usually steamed on top of the stove, such as a light fruit pudding, molasses, or chocolate steamed pudding. Place in a buttered mold, cover, and put in a covered pan of water. Reduce the oven temperature to 325° Fahr.; cover the chicken and put the potatoes, squash and pudding in the oven for two hours. Make a pudding sauce on top of the stove just before the meal is finished; scrape the squash from the shell, mash, and season well; and make the gravy in the chicken pan.

When Jim and I

were first married, his affection was certainly needed to savour his food, for I did not know how! I came to realize that, cook as carefully as I might, my principal dishes were all flat, unappealing.

... but I never told him

I had my feet on the ground just

enough to know that there should be more flavour to food than Romance alone can give—if Romance is not to be overworked.

What could I do?

In my worriment, I remembered Mother's fine old English cook; her meals were triumphs always; I would look her up in her own little home—

"Why certainly, Miss Edith," she said comfortingly. "I'll tell you just what to do.

"Have Lea and Perrins' by you—right on the handiest corner of your seasoning shelf. You see, in this sauce,

all the finest flavours are already blended for you; it leaves nothing for you to do but add a few drops when they'll do the most good. This is a wonderful thing for a 'green' cook, (if you'll excuse me Miss Edith), as it takes the whole flavouring responsibility—yet it is exactly what the greatest experts use too.

"Your soup—stock soups with vegetables and so on—a few drops of Lea

and Perrins' will give them something besides nourishment; a very few drops will sometimes bring a cream soup to life in a wonderful way, though no one can identify the trick.

"Then your meats—a dash in your gravies and sauces—you'll find dullness disappear like magic."

It did.

And Jim is still sweetly unconscious of what saved our early happiness intact, for when he *did* begin to become conscious of his food, he was all praise.

He thought me a *wonderful* cook, so good on flavours!

Well—so I am—thanks to Lea and Perrins'!

Use LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

for . . .

SOUPS
GRAVIES and SAUCES
SALAD DRESSING
MADE-UP DISHES



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



Roast stuffed shoulder of lamb, with browned potatoes, buttered beets and lemon pie—an interesting oven-cooked dinner.

PREPARING whole meals in the oven offers many advantages to the housewife who wants freedom for other activities while the meal is cooking. With all the food in the oven it needs little or no attention; with well insulated ovens—and this is particularly true of electric ones—it conserves fuel and keeps food odors from entering the kitchen. Where there is automatic temperature control the meal may be left to itself for two or three hours as the case may be. For those who have both time and temperature control there is still greater freedom from the kitchen. However, this type of cooking may be accomplished readily in any type of oven, provided a thermometer is used to make sure that the proper temperature is being maintained.

While no special recipes or equipment are needed for oven meals, foods should be chosen that can be cooked at the same temperature and for approximately the same length of time for one meal, though in some cases part of the foods may be added later than others, but all will be done at the same time. Choose utensils which will fit into the oven together but will still allow a free circulation of air, and that have heat-proof knobs and handles, and tight-fitting covers. Glass baking-dishes are ideal because they eliminate dish-washing by cooking and serving the food in the same container.

This type of meal preparation is splendid for waterless cooking of vegetables, which has already been discussed in these pages. The amount of water used depends on the vegetable, but as a rule one-quarter to one-half a cupful is sufficient. This is enough to cover the bottom of the dish, and will cook the vegetables without burning if the cover is tight and the steam does not escape.

If the space is not all used for the one meal, a dessert for the next meal or the next day may be added. If preferred, a cold dessert may be substituted and the extra space used for soup or a third vegetable. Salads, fruit cocktails, relishes and beverages are added to these meals as desired.

Six simple menus are suggested which contain no unusual recipes. They are planned to make full use of the oven—the dinners require one, two, or three hours cooking, and the luncheons one and one-quarter and three-quarter hours.

Dinner I.

(450° for 15 minutes, 400° for 1 hour)

Breaded Veal Cutlets Tomato Sauce
Baked Potatoes Green Beans
Individual Cottage Puddings with Jam

Dinner II.

(450° for 15 minutes, 400° for 1 hour)

Stuffed Pork Chops with Apple Rings
Candied Sweet Potatoes Creamed Celery
Prunes with Lemon Oatmeal Cookies

Luncheon I.

(375° for 1 1/4 hours)

Tomato Soup with Croutons
Casserole of Vegetables
Rosy Apples Date Muffins

Luncheon II.

(300° for 45 minutes)

Cheese Soufflé
Cabbage and Pimento Salad
Baked Honey Pears Gingerbread

Dinner III.

(475° for 20 minutes, 275° for 3 hours)

Soup
Roast Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb
Browned Potatoes Buttered Beets
Lemon Pie

OVEN COOKED MEALS

by RUTH DAVISON REID



Dinner IV.

(475° for 20 minutes, 325° for 2 hours)

Oven Fried Chicken
Scalloped Potatoes Squash
Steamed Fruit Pudding with Lemon Sauce

The first two dinners are planned to be cooked in one hour after the meat is seared. This gives ample time for washing the cooking dishes, setting the table and preparing and chilling salads while the meal is baking.

The First Dinner

FOR the first dinner, trim the cutlets, dip in beaten egg and then in dry bread crumbs. Place in a pan with a little hot fat and sear for fifteen minutes in a hot oven 450° Fahr. Season, add one cupful of strained tomato, cover closely and cook for one hour more. Scrub the potatoes and bake on the rack for one hour. Before serving, crack them open to allow the steam to escape. String and cut up the beans, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-third cupful of water. Cover closely and cook for one hour. Add butter before serving. Make a cottage pudding from the standard recipe; bake in individual muffin tins for twenty-five minutes, arranging it so that all the foods will be finished at the same time. Serve each pudding with a spoonful of jam and whipped cream.

The Second Dinner

For the second dinner, select pork chops cut one to one and one-quarter inches thick. Cut a pocket in each one and fill with a seasoned bread stuffing and close the pocket again with tooth-picks. Dot with fat and sear in a hot oven 450° Fahr. for fifteen minutes. Reduce to 400° Fahr. and bake one hour. Wash and cut up the celery add one-third cupful of water and one-half teaspoonful of salt; cover closely and cook one hour at 400° Fahr. Peel and slice sweet potatoes, place in a shallow baking dish, sprinkle with brown sugar, dot with butter, add two tablespoonfuls of water, cover and bake one hour at 400° Fahr. Soak one pound of prunes over night in three cupfuls of water. Cook in a closely-

covered casserole for one hour at 400° Fahr. Add six thin slices of lemon and if desired one-third cupful of sugar, though some prefer the fruit with only its natural sweetness. Fifteen minutes before the meal is finished put on each chop a ring of apple from which the core is removed. Serve the celery with a cream sauce.

The First Luncheon

Luncheons, too, lend themselves to oven cooking. The first luncheon requires one and one-quarter hours for the soup and casserole of vegetables, and a shorter time for the dessert.

Tomato Soup

1 Can of tomatoes	1/2 Bay leaf
1 1/2 Cupfuls of water	4 Cloves
3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar	8 Pepper berries
1 Teaspoonful of salt	Piece of parsley
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion	2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
	3 Tablespoonfuls of flour

Place all the ingredients except the butter and flour in a closely-covered dish and bake in 375° Fahr. oven for one and one-quarter hours. For the croutons cut bread in one-third inch slices, remove crusts, cut into cubes and toast in the oven until brown. At the end of the baking period finish the soup by browning the flour and butter together, adding the tomato stock strained, and boiling until smooth.

Prepare a casserole of mixed vegetables using any desired combination of green beans, carrots, onions, celery, green peppers and peas. To the vegetables add one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one-third cupful of water. Bake one and one-quarter hours at 375° Fahr.

For rosy apples, wipe and core red apples and peel one-third of the way down. To four large apples add a syrup made of one-half cupful of sugar and one-quarter cupful of water. Allow about thirty-five minutes for baking, basting occasionally with the syrup in the pan. When done fill the centres with red jelly and serve with cream.

For date muffins, add a half-cupful of dates which have been cut up to the standard muffin recipe. Allow twenty to twenty-five minutes for baking in the 375° Fahr. oven.

The Second Luncheon

THE second luncheon is cooked at 300° Fahr. for forty-five minutes. Prepare a hot-water gingerbread and bake forty-five minutes in a 300° Fahr. oven. Peel four large winter pears, cut in two, lengthwise and remove cores. Add one-third cupful of strained honey, and three tablespoonfuls of water. Cover and bake forty-five minutes at 300° Fahr.

The cheese soufflé must be eaten as soon as it is cooked. It will bake in thirty-five to forty minutes, so is put in the oven shortly after the other foods.

1 Cupful of grated cheese	1 Tablespoonful of butter
1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs	1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
	3 Eggs
	1 Cupful of milk

Soften the crumbs in the milk, add the cheese, salt, butter, and beaten yolks. Fold in the beaten whites, bake in a buttered baking dish set in a pan of hot water; serve as soon as finished. While these foods are cooking, prepare and chill the salad.

The Third Dinner

The third dinner is planned to require three hours at 275° Fahr. after the meat has been seared. Select a shoulder of lamb, have it boned and rolled and a pocket made for the insertion of dressing. Fill the pocket with dressing, tie into shape, dredge lightly with flour, and dot with

with marmalade and cover with the remaining pieces. Serve hot with sauce.

Baked Bananas

Loosen one section of skin from each banana. Place the bananas in a shallow baking dish with a small amount of water and bake until they are soft. Then remove the skins and roll each one in chopped walnuts. Serve immediately surrounded with currant jelly sauce, made as follows: Dissolve half a cupful of currant jelly in two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water, thicken with two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch which has been mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Cook until clear and thick, adding one tablespoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of lemon juice when removing from the heat.

Marshmallow Pudding

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water. Over one cupful of sugar pour one cupful of boiling water and heat until the sugar is dissolved, then dissolve the soaked gelatine in the hot liquid. Place the saucepan containing the mixture in a pan of ice water. When slightly cooled add the whites of three eggs and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and beat vigorously until the mixture thickens. Turn into a moistened shallow pan and let stand in a cool place until firm. Then cut in pieces the size and shape of marshmallows and roll each one in cocoanut. Serve with cream.

Empress Rice

Soak one-half tablespoonful of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls cold water for ten minutes. Pick over and wash one cupful of rice. Cover it with one quart of cold water and heat to boiling point. Then drain and add one-third of a cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of milk, and cook in a double boiler

until the milk is absorbed and the rice is soft, forty-five minutes or longer. Make a boiled custard from one egg, pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and one cupful of milk; and dissolve the soaked gelatine in it as soon as it is made. Then fold the custard into the cooked rice. Cool slightly, add one-half cupful of candied cherries and pineapple, cut in small pieces, and fold in the whip from one-half cupful of thick cream. Turn into a mold and leave until it is firm and cold.

Spanish Soufflé

To four tablespoonfuls of melted butter add one-half cupful of stale bread crumbs and cook until slightly browned, stirring frequently. Then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one cupful of milk, and cook from fifteen minutes to twenty minutes in a double boiler. Remove from the heat, cool slightly and pour into the beaten yolks of three eggs. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and then cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Turn into a greased bake dish, place the dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven until firm. Serve with or without cream sauce.

Keswick Pudding

Bring to the boiling point three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and one cupful of boiling water. Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly, add a pinch of salt and one-quarter of a cupful of sugar. Pour the boiling syrup into the egg mixture and cook until it thickens. Add one and one-quarter tablespoonfuls of gelatine soaked in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water, and one-quarter of a cupful of lemon juice with a dash of nutmeg. Strain, cool and stir the mixture until it begins to thicken. Then pour it into a moistened mold and chill. Garnish with whipped cream.



Efficiency in the Clothes Closet

Continued from page 22

in other ways, as it shows up the various sins of omission and commission and makes disorder a crime. One clever woman of my acquaintance rented a room which had one of these large clothes cupboards. As she wished her room to be a bed-sitting room, she utilized part of the closet as a dressing room, equipping it with a long mirror and a collapsible dressing table. With simple, inexpensive devices, she changed what was merely a dark cavern with an odd hook or two into a place that was satisfyingly convenient and excellently equipped.

I was particularly taken with the amazing number of things that she had arranged on the back of the closet door. Bags for shoes, an arrangement for an umbrella, a container for gloves, another for toilet articles, all with supporting racks painted in bright colors. There was no lost space in that closet.

Where space is not a consideration, one can do wonders with clothes closets from the standpoint of both utility and beauty. Marvellous equipment for them can be obtained from the shops all ready to install, which provides for every possible wardrobe and toilet requirement. A new piece of fur-

niture is a combination dressing table and wardrobe combined, which with the help of a carpenter can be fitted in the doorway of a clothes cupboard. With this arrangement everything pertaining to the toilet and wardrobe is right at hand and makes dressing possible without clutter—or tears!

The new efficiency in closets discourages accumulation, and is therefore not popular with those of us who cling tenderly to ancient moth-eaten sweaters, old coats, old hats and old shoes. Men are perhaps the worst offenders in this respect, and will bitterly resent the routing of antique garments which they haven't worn for years but for which they seem to have an affectionate regard. They hate to give up the old coat that they chanced to wear at the time when they nearly caught a fish or shot a bear. But there is no place for such sentiment in this age of elimination and revelation, especially if one lives in a modern apartment. In fact, in many cases the old-time closet is sometimes used nowadays for installing a bed. We seem to be returning to the old ways of cupboard beds and treasure chests—but with a difference.



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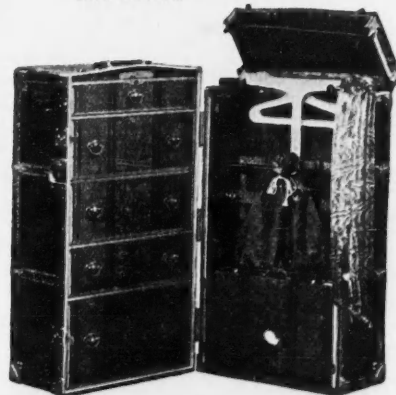


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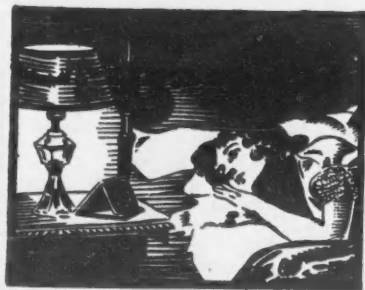


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WINTER DESSERTS

by MARGARET E. READ

WINTER desserts seem to be very difficult for most housewives, and yet, if one were to sit down with pencil and paper to make out a list of them the results would be most surprising. For, despite many opinions to the contrary, there is a possibility of an amazing variety. Nevertheless there are times when we all grow tired of the same old puddings and sigh for something new.

The following recipes have all been tested, and are recommended for our readers' approval.

Apple Meringue

Cook together one cupful of sugar and one cupful of water from five to seven minutes. Pare, core and quarter six medium-sized tart apples, and add them to the hot syrup. Cook slowly until the fruit is tender, but not allowing it to become broken or mashed. When it is cooked put the fruit in a well greased bake dish and pour the syrup over it. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, adding six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and spread this on top of the apples. Heat in a moderate oven until the meringue is nicely browned. Serve either hot or cold.

Canton Sponge

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water. Make a boiled custard from the yolks of two eggs, pinch of salt, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one cupful of milk. Dissolve the soaked gelatine in the hot custard. Then strain the mixture, add four tablespoonfuls of ginger syrup and one-third of a cupful of Canton ginger cut in very small pieces, and chill it in a pan of ice water. When it begins to thicken fold in the whip from two cupfuls of thick cream. Turn into a moistened mold and chill thoroughly before serving.

Pear Africaine.

On top of a small mound of ice cream place half of a canned pear, so that the hollow of the pear fits over the ice cream. Over the pear pour hot or cold chocolate sauce, and around it arrange medallions of whipped cream squeezed out from a pastry tube.

Chocolate Rice Meringue

Cook one-quarter of a cupful of rice in boiling salted water until it is soft. Then drain and wash it well to remove the starch. Melt together one tablespoonful of butter and one square of chocolate, add one-third of a cupful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs and one cupful of milk. Stir the cooked rice into this mixture, add one-half cupful stoned and chopped dates and one teaspoonful of vanilla, and fold in the whip from one-half cupful of heavy cream. Pour into a buttered bake dish and cook for fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Then cover with a meringue from the whites of two eggs, six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Brown in a quick oven.

Cherry Moss

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water, and then dissolve it in one-quarter of a cupful of boiling water and one-half cupful of hot cherry juice. Add one and one-half cupfuls of canned red cherries, stoned and cut in halves, and leave it in a cool place until it begins to thicken. Then add the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff, and beat the entire mixture thoroughly. Turn into a moistened mold and chill. Unmold and garnish attractively with whipped cream and almonds which have been blanched, roasted and finely chopped.

Steamed Almond Pudding

Cream one-quarter of a cupful of butter, gradually adding one-third of a cupful of

sugar. Then add two well-beaten eggs and one-half cupful of molasses. Mix and sift one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and one-third of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; and add these dry ingredients to the first mixture alternately with one-half cupful of sweet milk. Lastly add one cupful of chopped almonds. Turn into a greased mold and steam two and one-half hours. Serve with Hard Sauce.

Frangipani Cream Pie

Make pastry in the usual way, roll out fairly thin and cut out three circular pieces about nine inches in diameter. Prick them well with a fork, place on a baking sheet and bake in a fairly quick oven. Then put the three pieces together with Frangipani Cream, which is made as follows: Mix together two-thirds of a cupful of powdered sugar and one-third of a cupful of flour, add the yolks of three eggs and one whole egg slightly beaten, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and gradually add one cupful of scalded milk. Cook over hot water for fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of macaroon crumbs (macaroons dried and rolled), two-thirds of a teaspoonful of vanilla and one-third of a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Cover the top with whipped cream.

Spiced Raisin Pudding

Sift together one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of allspice and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Stir one-half cupful of sweet milk into one-quarter cupful of molasses. Mix well and then stir it into the dry ingredients. Lastly add three-quarters of a cupful of cleaned seeded raisins. Turn into a greased mold and steam three hours. If desired this pudding may be steamed in individual molds and will then require only half an hour's steaming. Serve hot with Vanilla Sauce.

Mock Chestnut Pudding

Wash and peel sweet potatoes and cut them in small cubes. Cook them in a very small amount of water until they are quite tender. Then drain and measure them. Take an equal quantity of sugar and dissolve it in a very small amount of water. Put the potato cubes in a greased bake dish, pour the syrup over them and cover the dish. Cook slowly until the syrup is of the consistency of thick honey. Then cool, and serve very cold heaped in a glass dish with cold boiled custard.

Macaroon Cream

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water. Melt one square of chocolate in two cupfuls of scalded milk. To three well-beaten yolks of eggs add one-half cupful of sugar. Gradually add the hot milk to the egg mixture and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot mixture, add two-thirds of a cupful of macaroon crumbs, one teaspoonful of vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Turn into moistened individual molds and set aside until firm. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Dresden Sandwiches

Beat three eggs slightly, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one cupful of milk. Strain into a shallow dish. Cut six slices of stale bread one-third of an inch thick, remove the crusts and cut the slices in halves. Soak the bread in the above mixture until it is soft. Then cook it in butter in a hot frying pan. When brown on one side turn and brown it on the other side. Spread half the pieces

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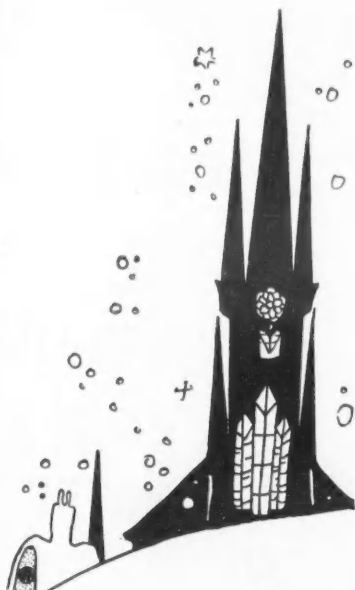
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84



The Market Basket

Continued from page 20



Lemons come from Italy, California and Spain, none coming from Florida; and are available throughout the year. Owing to frost this year's California crop is practically a failure, and greater numbers than usual are being imported from Spain. The lemon tree never ceases production. It blossoms throughout the entire year, so that buds, blossoms and fruit in all stages of development are to be seen on one tree at the same time. It takes about nine months from the time the blossom sets until the lemon is large enough to pick. Since the buds are almost constantly setting the fruit is continually maturing during the year. Lemons should have a clear, yellow skin with no green spots, the skin should be smooth and fine textured, and the lemons should feel heavy when weighed in the hand, not light and pithy. The heavier they are, the more juice there is. Lemons keep well if stored in a cool dry place. They are packed in three sizes, 250, 300 and 420 to the crate.

Tangerines, or, as they are called in some localities, Japanese oranges, are imported from Japan, Florida and California. At one time large quantities were imported from Spain, but California has now usurped that market. Appearing early in December they last until the end of February or the early part of March, and, with their bright orange color, add much gaiety to the Christmas decorations. They are so easily peeled and eaten as to be extremely popular for table use. They also impart an excellent flavor to fruit salads and are used occasionally for marmalade.

Kumquats, which arrive on the market just before Christmas and last only for a short time after the New Year, are scarcely known in this country. They are grown in California, and have been used in the United States, particularly throughout the south, for some time; but they are just beginning to make their way into the Canadian market. The Americans use large quantities of them in the Christmas season. But gay as they are for decorative purposes they possess other excellent qualities. They are delicious when eaten raw. Unlike other citrus fruits they are eaten skin and all, for, again unlike these other fruits, the skin is the sweetest part of the fruit, while the fruit itself possesses a characteristic tartness. They make a delicious marmalade, and are especially good when stewed or preserved whole, spiced with cinnamon and leaving the skin on. If you have not already sampled them, add this to your New Year's resolutions, for there is a delectable surprise awaiting you.

Facts About Tea series — No. 10.

Tea—its growth in Ceylon

The climate of this beautiful island owing to the heavy rainfall, is pre-eminently suited to the cultivation of tea. The first plantation was opened in 1867. In that year there were ten acres under cultivation. Last year the acreage under tea was over 400,000 and 236 million pounds were exported.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Ch.M.



A HOUSEKEEPING PROBLEM SOLVED -

It is a problem, isn't it... this constant need of long lengths of clean, white paper!

Sani-Shelf
Household Paper

solves the problem with a long, wide roll in a knife-edge box. Just what you need for wrapping parcels, lining shelves, drawers, trunks and trays, for rolling and cutting dried food stuffs on, etc.

At druggists, stationers, grocers
and department stores.

Appleford Paper Products
LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Meals of the Month

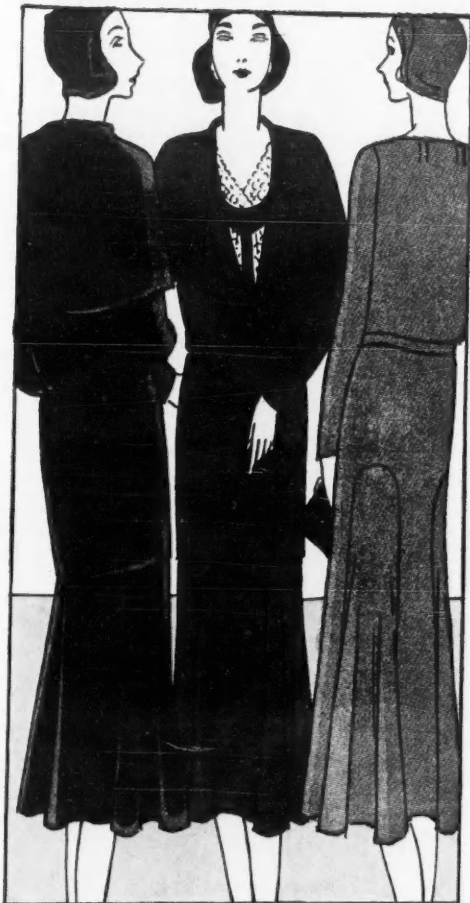
Thirty-One Menus for January

Compiled by Margaret E. Read, B.A., M.Sc.

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1 Kumquats Bacon Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Jellied Tomato Salad Frozen Pudding Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Roast Turkey Cranberry Jelly Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Mince Pie Coffee	17 Figs Steel Cut Oats Bacon and Eggs Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Rice Croquettes Canned Peaches Molasses Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Sole French Fried Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes and Onions Date Pie Coffee
2 Bananas Roman Meal Porridge Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Canned Cherries Russian Rocks Tea or Cocoa	Cold Roast Turkey Baked Potatoes, Diced Turnips Plum Pudding Coffee	18 Half Oranges Jirch Breakfast Food Waffles and Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Oven Baked Beans Jellied Prunes Tea or Cocoa	Spare Ribs Franconia Potatoes Creamed Cabbage Spiced Raisin Pudding Coffee
3 Oranges Cream of Wheat Cereal Boiled Eggs Muffins Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Sweet Potatoes Celery Curls Canned Blackberries Hermits Tea or Cocoa	Fried Fresh Herring Creamed Potatoes, Buttered Beets Apple Meringue Coffee	19 Grapes Sunerva Cereal Cornmeal Muffins Tea Coffee Honey Cocoa	Canned Peas, Onion and Pimento Salad Thin Bread and Butter Cake Tea or Cocoa	Broiled Steak Mushrooms Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Beets Mock Chestnut Pudding Coffee
4 Stewed Prunes Rolled Oats Creamed Fish on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Turkey a la King Canned Pears Almond Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Swedish Steak Boiled Potatoes Creamed Carrots Cottage Pudding with Fruit Sauce Coffee	20 Apples Rolled Oats with Bran Hash on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Welsh Rarebit Sliced Bananas and Oranges Marguerites Tea or Cocoa	Sausages Hashed Brown Potatoes Sauer kraut Macaron Cream Coffee
5 Grapefruit Cream of Barley Coffee Ring Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Oyster Patties Date Whip Chocolate Drop Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Roast Pork, Apple Sauce Franconia Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Canton Sponge Coffee	21 Grapefruit Cream of Wheat Boiled Eggs Rolls Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Smoked Fillets of Haddock Cream Sauce Stewed Rhubarb Oatmeal Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Pot Roast Mashed Potatoes Fried Parsnips Dresden Sandwiches Coffee
6 Raw Apples Red River Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Dressed Lettuce Canned Plums Cocoanut Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Cold Roast Pork Creamed Onions French Fried Potatoes Orange Bread Pudding Coffee	22 Prunes Roman Meal Bacon Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys on Toast Apple Sauce Cinnamon Bars Tea or Cocoa	Hungarian Goulash Boiled Potatoes, Lima Beans Lemon Pie Coffee
7 Tangerines Cornmeal Fried Liver Rolls Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Fish Cakes Apricot Preserve Vanilla Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Roasted Stuffed Flank Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Apple Pie Coffee	23 Tangerines Rolled Oats Fried Liver Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Celery Omelet Hot Biscuits Honey Tea or Cocoa	Pork Chops Lyonnaise Potatoes Creamed Carrots Baked Bananas Coffee
8 Figs Jirch Breakfast Food Omelet Tea Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Chipped Beef in Brown Sauce on Toast Canned Pineapple Ginger Snaps Tea or Cocoa	Pork Pie Boiled Potatoes, Lima Beans Pear Africaine Coffee	24 Apples Cream of Barley Scrambled Eggs Tea Coffee Popovers Cocoa	Spaghetti and Tomatoes en Casserole Canned Grapes Rocks Tea or Cocoa	Boiled Codfish Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Marshmallow Pudding Coffee
9 Orange Juice Sunerva Cereal Fried Sausages Rolls Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cabbage Salad Baked Apples Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops Lyonnaise Potatoes Creamed Parsnips Steamed Fig Pudding Coffee	25 Figs Red River Cereal Small Steak Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Potato Salad Cheese and Crackers Raisin Gingerbread Tea or Cocoa	Stuffed Heart Baked Celery, Buttered Celery Empress Rice Coffee
10 Grapes Rolled Oats with Bran Pancakes and Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Souffle Canned Raspberries Nut Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Baked Haddock Scalloped Potatoes, Spinach Chocolate Rice Meringue Coffee	26 Grapefruit Sunerva Cereal Coffee Ring Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Club Sandwiches or Cream Cake Tea or Cocoa	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Mashed Potatoes Spinach Apple Betty Coffee
11 Tangerines Cream of Barley Fried Eggs Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Corn Chowder Crackers Jelly Roll Tea or Cocoa	Braised Tongue Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Beets Raisin Pie Coffee	27 Bananas Jirch Breakfast Food Fried Ham Tea Coffee Honey Cocoa	Oyster Stew Saltines Muffins Maple Syrup Tea or Cocoa	Corned Beef French Fried Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Spanish Souffle Coffee
12 Baked Apples Roman Meal Rolls Tea Coffee Honey Cocoa	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Lettuce Sandwiches Fruit Salad Tea or Cocoa	Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding Creamed Potatoes Mashed Turnips Cherry Moss Coffee	28 Oranges Cornmeal Fried Fish Muffins Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Chicken Patties Canned Cherries Vanilla Wafers Tea or Cocoa	Baked Hamburg Roll Franconia Potatoes Creamed Oyster Plant Date Whip, Custard Sauce Coffee
13 Sliced Oranges Cornmeal Broiled Ham Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cold Meat Baked Potatoes Canned Strawberries Date Bars Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Stew Boiled Potatoes, Creamed Carrots Steamed Almond Pudding Coffee	29 Apples Rolled Oats Sausages Rolls Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Salmon Loaf, Egg Sauce Dill Pickles Canned Pineapple Nut Bread Tea or Cocoa	Rice and Meat Timbales Curry Sauce Parsnip Fritters Celery Keswick Pudding Coffee
14 Stewed Prunes Red River Cereal Small Steak Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Mushrooms on Toast Spiced Crabapples Tea or Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Creamed Oyster Plant Pickles Fruit Salad Cake Coffee	30 Prunes Cream of Wheat and Bran Bacon and Eggs Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Corn Fritters Canned Raspberries Hermits Tea or Cocoa	Tripe Dipped in Butter and Fried Scalloped Potatoes Creamed Turnips Chocolate Blanc Mange Coffee
15 Bananas Rolled Oats Scrambled Eggs Rolls Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup CROUTONS Black Currant Preserve Peanut Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Roast Goose Apple Jelly Baked Potatoes, Canned Peas Frangipani Cream Pie Coffee	31 Orange Juice Red River Cereal Fried Mush and Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Canned Asparagus on Toast Cheese Sauce Peaches with Whipped Cream Almond Wafers Tea or Cocoa	Planked Whitefish Duchess Potatoes Glazed Onions Raisin Puff Coffee
16 Grapefruit Cream of Wheat Lamb Chop Tea Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Fried Oysters and Bacon Canned Blueberries Seed Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Cold Roast Goose Scalloped Potatoes Creamed Carrots Steamed Chocolate Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee			

The Meals of the Month, as compiled by
Margaret E. Read will be regular features of
The Chatelaine every month.

THE NEW MODELS ARE SOFTER AND VERY BECOMING



THIS model typifies an important daytime ensemble developed in flat crêpe. The one-piece dress is combined with one of the new short coats, which is cut to a length that adds great elegance to the frock with which it is worn. For resort wear, the ensemble would be lovely in a print. For town, in cool weather, wool crêpe would be appropriate, with a batiste jabot.

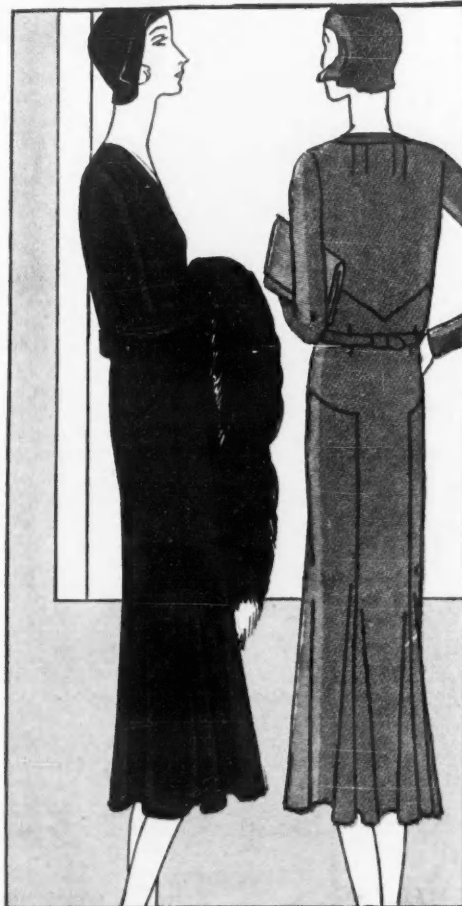
Ensemble No. 5086—Many points of the new mode find perfect expression in this charming ensemble of flat crêpe. The lace jabot is arranged to fall in soft folds on the bodice. Sizes 14 to 44. Price, 75 cents.



ENSEMBLES STILL SWAY THE AFTERNOON MODE

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 54, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

A HIGH-WAISTED, LONG-SKIRTED DAY SILHOUETTE

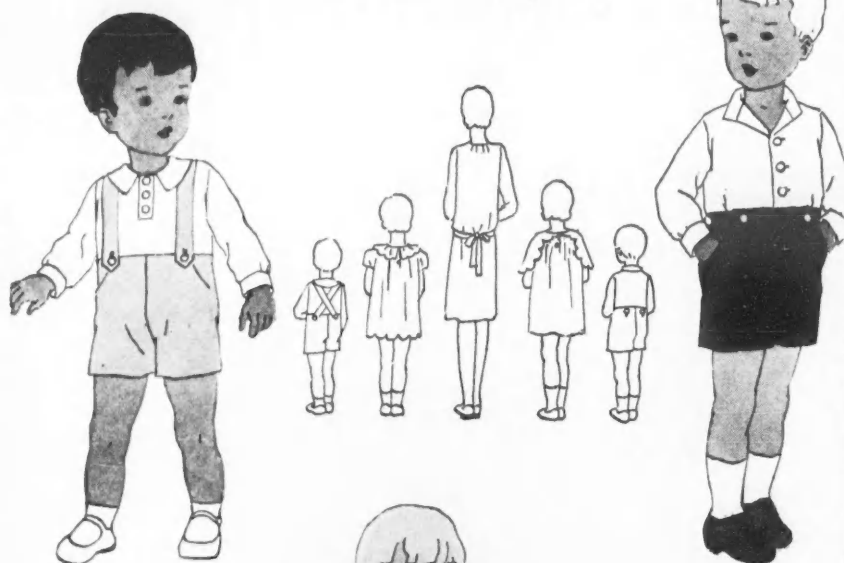


THE new dresses, longer of skirt and shorter of waist, give the impression of great length and make women look incredibly and fashionably slim. A tall, slender woman wears these models superbly; a smaller one, for the first time in many years, will feel as though magical inches had been added to her height. The model on this page is typical of the mode in line and length.

Frock No. 5072—Exquisitely designed and cut to the new measurement of the mode, which requires a higher waist and a longer skirt, is this faille frock, with cleverly adjusted fullness. 14 to 40. Price, 75 cents.

SMART, YET PRACTICAL FOR ORDINARY WEAR

The Younger Generation Chooses Boleros, Scallops and Capes



Suit No. 3002—
This small suit includes linen trousers and a dimity blouse with short, long, or no sleeves. Sizes 2 and 4 years. Price, 25 cents.

Suit No. 3003—
Linen is used for the trousers and blouse of this practical suit for a small boy. Sizes 2 to 6. Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 3001—
(Below) This is another version of the party frock shown at lower right. It is of georgette crêpe with a cape. Sizes 2 to 8. Price, 50 cents.

Frock No. 3004—
(Left) The shaped bolero and slightly fitted lines of this wool crêpe dress are new. Sizes 10, 12, and 14. Price, 50 cents.



Frock No. 3001—
(Right) This handkerchief linen frock has puff sleeves and scalloping. Bloomers included. Sizes 2 to 8. Price, 50 cents.



These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 54 or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.



"THE best positions in industry today go to university trained men," President Hoover recently said. "In the next ten years, Canada and the United States will need a million college graduates."

What of YOUR boy? Decide NOW to give him the priceless advantage of a college training—the knowledge, culture and poise that will ensure distinction for him in business and social affairs.

THE GREAT-WEST EDUCATIONAL POLICY

Is the surest and most economical means of ensuring a successful career for your son or daughter. Example: You deposit a certain sum each year with the Company. When the time comes, the money is available for a complete university course. If, meanwhile, you die or become disabled (as defined in the policy) the Company will pay all the remaining premiums. If your child dies before age eleven, the money will be returned to you with 5 per cent. compound interest. Should he die after age eleven, the full amount of the policy—plus substantial profits—will be paid to you as ordinary insurance.



Great-West
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

133



Did the thought ever occur to you that you might profitably use your spare time?

We will pay you handsomely to render a service to the members of your community.

It is being done by dozens of other people in other towns just like yours.

Surely what another can do, you can, at least, try.

You do not place yourself under any obligation by asking us to give you complete details.

Local Representatives Department, Desk CC.
MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., Toronto 2, Ont.
Please tell me how I can make money in my spare time

Name

Address

Town Province



Pimples all gone Skin clear again

Pimples and blackheads cleared away quickly, easily and at small cost by Resinol Soap and Ointment. The particularly cleansing properties of the soap gently free the pores of clogging impurities. The ointment relieves the soreness and heals the eruption. Try this treatment yourself. At all druggists.

Sample of each free. Dept.
46, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol



**WORTHY OF YOUR
FINEST SILVER**
In many an English
Home the silverware
has been cleaned
exclusively with
Goddard's Plate
Powder for nearly a
hundred years.

Goddard's Plate Powder
for polishing
Silver

Sold in boxes: 25 cents.
AGENTS—F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
270 LaGauchetiere Street, W., Montreal.

WHOOPIING COUGH

For 30 years Vapo-Cresolene has relieved the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Its vapor ends that wracking cough while your child sleeps. Widely used for Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma, and Influenza. Disinfects the room and prevents spread of infection.

Vapo-Cresolene

Send for booklet B28
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming-Miles Bldg.
MONTREAL, Que.



12 Doz. \$3.50
6 Doz. \$2.00
3 Doz. \$1.00

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Woven on Fine Cambric Tape
For Marking
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Save Confusion and Losses
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THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

PERFECT HEMSTITCHING
AND PICKING ATTACH-
MENT. PRICE \$1.25

Money back guarantee. Greatest invention known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in ten minutes' time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by \$275.00 machine. Pay postman. Money back in five days if not more than pleased.

Hemstitcher Co., Box C, Georgetown, Ont.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saffron and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.



Shirring
Gives to
Youthful
Frocks a
Party Air

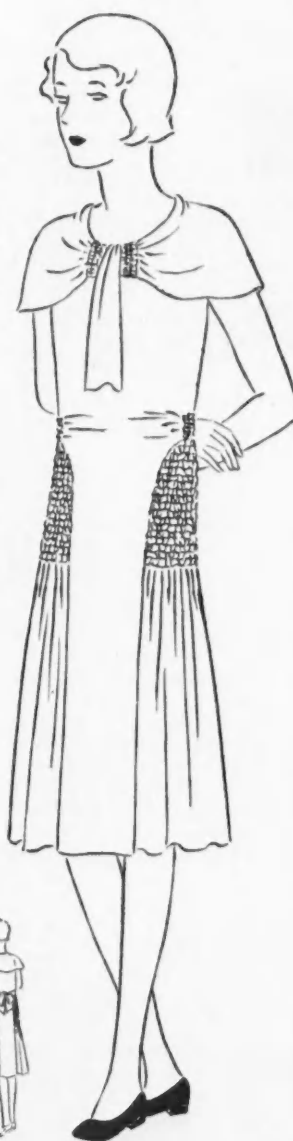


Frock No. 3005—Linen collar and cuffs, a yoke, and gathering or smocking add chic to this gingham frock. Sizes 2 to 10. Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 3006—Only for state occasions does little sister wear this crêpe de chine dress with a shirred yoke. Sizes 2 to 6. Price, 25 cents.



Coat No. 3007—
(Left) For a small girl's first parties, this velvet coat with shirred raglan sleeves and a tie collar is charming. Sizes 4 to 14. Price, 50 cents.



Frock No. 3008—
(Right) This young girl's dress of georgette crêpe has the fitted bodice and higher waist-line of 1930. Sizes 10, 12, and 14. Price, 50 cents.

A Church Choir

always lends dignity to a service of worship when it is properly gowned.

Does your choir wear gowns?

Perhaps you have been seeking a method of raising funds to provide gowns. If that is the case, you will be interested in learning how such funds can be raised by a method that is pleasant and dignified to use, and requires only a minimum of effort.

Fill in and mail the coupon today and complete details will be sent to you at once.

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited,
Association Division,
153 University Ave., Toronto 2.

Please tell how our Choir may raise funds for gowns.

Name

Address

Church

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 54 or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

LENGTH OF LINE IS VERY IMPORTANT

THE SMART WAIST.

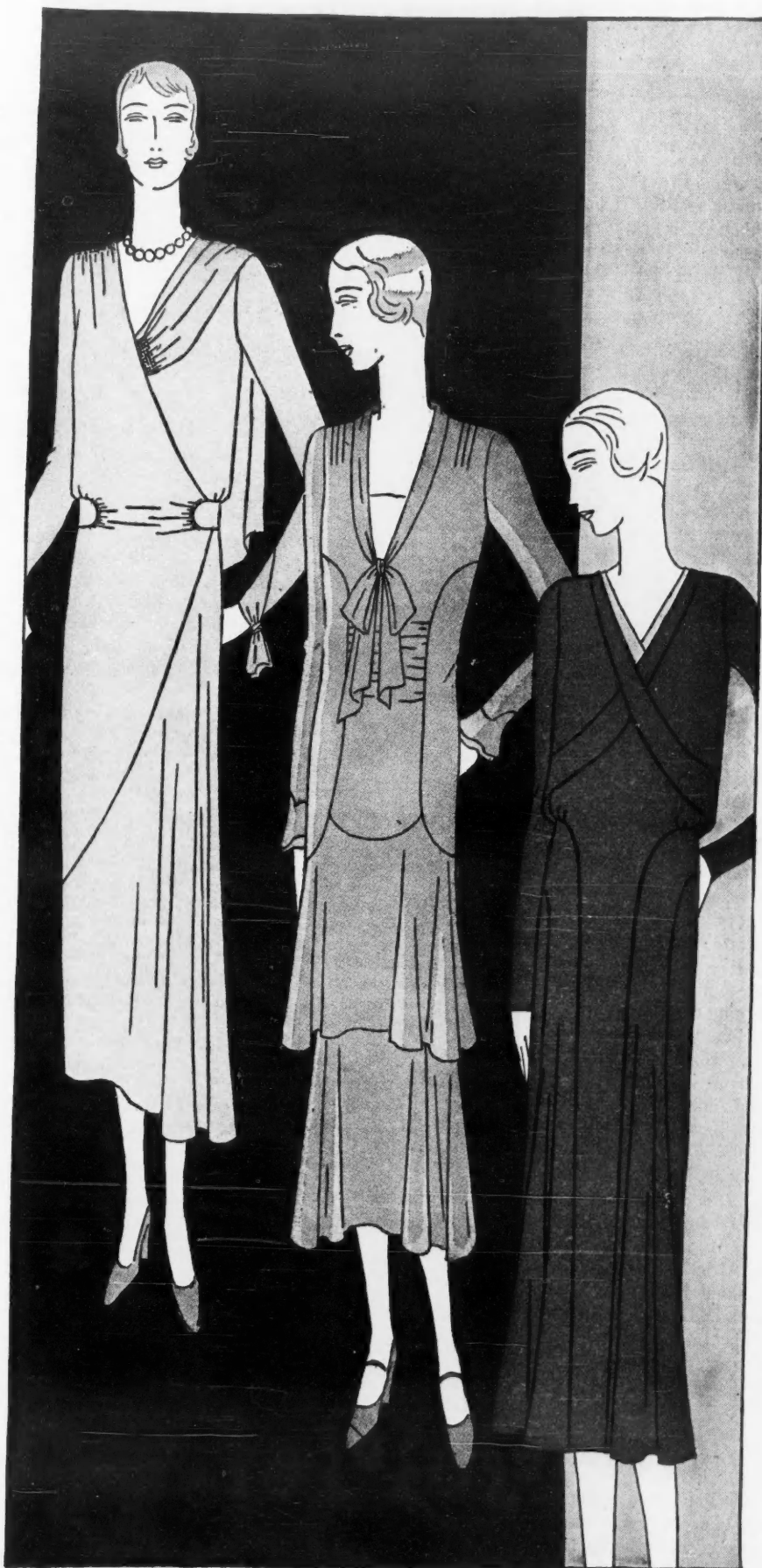
LINE IS MOULDED

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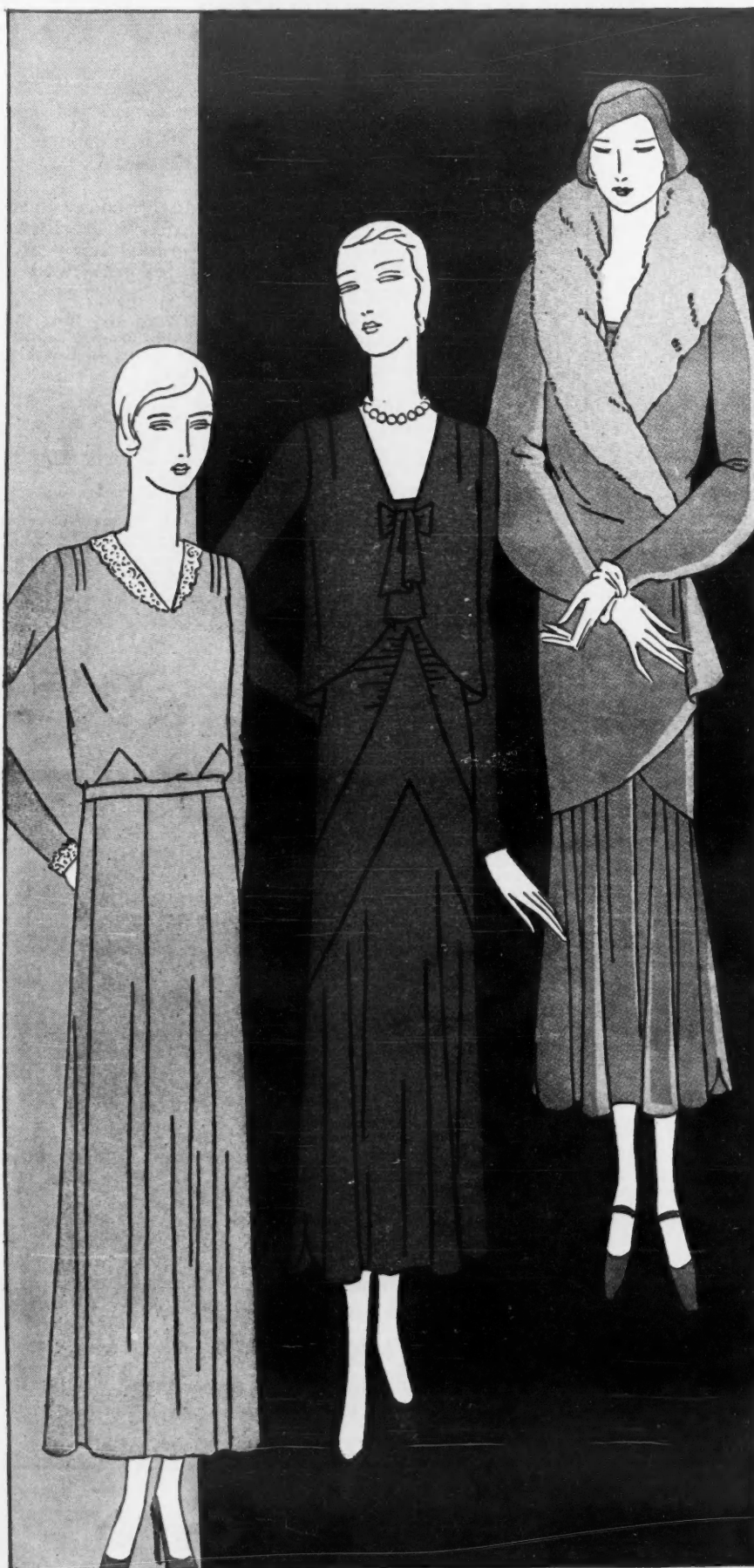
Frock No. S3387—The frock at the left in the sketch, of flat crêpe, has the higher waist-line cleverly achieved by means of an encrusted belt. A scarf and circular fullness at the side give a graceful movement to this attractive model. Sizes 14 to 40. Price, \$1.

Frock No. S3386—(Centre) In this flat crêpe model, gores and gathers modify the very smart princesse line. The tiers have fullness at the sides and are flat in the front and at the back, and there is a slightly dipping hem-line. Sizes 14 to 42. Price, \$1.

Frock No. S3385—(Extreme right) Also of flat crêpe is this model. The simulated bolero, modifying the severity of the higher waist-line, and the applied circular sections are typical of the new mode, longer of skirt and shorter of bodice. Sizes 14 to 40. Price, \$1.



THE NEW LONG DRESSES OF TODAY



ILLUSTRATING THE PICTURESQUE IN MODERN FASHIONS

*Afternoon or Evening Wrap
No. S3384—The wrap at
the right in the sketch may
be cut to either of two smart
lengths for wear with long
dresses. It is of broad-
cloth and lapin, and its
shortness reveals the grace
of the gown beneath. Sizes
14 to 42. Price, \$1.*

*Frock No. S3383—(Centre)
In this frock of flat crêpe,
molded to the figure and
flaring in circular folds at
the hem-line, the high-
waisted line is suggested by
a bolero, an effective and
smart way of compromising
with fashion. Sizes 14 to
40. Price, \$1.*

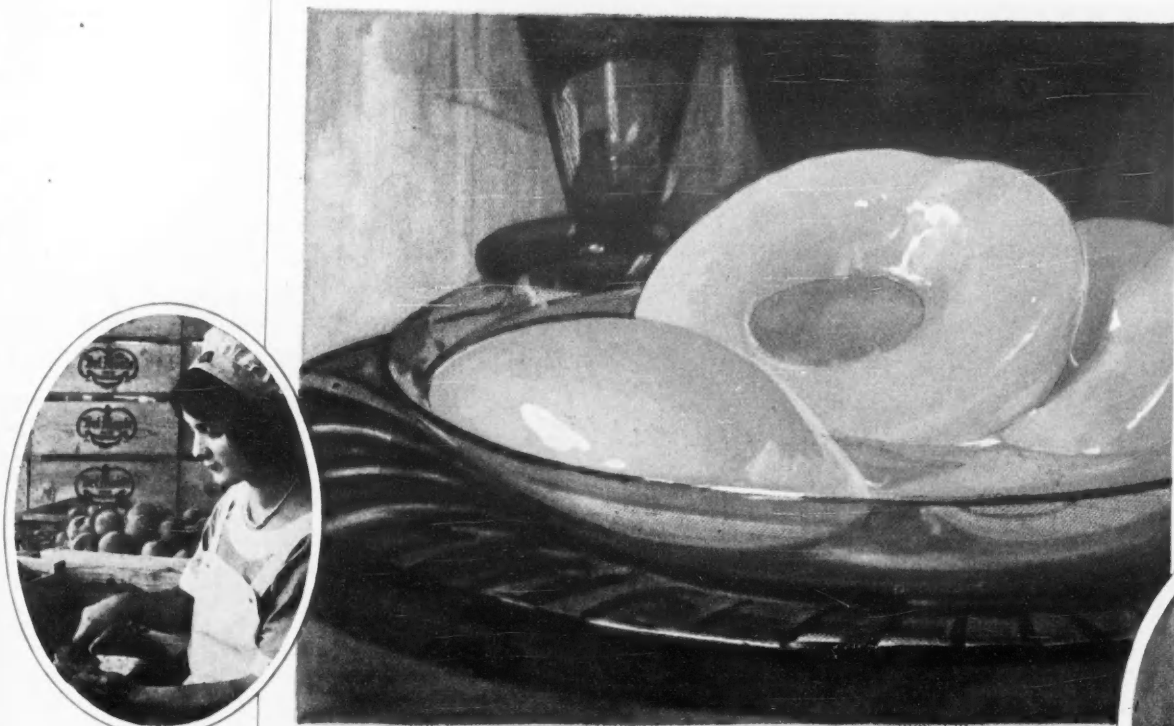
*Frock No. S3382—
(Extreme left) The newest
newcomer of the afternoon
mode is this model of
transparent velvet. Because
of its length and its fabric,
it is appropriate for the
most formal daytime occa-
sions of the winter. Sizes
14 to 38. Price, \$1.*



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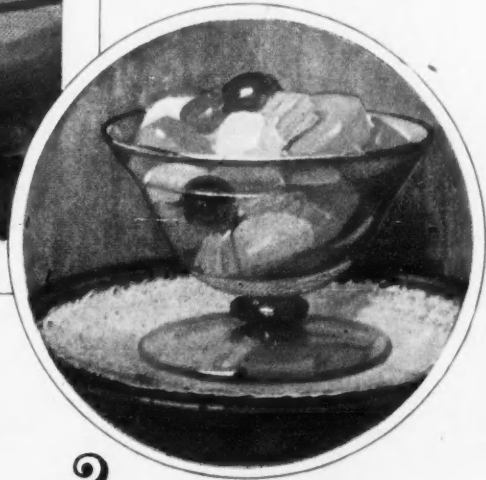
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Free—267 suggestions for
brightening everyday meals

The most convenient way to serve DEL MONTE Fruits, of course, is just as they come from the can. But don't let that make you miss the many other treats they offer. In "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them" you will find scores of suggestions for cocktails, salads and simple made-up desserts you just can't help enjoying. Both of them will be sent you without cost—together with a number of other DEL MONTE recipe leaflets. Write Dept. 36-C, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Del Monte Fruits for Salad, pictured below, is a combination of Del Monte Peaches, Apricots, Pears, Pineapple and Cherries in one can. A tremendous convenience when preparing fruit cocktails, salads or special desserts.



What *can* reject half of the peaches you had selected and taken home?

Yet, to make DEL MONTE Quality possible, we do it every day—after taking our pick of the finest fruit—right from the orchard

Imagine having the opportunity of walking out into the world's finest peach orchards, just when the fruit was fully ripe and luscious with juice

—taking your pick of just the peaches you wanted

—and then, when you got home, discarding a half of the fruit you had selected, because it didn't quite meet your quality ideals!

Not many women would do it! Yet we do it—every day—in packing DEL MONTE Fruits. No less exacting method will make possible the perfection and flavor for which this label stands.

Del Monte the finest orchard fruit

The orchards—where DEL MONTE Peaches are grown—are the finest in the world, developed from varieties most suited for canning needs.

Picking begins only when the fruit is fully ripe—long after shipping has started to markets where the fruit is sold fresh.

Only a part of the crop is selected—fruit that measures up in appearance, size and perfection to the quality level DEL MONTE sets.

Yet this is only a start. After selecting its fruit in the orchard, re-checking its fruit at the cannery door, there are *three different* times when fruit intended for DEL MONTE is again sorted—and part of it, perfectly wholesome but not measuring up to DEL MONTE ideals, diverted into lower grades.

Skilled workers—expert supervision

All of this, of course, brings up real problems—problems of training and careful management which might never occur to the housewife buying a can of fruit.

For one thing, it takes a lot of work in selecting personnel. In *one* DEL MONTE cannery—and there are DEL MONTE canneries scattered through the finest orchard and garden sections of the West and Middle West—there will be at the height of the season as many as 1000 skilled women doing this job of careful canning for you. Each is

trained in the best way to do her particular task. Yet one older, more experienced worker out of each 16 spends *all* her time in supervision only—watching every bit of fruit that passes over the canning tables—guarding the quality we demand for this label.

Packed for natural flavor

And what is true of the care with which DEL MONTE Fruits are selected and graded is equally true of its selection of just the right syrup to bring out each fruit's own natural flavor.

The syrup on each DEL MONTE Fruit is chosen for the variety itself—independent of any commercial standard—the particular degree of syrup which experience has shown to best supplement and develop the fruit's own distinctive appeal. It is made from pure sugar and water—nothing added. The result is a naturalness of flavor, a tree-ripened goodness, which means more than just "quality" in its ordinary commercial sense.

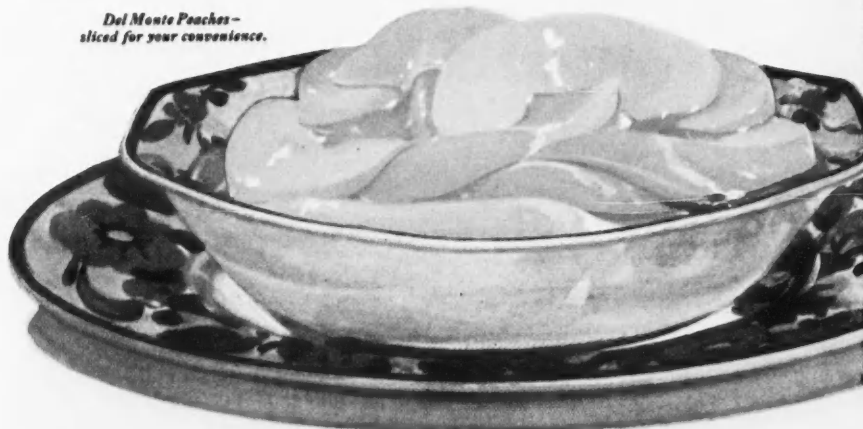
Back of all this, of course, is DEL MONTE's long experience—and the resources which it has built up over many years. Its operations

are not restricted to any one section. DEL MONTE searches out the finest growing and producing districts—and builds its canneries right on the spot. From Alaska to the Mexican border—from Hawaii to the Middle West—DEL MONTE draws the world's finest foods for your everyday table.

Whether you happen to want fruits, vegetables, dried fruits, canned fish, condiments, or any one of a remarkably wide list of other prepared foods, you may be sure DEL MONTE has set its quality ideals just as high for all. By insisting on DEL MONTE you are sure of what you are getting—without lost time or argument—at reasonable prices—no matter when or where you buy.



Only Bartlett Pears are canned under the Del Monte label. Their remarkable delicacy and flavor contribute to your enjoyment of this wonderful fruit.



IT PAYS TO INSIST
IF YOU WANT
THE BEST



HAVE you read *Dangerous Women* yet? Probably, for it has a tantalizing title. Dorothy Black, the authoress, is an English woman who is one of the best-known magazine writers of the day. In her series on *Dangerous Women*, she has written four complete short stories, each centring about the wily endeavours of the demure Miss Pogge.

Dorothy insists that her youngest daughter's proudest boast is, "My mother can't do anything after long division sums." Her childhood was spent travelling across the world and back again with her mother, and her married life has been spent in the East, where, she says, "the trees bear blossoms, which in the West are only found in lodging-house wall papers."



WHILE we are in the East, please note that Marceline D'Alroy who wrote the much discussed prediction, "Are Long Skirts Coming Back?" and who is in this issue with "How To Make Yourself Interesting," is in India at the moment of writing. She was recently married, and is spending some months in the East. Another article scheduled for an early issue is Middle, D'Alroy's highly personal, provocative study of "Men," which discloses some disconcerting discoveries concerning the species.

Marceline D'Alroy is a French-woman who is recognized as the highest-priced fashion interpreter in the world. Several times she has travelled across Canada, lecturing on the new mode in fashions or house furnishings. Those of us who have watched her holding an immense audience of women in enraptured fascination, would realize, before we read her advice, that Marceline D'Alroy is past master in the art of making herself interesting. Her article should be cut out and pasted away for future inspiration, as it gives some very definite and practical ideas.



DO YOU like the decorative Mounted Policeman who illustrates "Scarlet Fever?" He has been brightening the corner where he is, in

The Chatelaine for January

H. NAPIER MOORE
Editorial Director

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS
Editor

Volume III.

JANUARY, 1930

Number 1

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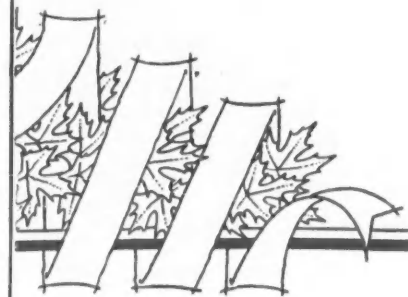
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The Chatelaine's editorial offices, ever since he was brought in there by John Clymer, the artist. Mr. Clymer, who has spent most of his life in Vancouver, is only in his early twenties. At the momentous age of thirteen he decided once and for all that he would be a magazine illustrator. At sixteen his first illustrations were sent east through the mails and accepted.

Mr. Clymer who has trekked all over Canada in his search for Canadian atmosphere and understanding for his paintings, has recently moved to Toronto.



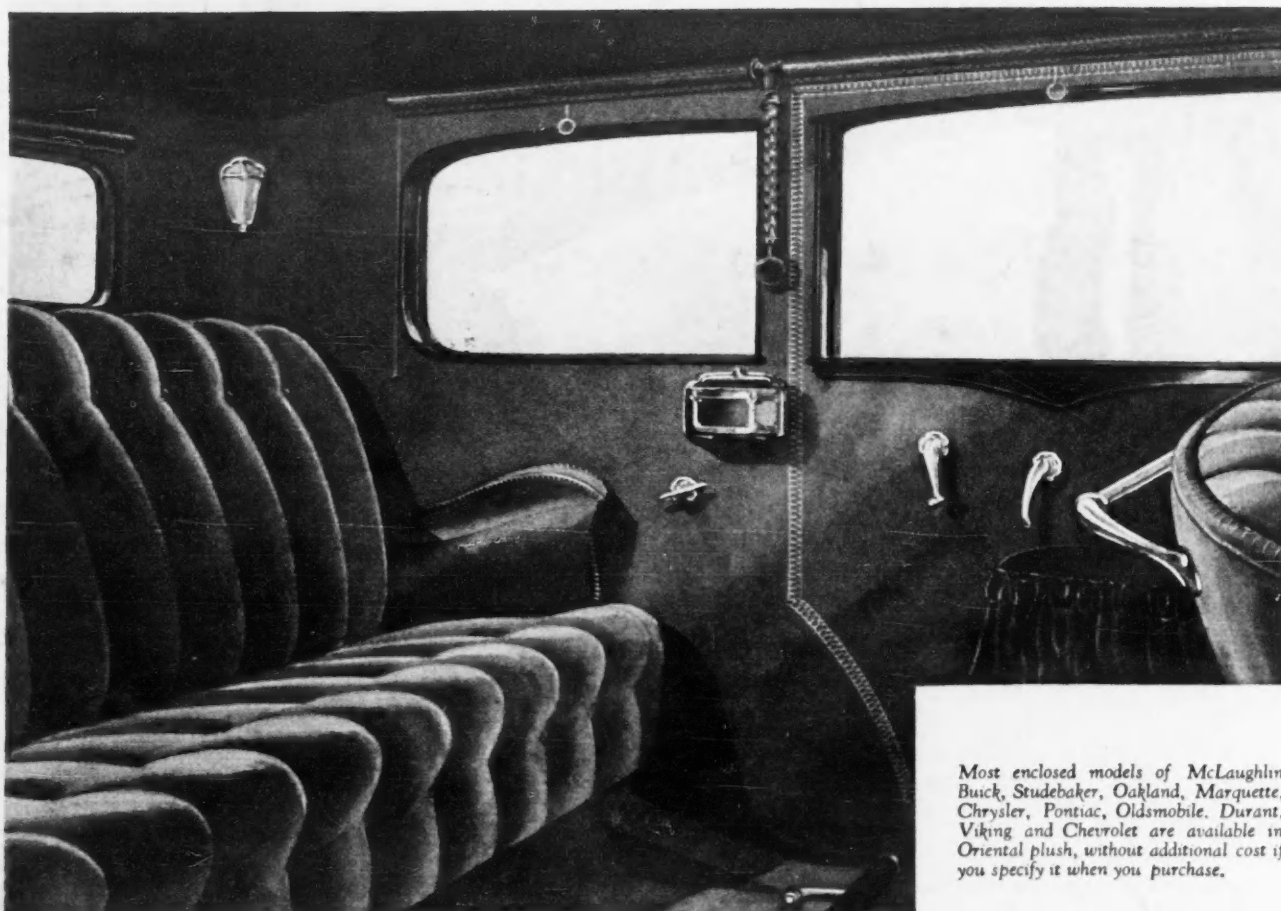
THE cut-outs for the children are particularly interesting this month as they have been designed and planned by Franz Johnson, Toronto, the well-known Canadian artist, and tested by him and his children in all the dignity of the living-room floor. Mr. Johnson, who commented on the fact that his children were very often sprawled over a cut-out on the floor, echoes the opinion of hundreds of mothers who find *The Chatelaine's* historical cut-outs very popular with the youngsters. In coming issues the series will touch on the most romantic episodes in Canadian history. They are exclusive features with *The Chatelaine*, and are particularly valuable, in that while they give many hours of pleasure to the children, they describe and impress the events in Canadian history with a vividness which no mere storytelling could give.



ANNE ANDERSON PERRY who concludes her series of articles discussing the high cost of sickness for the family of average means, is a well-known magazine writer and lecturer. She has always been interested in national problems for women, and in these articles on the medical situation has made a valuable survey of the whole situation. Mrs. Perry is at present living in Toronto, although she knows Canada from coast to coast . . . T. Morris Longstreth, author of *Scarlet Fever*, lives in Ottawa. His work has appeared in many of the leading magazines on the continent.



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